

Morals Pointed and Tales Adorned

THE BŪSTĀN OF SA'DĪ

Persian Heritage Series No. 17

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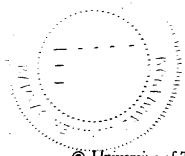
Morals Pointed and Tales Adorned

THE BUSTAN OF SA'DI

Translated by G.M. Wickens

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To the rare and gentle memory of

REUBEN LEVY 1891-1966

Unassuming teacher, humane scholar,

guileless colleague, tolerant friend

... *va ūrā bar man ḥaqq-i ustādi būd* ...

Nizāmi 'Arūḍi on 'Umar Khaiyām

'To point a moral, or adorn a tale'

Dr Samuel Johnson

Vanity of Human Wishes, 221



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Translator's Introduction

THE BŪSTĀN AND THE GULISTĀN

Sa'di's *Būstān* is undoubtedly the best known major poem of a moralistic character – using this term in a thoroughly general connotation – in the whole range of Persian literature. In several ways, indeed, it is *sui generis*. Its 8000-odd 'lines' (just over 4100 couplets in the present translation) were reputedly completed, in the poet's mature years, in the winter of 655/1257.¹ In the following January, the Islamic world was forced across a decisive psychological watershed, when the Mongol capture of Baghdad extinguished the caliphate which for 500 years past had there served as at least a symbolic focus of self-awareness for the majority of Muslims. While most of the accompanying political and economic setbacks were not without precedent, and had in this case long been predictable, the effective obliteration of that long line of spiritual-temporal heads proved a shock from which the world of Islam has still not entirely recovered. Yet only a few months after this event, and at a geographical remove of no more than 500 miles from the scene, Sa'di produced, allegedly as a dish of appetizing 'left-overs' from the *Būstān*, the more popular prose-and-verse compilation known as the *Gulistān*.²

In content and attitude, the two works are clearly related, whether or not that relationship really was fissiparous: both inculcate, by a judicious mixture of precept and illustration, a code of 'lifemanship' that is at once frankly realistic and (by what is perhaps only a seeming paradox) mystical and high-minded. But in the *Gulistān* the stories themselves, couched in a prose style where art most thoroughly conceals art, are quite recognizably the poet's primary concern as well as the reader's; and the work as a whole is, in consequence, more superficial and elaborately 'devised'. The *Būstān*, on the other hand, is solider, plainer, more carefully worked out and thought through; of the 160 'tales' so designated in my translation, only one-tenth

1 See lines 114–15 and note. (All subsequent *Būstān* references, save where otherwise indicated, are to the present translation, by line and/or note.)

2 See the republished, late-Victorian, English translation of Edward Rehatsek (London, 1964), to which the present writer has provided an introduction of almost equal interest for the present work. For the relevance of the date, cf. that introduction, pp. 59–60. (*Gulistān* references hereafter are to that version.)

could be classed as really substantial, with perhaps a further tenth of fair length, the other four-fifths ranging from two to six lines or so, and merging into dense tracts of rapture, reflection, and exhortation. The latter passages are often splendidly, or colourfully, or effectively worded, but such a discrepancy in the two 'mixtures' has no doubt been a major factor in determining the relative popularity of the two works in both East and West; for while neither is easy to read with full appreciation, the prose is not essentially simpler than the verse, the very conventions of which restrict both choice of vocabulary and involvement of construction. If the *Gulistān* can be seen as a light, sophisticated work of entertainment and comment, the ostensibly more 'artificial' *Būstān* is in reality more earnest and practical. Something should assuredly be made of the fact that while the former is a *Rose-Garden*, the title of the latter is perhaps most validly rendered as *Kitchen-Garden*.³ (Those whose concern was more with etymology than actual usage have tended to prefer interpretations like *Garden of Fragrance* or *Pleasure Garden*.⁴ A common title in early times was the bare *Sa'dī-nāma*, 'The Sa'dī Book,' but this was later dropped in favour of the present less ambiguous one.)

SA'DĪ'S LIFE AND WRITINGS

For Sa'dī, as for virtually every major figure in classical Persian literature, solid biographical information in any appreciable amount is virtually non-existent. The lack is the more serious in this case, however, in view of two important considerations: first, that Sa'dī is clearly an interesting personality, living through exceedingly eventful times (one need mention only the 'troubles' of the Crusades, two great waves of Mongol invasion, and constant internecine strife within Persia itself); and secondly, that his writings – more particularly the *Būstān* and the *Gulistān* – contain a high proportion of ostensibly autobiographical references and anecdotes. In great part on the basis of these items, there early took shape a colourful, circumstantial 'life,' which has been variously criticized and defended over the last six centuries or more. Perhaps the first serious attempt in modern times to evaluate the whole picture of life and work was that made in 1919

³ See note 103.

⁴ Respectively, G.S. Davie (London, 1882) and K.H. Graf (Jena, 1850; *Lustgarten*).

by Henri Massé,⁵ but really rigorous Sa'dī scholarship is still in its beginnings.⁶

Certain things can be said, however, with reasonable confidence. Sa'dī was born in Shiraz around the year A.D. 1200, and died there soon after 1290, probably in late 1292.⁷ By any standards, he thus lived to a venerable age, without our needing to credit him with the century or more once accepted. He is commonly said to have spent his first twenty-five years or so in gaining an education and establishing himself in Shiraz and elsewhere, the next thirty-odd years in far-ranging travels, and the last thirty or more, in saintly retirement and literary production, in his birthplace. Although such a division is not intrinsically implausible, and must even approximate to literal truth, it is perhaps a little too pat and stereotyped, especially in the context of Persian literary biography; and it leaves certain things inadequately accounted for, such as how Sa'dī's fame on his travels could have been as great or as widespread as he sometimes suggests when he did not 'publish' his *magna opera*, the *Būstān* or the *Gulistān*, before his late fifties. From his writings themselves, one may deduce three certain facts. First, wherever he received his education, it was – as was altogether possible in those highly decentralized times – an excellent one, for he is deeply versed in the Persian and Arabic languages and literatures, and shows an easy acquaintance with history, religion and thought, and with some of the sciences. (In a sense, it is beside the point whether he studied, far less taught [cf. tale 121], at the great Nizāmiya College in Baghdad.) Secondly, one may be sure that Sa'dī, like countless thousands of saints and scholars and merchants throughout Islamic history, did wander from place to place over a period of several years (albeit exactly whither and how far afield may be open to some question): for him to have pretended to so lengthy an absence from Shiraz with no palpable basis in fact, making himself a sort of mediaeval Persian Tartarin, would have been to expose himself to unbearable ridicule and disgrace in so small and close-knit a community as the one he inhabited. Thirdly, Sa'dī undoubtedly felt a sympathy for the *darvish* movements which, during his lifetime, had approached their culminating point in

⁵ *Essai sur le poète Saadi* (Paris, 1919).

⁶ Cf. *Index Islamicus*, items 24671–24679; and *Supplement* (1956–60), items 390 and 6622–6625; also the several editions and studies by M.'A. Furūghī (d. 1322s./1943); and such articles as that by Sa'id Nafisi on the death-date, *Majalla-i Dānish-kada-i Adabiyāt*, VI-1, Mehr 1337/September 1958, pp. 64–82. See also Bibliographical Note at the end of this book on secondary material.

⁷ See Nafisi's article.

organization and power. The title of 'Shaikh,' by which he became universally known, was partly a reflection of this involvement. But this is not to argue that he was, so to speak, a 'card-carrying member': he was caught up by the spirit of his age and took easily to using its language; and he must certainly have found on his travels that association with the fraternities was a cheap and simple way of living and moving (if not necessarily of 'having his being').

As Massé's attempts have shown (often unintentionally), there is little profit in endeavouring to evaluate the truth of many of Sa'di's 'autobiographical' references on general principles of plausibility or historical likelihood; and although the poet himself warns us generally that 'A man who has seen the world utters much falsehood,'⁸ he gives no clue to any specific distinction between *Wahrheit* and *Dichtung*, often arrogating to himself anecdotes of no special consequence (cf. tales 143, 149, and 151), and *per contra* attaching to others, and even to no one in particular, stories of considerable power and charm (e.g. tales 1, 79, and 90). Future scholars will unquestionably have to consider and reconsider these matters; but they would do well to remember that Sa'di is most often portrayed with shrewd and subtle features, enlivened by a wicked, enigmatic smile! We shall return to these problems later.

Apart from the two works to which we are making most constant reference, and which are his masterpieces beyond all question, nearly all Sa'di's great output takes the form of set poems of short or medium length (*ghazals* and *qasidas* for the most part).⁹ A proportion of these poems are in Arabic, but his best work is to be found in Persian: not only did he clearly love his native tongue in a strongly personal way, but his somewhat wayward nature obviously took only with a measure of difficulty to the rigidly binding conventions of Arabic poetry. Even in the freer atmosphere of Persian literature, Sa'di is not infrequently moved to allow himself quite remarkable liberties of theme and style and attitude. Some critics, even in his own lifetime, have attacked him for these aberrations (he often shows himself as rather sensitive on this score in the *Būstān*, e.g. in the opening lines of chapter 5 or in the section beginning at line 3306), but he has come by

⁸ *Gulistān*, ch. 1, tale 32.

⁹ The countless editions, Indian, Turkish, and 'European' as well as Persian, culminate in those of M. 'A. Furūghī (see footnotes 6 above and 16 below). The various translations, up to about 1920, are almost exhaustively catalogued by Massé (see footnote 5 above), and little has appeared since.

now to be generally accepted as Persia's greatest 'all-rounder.' A small fragment of his work, known under various titles (some quite bald, some of the same euphemistic character as our own *facetiae* or *curiosa*), is anything but edifying: a realist he never at any time ceased to be, yet few writers have, throughout most of their work, so attractively combined realism and wit with high moral aspiration, and even mystical sublimity.

THE BŪSTĀN

The general character of the work has already been indicated in passing. Before discussing some of its more striking features, something should be said as to how it both merges into the general stream of classical Persian literature and yet still stands out from that stream after seven centuries of flow.

Literature that strikes a gnomic or a moralistic or a mystical note (or not infrequently all three together in a chord of peculiar richness) is undoubtedly the most characteristic type of Islamic Persian writing over at least the whole period of which we have substantial record. Indeed, from the constant circumstantial references to the pre-Islamic period in such literature, it is not difficult to infer that its rich bloom in Islamic times springs from seed planted and tended over many preceding centuries. Such literature, moreover, is commonly lightened and illustrated by anecdotes, either isolated or grouped in series. Again, so closely are homily and narrative interwoven that works like the national saga of Firdausī, or the quasi-mystical romances of Nizāmī, or the great mystical epic of Rūmī, differ from each other and from the present poem, at least in the first instance, by nothing more than proportion and emphasis. At the same time, moralistic literature for its own sake was a recognized *genre* before the time of Sa'dī, primarily in prose, but also increasingly in verse as well. Two outstanding prose works, ostensibly of a somewhat specialized didactic character, are Kai Kā'ūs's *Mirror for Princes* and Nizām al-Mulk's *Book of Government*, both published towards the end of the eleventh century A.D.¹⁰ Sa'dī is more obviously, though not so far demonstrably by scholarly standards, indebted to such figures as the Ismā'īlī propagandist and versatile man-of-letters Nāṣir-i Khusrau (d. ca. 1060), whose true stature as a Persian poet has yet to be determined, or to

¹⁰ English translations by (respectively) Reuben Levy (London, 1951) and H.S.G. Darke (London, 1960).

the poet he himself so thoroughly eclipsed, Sanā'ī (d. ca. 1140?), author of the first considerable mystical poem of near-epic length, *The Secluded Garden of Reality*.

But Sa'dī, in the *Būstān*, set a new standard, which marks him off even from such great contemporaries as 'Attār and Rūmī, to say nothing of those who tried to imitate him in succeeding centuries. Not only is his poem one of the longest (at least in the category of *general* moralistic literature), but it is adjudged to be unmatched in its combination of variety, epigrammatic fluency, and restrained elegance. Others came close to him in length (Rūmī far surpassed him here), but their poems were rather more – sometimes quite strictly – specialized; even the list of chapter-headings in the *Būstān*,¹¹ varied as is their promise, gives only the most schematic of indications to Sa'dī's actual range of material and treatment. Chapter 1 is probably the least lively in the whole work,¹² and its ponderous title might seem to be faithfully borne out in this respect: even here, however, the reader immediately encounters the subtlety of characterization and the dramatic power of the first tale, the colourful movement and incident of tale 15, and the ironic directness of tale 16, where one of the great figures of Islamic history is shown failing of amatory success through halitosis until 'his best friend tells him'! The fluency of Sa'dī's style, with only occasional infelicities or lapses into mere easy competence, represents a sustained *tour de force*, the magnitude of which is perhaps to be more clearly appraised by a translator than by those whose enjoyment is not qualified by challenge. What I have called Sa'dī's 'restrained elegance' appears to most ready advantage in the miniature descriptions with which he often opens his tales: the text is studded with examples and I draw attention merely to the opening lines of tales 1, 13, 20, 33, 55, 89, 99, 119, 135, 143, and 155. No one else in Persian poetry could say so much to the point in so little compass. Furthermore, there is scarcely a single 'overblown' line in the whole work.

Despite what has been said above about the *intent* of this work, as against the *Gulistān*, and notwithstanding its stylistic beauty at times and its simple epigrammatic force, it is by its tales that the *Būstān* has endured for the most

¹¹ See lines 108–13.

¹² I scarcely count the brief chapter 10. My personal view is that chapters 2, 3, and 4 are easily the most attractive and artistically perfect, with 7 and 9 some way behind.

Chapters 5, 6, and 8 all have dull passages and defects of balance and development. It is noticeable that a high proportion of the longest (as well as of the best) tales are in the first half of the poem.

part; and Sa'di himself may have anticipated this when he reversed the usual Persian practice and let his moral grow (often to a sizeable disproportion) out of the tale itself, rather than appending the tale as an illustration of the moral. The general framework is given in advance, but the specific moral often turns out quite unexpected: perhaps the most striking example of this is seen in the most famous tale in the whole work, 140, where the moral is none of the many things we might expect (even from the chapter-heading), but merely that men are moved by God's remote control as was the idol by that of the Indian priest. Moreover, serious though Sa'di and many of his readers must up to a point have been about the moral precepts of the work, it cannot be denied that they are often at best truistic and repetitious and at worst contradictory: one should, of course, be prudent and worldly-wise, yet just; one should be kind, humble, resigned, content, and penitent; nothing worldly is worth while save the attainment of a good name; the purpose of existence is ultimate salvation, with a foretaste here below in mystical communion. Study and strive to all these ends, yet do not hesitate to crush your enemy if he fall within your power, and so on. Part of the inconsistency is inevitable; part is reconcilable at a higher level; yet another part is certainly commendable, e.g. Sa'di's outspokenness in lines 190-238, or in 1652-70, in face of the prudence advocated by tale 19. Again, as sometimes happens even in more specialized didactic works, the poem would seem in places to be inconsistently addressed to different types of audience: chapter 1, and to some extent chapter 2, would appear to have a royal reader in mind (conceivably the Abū Bakr ibn Sa'd of the dedication, or at least his son); but although he re-emerges again from time to time, most of the rest of the work is aimed at least as much at other, more general targets. At times, however fascinatingly, the poet even appears to lapse into a measure of irrelevance: from line 2709 to the end of chapter 5 he deals with hypocrisy (Sa'di's blackest *bête noire* at all times), not at all with the stated theme of the chapter; and chapter 7, particularly towards the end, seems (at the kindest surmise) to have suffered some general dislocation. Tale 89 is a brilliant parody of Firdausi's battle-scenes, but only remotely related to the theme of chapter 5; and so on.

From all this, however, it should not be supposed that Sa'di is not at almost all times passionate and persuasive, lucid and cogent. Indeed, it may often be these very qualities that lead him, again and again, beyond the confines of logical and methodological precision. This is perhaps particularly evident in chapter 3, where the contemplation of mystical experience

inspires him to transports of imaginative paradox (cf. note 1791 and its further references); yet even these passages must be set against the austere calculation and the classical beauty of such lines on similar themes as those, for example, from 1574 to 1578.

But if the tales, while somewhat far from being everything, yet remain the preponderating factor, in what does their attraction consist? In the case of some, no answer or analysis is necessary. We have already cited nos. 1, 15, and 16. Alongside these could be placed the parable-like quality of no. 23 or 26 or 147; the Victorian-novel theme of no. 28; the Chaucerian wit of no. 32; the group of four, powerfully reshaped, from the Arabic *Ḥātīm*-cycle, nos. 33–36; the sharp glimpses of domestic drudgery or incompatibility in nos. 25, 49, 52, 95, 108, and 110; the bawdy raciness of nos. 59, 119, and 130; or the bold, broad canvas of descriptive narrative in no. 67, with the amusing and lurid account of ruthless havoc wrought upon a scene of revelry (lines 2214–24). Yet many of the tales are trivial, not so much in length (for some of the shorter ones are among the best, e.g. nos. 47, 58, 75, 79, 135, 146, and 154) as in development: one might cite nos. 64, 97, 132, and 149, though sufficient others prompt the question whether Sa'dī intended them to stand independently at all, especially since some of like character (if not better) are anonymously embedded in 'runs' of discursive material, e.g. lines 2041–5 and 2718–20. As I will explain later, my 'tale' designations and other divisions are taken almost unreservedly from Furūghī's edition, partly because of its prestige, but largely for convenience of reference; but they are in some cases clearly open to objection, and I have once or twice deviated from them (always with an indication in the notes). Another problem of division, as suggested at the outset above, is to recognize – given the want of artificial punctuation in classical Persian – where a tale concluding with speech actually terminates before the poet begins his own comments (one or two important cases have been noted).

When these and other strictures have been allowed, however, what all the narrative material indisputably has is *immediacy* – a characteristic bringing Sa'dī closer to the best Persian prose-writers (Nāṣir-i Khusrau, Kai Kā'ūs, Nizām al-Mulk, and Nizāmī 'Arūḍī come readily to mind) than to most of the Persian poets, for their dramatic evocation is normally as static as the figures on Keats's Grecian urn.¹³ While the *Būstān* is considerably less 'autobiographical' than the *Gulistān*, it is this quality of immediacy that

13 Cf. J. Rypka, *Iranische Literaturgeschichte* (Leipzig, 1959), p. 79.

sorely tempts belief in the literal reality of tales like nos. 55, 89, and 119, to say nothing of little cameos like nos. 121 and 143, the childhood incidents of nos. 149 and 151, the passing panic of no. 155, and the poignant loss of no. 157. Doubtless equal credence could more easily be given to the Rabelaisian court-room story (no. 66, perhaps the most perfect tale as such in the whole collection) and the celebrated case of iconoclasm in Somnath (no. 140),¹⁴ were it not for the fact that Sa'di is in both these cases obviously concerned to cut some sort of a figure. True or false (or something of both) in actual event, however, what one sees in all these stories is a casual, almost unstudied cavalcade of daily life in mediaeval Islam: domestic, commercial, political, legal, academic, religious, military, and riotously social. Such a broad and sustained panorama can hardly be found in any other single, compact work of mediaeval Islamic literature, not even in the *Gulistān* (albeit two Arabic works supply such material incidentally in elephantine compass, the tenth-century *Book of Songs* and the non-literary, popular work of obscure origin and identity known to us as *The Arabian Nights*). If such a background delighted Sa'di's countrymen for its (never quite fading) familiarity, the lines stand out for us in even greater freshness because they represent a rare glimpse 'behind the veil',¹⁵ a touch of normality to colour and soften the norm.

The other quality to be found in most of Sa'di's narrative material, even when it is retold from others, is *originality*. The sources of some tales have been suggested (e.g. no. 65), and others can be easily guessed at; but most are 'invented', or worked up anew, by Sa'di himself. This may make it less puzzling that they are not all equally good or well-constructed. One is still left wondering, however, why – if there is not in fact some operative principle of 'genuineness' underlying them – some are made 'auto-biographical,' while others are attached to any and all manner of unlikely people and places. Why does tale 82, against all probability considering its hero (see note 2475), take place in Šan'ā', or no. 84 in Vakhsh? Why Nishāpūr (line 1823), and why does the handsome physician live in Marv (tale 50)? The exigencies of rhyme may sometimes explain this in some measure, but in most cases they cannot be so adduced; and Sa'di, of all people, was never at a loss for rhymes in a language whose morphology makes rhyming more difficult to avoid than to achieve.

The most telling indication of the *Būstān*'s remarkable combination of

14 Cf. the discussion in my introduction to the *Gulistān*, pp. 42–3.

15 Cf. the discussion in my introduction to the *Gulistān*, pp. 35–8.

acceptance with uniqueness among Persian-speakers is a simple one. Like Shakespeare and the English Bible in the Anglo-Saxon world and beyond, it has been used – perhaps more than any other piece of Persian literature – as a mine of quotation, quasi-proverbial and often unrecognized. Indeed, it would in any particular case be hard to determine whether it was Sa’di who hit an idea off so well that the formula was irresistible to the popular mind from the moment of ‘publication,’ or whether a current saw came to find a natural setting in the poet’s own pattern of ‘folkish’ epigrams.

THE PRESENT RENDERING

This translation is based primarily on Muḥammad ‘Alī Furūghī’s edition,¹⁶ and secondarily on Karl Heinrich Graf’s edition and very successful (though somewhat free) German translation.¹⁷ Furūghī’s edition is based on early MSS in the Persian tradition for the most part, and is incomparably the best, though the version I have used is marred occasionally (never seriously and always obviously so) by careless printing. Graf’s edition is based on a standard Turkish recension with commentary (that of Surūrī, d. A.D. 1561), but it is also supported by a late Indian printing and lithograph, and in addition by other fairly late MSS of varied provenance. His translation leans at first on the Indian versions and only later more heavily on Surūrī (for reasons, as he explains, either beyond his control or good in themselves). While normally placing Furūghī’s recension first, I have not hesitated in some places (always noted) to prefer Graf’s text for various reasons (cf. notes 3896, 4036, for example). To facilitate reference, I have marked every fifth line and indicated at every tenth line (in the Concordance at the back) the pagination in Furūghī, Graf’s text, and Graf’s translation.¹⁸

If none of the other relatively rare *translations* or partial renderings was accessible to me, there seemed little point in wasting valuable time in an

16 The text used has been that of the *Kulliyāt* (pp. 215–408), reprinted without the *apparatus criticus* by Muḥammad ‘Alī ‘Ilmī (‘Alamī?’) and Muḥammad Ḥasan ‘Ilmī (‘Alamī?’), Tehran 1336/1957. I was unfortunately not able to obtain the original version either by purchase or for the necessary period of loan.

17 The edition was published at Vienna in 1858; the translation (*Moslicheddin Sadi’s Lustgarten*) was published at Jena in 1850, in two volumes.

18 An undetected miscount, early on, necessitated subsequent numbering of the line preceding 70 as ‘69a.’

endeavour to obtain better or more varied MSS or *published versions* than had been available to Furūghī or Graf. Their labours, taken together, have effectively united the Turkish and Indian MS families (both somewhat suspect in principle) with the native Persian tradition; and there can be little doubt, it would now seem, that we have in fact always possessed substantially what Sa'di intended to say, for these widely scattered textual groupings, of very diverse ages, all seem to be in fundamental agreement. Apart from numerous trivial differences (variant prepositions, near-synonyms fitting the same pattern of metre or rhyme, inverted line order, and so on), the main divergences consist in an occasional misplacement or omission, of several lines in length; these have been noted here, e.g. note 858.

The division into chapters is common to all versions, but – as has been mentioned above – the division into tales and other sections is nearly always taken from Furūghī, despite its occasional illogicality and untidiness. The prestige of both editor and text could not be lightly disregarded, convenience was thereby served, and no great harm done. The actual numbering of the tales is my own, as also are the titles used as reference-markers in the list of contents. (Graf's titles, which try to cover the argument as well as the tales, were too brief and erratic to be of much use.) Again, as mentioned above, there are innumerable places in the text where one is unsure whether a character in the tale is still speaking or whether the poet is adding his own comments. Often there is some plausible clue, and more often still it is of no great moment: where I have judged the situation critical, I have discussed the issue in the notes. In this last respect, I have nearly always been in agreement with Graf's judgment as revealed in his translation, but cf. note 3794 among several others.

Few translators will be surprised that my general approach to the problems of this text has constantly been pragmatic and *ad hoc*. However, I have tried to keep in mind a number of basic principles, some general in nature, others particular to this work:

1. One must strive to *omit nothing of perceptible significance*, though reproduction is not necessarily form-for-form (a Persian particle should often emerge as English voice-stress, a Persian noun as a whole English phrase, and so on). 'Total apprehension' and 'equivalent effect' are magnificent ideals, but they can never be fully realized and should not be pursued with fanaticism.

2. One must *beware of adding to the original*, allowing for the fact that all the elements of one language have their own circles of connotation and

association only partly overlapping with those of the equivalent elements in another language (even where these can be identified as such).

3. One must establish some equivalence of rarity or commonplaceness of vocabulary from language to language. Much of the vocabulary of the *Būstān* (as with Persian poetry more generally than is often supposed) is plain and simple, not to say crude: I have tried, therefore, never to translate the ordinary word for, say 'face' by 'mien, countenance, visage, aspect,' etc., reserving these terms for the many rarer synonyms in Persian, where they occur. Where my version does sound occasionally like typical English verse of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, still more in places where it becomes somewhat precious (e.g. in line 2547), it is because I am trying to capture something similar that I believe to lie in the Persian. No doubt I have erred both ways at times: the magnitude of the task, and our continuing lexical uncertainty about the status and usage of the vocabulary of classical Persian, could hardly have made it otherwise.

4. One must strive to see translation as more than a merely linguistic or literary problem. Throughout the *Būstān* there are, as has been pointed out above, constant overtones of reference to Islamic life and attitudes. On the one hand, we have a poet, belonging to a special class, but fully able to oversee all the life-processes of the relatively simple, open and compact society surrounding him and to draw on that society for his narrative and his imagery: Sa'dī clearly knew something, for example, of the techniques of building, cooking, metal-working, tailoring, warfare, astronomy, administration and diplomacy, hawking and hunting, to name only some of the most obvious. At the same time, he was, consciously or otherwise, a typical child of his own culture and of its prejudices: tale 140 shows a characteristic late-mediaeval contempt and indifference for things outside the religious-political 'group' when the poet (almost certainly with some measure of intent) casually confounds a welter of Christian, Zoroastrian, and Buddhist terminology with the Hinduism that is really at issue. In both such situations, mere concern with language and literature as such will not avail the translator greatly – a platitudinous enough statement in relation to translation from many literatures, but one still apparently needing emphasis in the case of Persian.

5. Without doing unacceptable violence to the nature of English, I have striven to respect both the general self-containment of Persian poetry, line by line, as well as the pithy aphoristic content of each line in the *Būstān*. It would be quite false to the general character of the *Būstān* to adopt too smooth and

mellifluous a style within the line or too easy a transition from one line to another. At the same time, I have not carried this position to extremes, especially where I judged that the Persian itself called for other treatment.

6. Though *puns and verbal conceits* generally are less a feature of the *Būstān* than of most other Persian poetry, I have felt obliged to *leave the reader in no doubt that they occur frequently throughout*. Sometimes I have successfully carried the pun over almost undamaged ('kits: kisses' of line 1424; 'hogs: hogsheads' of line 2217: see the notes in both cases); sometimes I have had to omit it, or hint at it, and explain it more fully in a note; at other times, the conceit being both untranslatable and relatively unimportant, I have passed it over, allowing another conceit to 'emerge' elsewhere by compensation in order to preserve the characteristic spirit of the original over all.

7. Of all the many valuables the 'shipwrecked translator' must discard, *metre and rhyme have always seemed to me the least*, especially since serious concern with them tends to prejudice so much else of importance. Persian metres are governed by considerations of length and closure, not really of stress as in English; they are extremely complicated, and the *Būstān* is written throughout in one of the most commonplace. Rhyme comes easily in Persian, so easily that it is less striking than the really effective, more sparingly used rhyme that characterizes some of the best English poetry since the Middle Ages. On all counts, therefore, I have adopted free, 'sprung', frequently changing rhythms, with couplets unrhymed save in a very few places. At the same time, I have relied on a device that Persian does share freely with an older English tradition: assonance and alliteration. I make no pretensions to being a poet, but I hope to have conveyed the sure feeling that the original was a poem, even though in a very different tradition from our own.

My use of notes has in mind the wide readership likely to be interested in the *Būstān* for one reason or another. In the first place (and this accounts for their present relative bulk, despite every effort to reduce them), they are designed to help the non-Islamic specialist in identifying names, understanding terminology, and appreciating the sometimes rather obscure point of a story or an argument. Only secondarily are they intended to bring home to the Persianist or the Islamist some particularly important esoteric feature of textual, linguistic, literary, historical, or theological-philosophical interest. Experience has indicated that all readers, whether immediate colleagues or not, would rather have too many notes than too few, so long as they do not obtrude but are present in need. Extensive back-referencing

has shortened the notes, as well as indicating the continuity of certain themes and phenomena. The nature of the work suggested that a general index would be both extraordinarily difficult to make and also of limited value: its function is in many ways fully covered by the chapter-headings, the tale-titles in the list of contents, and the cross-referencing of the notes just referred to. The notes are numbered by the immediate line or lines in question.

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G.M.W.

Toronto, September 1972

Morals Pointed and Tales Adorned

THE BŪSTĀN OF SA'DĪ

Preamble

EXORDIUM AND DOXOLOGY

In the Name of God! The Merciful! The Compassionate!

In the name of the Lord, soul-creating!

Wise One, speech-creating in the tongue!

Lord forgiving, apt to help,

Generous, fault-forgiving, excuse-accepting!

Glorious One! Whoever turns from His door his head,

To whatever door he goes, he finds no glory.

The heads of neck-lifting princes,

In His court, are on the floor of supplication.

5 Neither the rebellious does He summarily seize,

Nor the apologetic drives He harshly hence.

Does He wax wroth at ugly deeds?

If you relent, He crosses out what's gone.

If one seeks a quarrel with his father,

To be sure, the father will wax most wroth;

And a kinsman, who cannot tolerate his own,

Will drive them out like strangers;

If a slave be not brisk to duty,

The master will not hold him dear;

10 And you, being not affectionate to your companions –

Will not the companion flee parasangs from you?

If the soldier deserts his service,

The emperor, campaigning, rids himself of him:

The Lord of high and low, however,

For rebellion never shut provision's door on any.

The two existences, a single drop in His Knowledge's sea:

A sin He sees and clemently draws the veil.

The hide of earth, His open banquet-cloth:

At such a free-for-all, enemies and friends are one.

15 But if He were to rush against one practising injustice,

How should he find quarter from His overpowering hand?

Free, His essence, from all hint of opposite or genus,
 His dominion independent of jinn's obedience, or of men's!
 Every thing and person attends on His command,
 Sons of men, birds, ants and flies alike.
 So wide He spreads His table's liberality
 That even Simurgh eats his share on Qāf:
 Dexterously the Subtle One spreads His liberality,
 For He is the Holder of Creation, Knower of secrets.
 20 His are rightly pride and egoism,
 For His dominion's ancient, His essence self-sufficient.
 One man He crowns with fortune,
 Another He topples from throne to dust;
 Felicity's cap on the head of one,
 Misery's blanket drawn over another;
 A rose-garden He makes of the fire for His Friend,
 But some He carries to the Fire from Nile waters:
 In the one case, it is the mandate of His beneficence,
 In the other, the endorsement of His decree.
 25 Surreptitiously He beholds evil actions,
 While drawing the veil by His boons.
 If, menacingly, he draws the sword of doom,
 The very Cherubs fall unhearing, speechless;
 But when He proclaims a liberal banquet,
 Old Nick himself says 'I'll take home a portion!'
 On the threshold of His grace and greatness,
 Great ones doff greatness from their heads;
 Yet near is He in mercy to the helpless,
 Responsive to the humble's prayer.
 30 His knowledge is percipient of un-been circumstances,
 His subtlety apprised of unspoken secrets;
 In power Preserver of height and depth,
 Lord of the Register on the Day of Reckoning;
 No man's back can disregard obedience to Him,
 No man's finger may fittingly reprove His word.
 Ancient, Good-doer and Approver of goodness,
 Limner with the Pen of Destiny within the womb.
 From east to west the moon and sun
 He set in motion, and placed the world on water:

- 35 And when the earth by shaking-fever was harassed,
 He hammered mountain-pins around its skirt.
 He gives the sperm-drop fairy-form:
 Who else has practised fashioning on liquid?
 Ruby and turquoise He places in the loins of rock,
 And ruby-flowers on turquoise-coloured branches;
 From clouds He casts a drop towards the deep,
 From loins He brings the sperm-drop into belly:
 A gleaming pearl of the one drop He makes,
 Of the other a cypress-statured form.
- 40 Knowledge of a single atom is not concealed from Him,
 For to Him manifest and concealed are one:
 Purveyor of daily fare to serpent and ant alike,
 Though they lack hands and feet and strength.
 At His command, from non-existence, existence took design:
 Who can make being from non-being, save Him?
 Yet, once again He'll bring it down into the reticence of non-existence,
 And thence onto the plain of Judgment.
 The world, in accord on His divinity,
 Is at a loss to sound His quiddity;
- 45 Man has not found what lies beyond His grandeur,
 Sight has not found His beauty's term;
 No bird of imagination flies to His essence' pinnacle,
 No hand of understanding reaches His description's hem;
 In this whirlpool went down ships by the thousand,
 Of which not a plank turned up on the shore.
 What nights have I sat lost upon this course,
 When consternation seized my sleeve: 'Away!
 Earth's spread's encompassed in the knowledge of the King,
 While your analogy will not encompass Him!'
- 50 Perception never plumbed His essence,
 Reflection never reached His attributes' abyss;
 One may in rhetoric attain the standing of Sahbān,
 But never plumb Subhān the Matchless;
 Favoured ones have urged their mounts along this course,
 But lost the race, their cry: 'I cannot number ...';
 Not everywhere a steed can gallop:
 In places one must cast away one's shield.

- But privy to the secret let a wayfarer once become,
 The gateway of return is shut upon him:
 55 In this feast when a man is reached the goblet,
 He's given the draught of senselessness.
 In one hawk the eyes are sewn up fast,
 Another's eyes are open, but his feathers burnt away.
 No one ever made his way to Korah's treasure;
 But if he did, he never again found his way forth:
 I'm dying in these waves of lifeblood's ocean,
 Whence no one ever brought a ship;
 Do you desire to cross this land?
 Hamstring first the horses for the way back!
 60 Contemplate the mirror of the heart,
 And gradually you'll win serenity.
 Perchance a scent of Love goes to your head,
 Filling you with desire for 'Am I not''s compact?
 On questing foot you'll make your way thither,
 And thence you'll fly on Affection's wing.
 Certainty rends the veils of fancy:
 No curtain's left, but only Grandeur's self;
 Intelligence' mount can trot no further,
 Perplexity takes its bridle, saying 'Whoa!'
 65 Into this ocean has gone only the Proselytizing Man,
 The one who would not follow the Shepherd lost his way;
 Those who from this road turned aside
 Went far but were confounded;
 That man chose a contrary road to the Messenger's
 Who will never reach the stage-post.
 Think not, Sa'di, that the road of serenity
 Can be travelled save in the Chosen One's footsteps.

ENCOMIUM ON THE MESSENGER

- Generous of dispositions, fair in manners;
 Proclaimer to creatures, Intercessor for peoples;
 69a Imam of Apostles, Leader on the Way;
 Confidant of God, Gabriel's Alighting Place;

- 70 Intercessor for mankind, Master of Resurrection and Revival:
 Imam of Guidance, President of Congregation's Register;
 Interlocutor whose Sinai's the Wheel of Heaven:
 All lights are of his Light but rays!
 Intercessor obeyed, generous Proclaimer;
 Well-favoured, full-bodied, fragrant, gloriously marked;
 Orphan, whose uncreated Koran soundly
 Effaced so many confessions' libraries!
 When his resolution drew the sword of terror,
 Miraculously he sliced the moon in two;
- 75 When his report came into mortal mouths,
 A quaking overtook the palace of Chosroes.
 Crying 'Lā,' he smashed Lāt's figure;
 Glorifying the Faith, he took away 'Uzzā's glory;
 Nor Lāt and 'Uzzā's dust alone he raised,
 But cancelled, too, the Torah and the Gospel.
 One night he mounted and passed beyond the heavens,
 Surpassing the Angels in authority and rank:
 So hotly he galloped into the Plain of Proximity
 That Gabriel was left behind by him at Sidra;
- 80 He, Custodian of the House of Sanctity, addressed him thus:
 'Stride higher, O Bearer of Revelation!
 Having in friendship found me sincere,
 Why do you turn your bridle from my companionship?'
 He replied: 'I have no scope for loftier things,
 And so I'm left, with no strength left my wings!
 If one hair's breadth I higher fly,
 The Splendour of Manifestation will burn my feathers!'
 No one remains in bondage to rebellion
 Who has such a lord for Leader:
- 85 How shall I eulogize you acceptably?
 Upon you be peace, Proclaimer to mankind!
 May Angels' benedictions be upon your soul,
 On your Companions and your Followers!
 First, Abū Bakr, elder yet disciple;
 Then 'Umar, champion over perverse demons;
 Wise 'Uthmān, enliverer of the night;
 And, fourth, 'Alī, Duldul-riding emperor.

O God! By Fāṭima's children, grant
 That I may seal my utterance with belief!
 90 If you reject my plea, or if accept,
 My hand is ever to the skirts of the Apostle's Family.
 What diminution, O Highly-placed, auspicious of footstep.
 In the measure of your eminence at the Living One's Court,
 If a handful of beggarly hangers-on
 Sponge on the hospitality of your Abode of Peace?
 God commended and extolled you,
 Gabriel kissed the ground before your dignity,
 High Heaven was shamed before your dignity:
 You already created, but Adam still water and slime!
 95 You from the first became existence' root,
 All else existent is a branch of you.
 What words to say to you I know not,
 For you're exalted over what I say to you:
 For you the glory of 'But for you''s authority enough,
 Sufficient praise of you are Ṭā-Hā and Ya-Sīn!
 How can imperfect Sa'di describe you justly?
 God's blessing on you, Proclaimer of Peace!

HOW THE BOOK CAME TO BE COMPOSED

Much have I roamed throughout the world's far quarters,
 Spending my days with all and sundry;
 100 Enjoyment I have found in every nook,
 From every harvest I have gained a corn-ear:
 But like Shiraz's sincere folk, no dust-humbled nature
 Have I beheld: mercy be upon this dust!
 Affection for the men of this sacred land
 Spurred on my mind from Syria and Byzantium;
 Yet was I loth, from all those fragrant gardens,
 To come empty-handed to my friends;
 I said to myself: From Egypt, sugar I'll bring,
 And take it as a present to my friends;
 105 Yet though my hand's now empty of such sugar,
 Words sweeter than sugar I do have by me:

Not the sugar that men eat in outward form,
 But that which men of import take note of.
 When I'd fashioned this pavilion of good-fortune,
 I made for it ten doors of edification:
 First, the Gate of Justice, Management, and Good Judgment,
 Care for others and fear of God;
 Next, I set up the Gateway of Beneficence,
 For the benefactor gives thanks for God's graces;
 110 The third is the Gate of Love, intoxication and delirium,
 Not the love men forcibly fasten on to themselves;
 Fourth, Humility; Acceptance, fifth;
 Sixth tells of the man choosing Contentment;
 At the seventh gate, I speak of the world of Edification;
 At the eighth, of Gratitude for good-estate;
 The ninth gate is that of Repentance and the right course;
 The tenth of Close Communion, wherein concludes the book.
 On an august day, in a felicitous year,
 At an auspicious date between the two Feasts,
 115 Six-hundred had increased by fifty-five,
 When the last pearl was placed in this storehouse of renown.
 Yet does my lustre veiled remain,
 And still, for shame, my head is on my knees;
 For in the ocean of pearls there are also shells:
 Tall trees are in the garden, but stunted too.
 But come, wise-one of pure disposition!
 No virtuoso I've heard of was ever captious:
 Be the tunic satin or shot-silk,
 Yet must it have a lining within:
 120 If shot-silk you fail to find, don't effervesce!
 Act the gentleman, and wear its lining!
 I make no boast of my virtue's stock,
 But hold out my hand, beseeching.
 I've heard that on the Day of Hope and Fear
 The Generous One forgives bad men for good men's sake:
 You too, then, if you see bad in my words,
 Act in character with the World-Creator!
 If one line in a thousand takes your fancy,
 By your manhood! Stay your hand from criticism!

- 125 Assuredly, in Fārs my composition
 Is valueless, like musk in Khotan;
 Yet, like the drum-beat, I strike terror from afar,
 And being absent, all my faults are hidden!
 Blossoms, Sa'di's brought to fragrance' garden,
 Impertinently – peppers to Hindustan;
 Like dates, the skin is incrusting with sweetness,
 But open it up, and there's a kernel inside!

EULOGY OF ABŪ BAKR IBN SA'D IBN ZANGĪ

- Nothing of this sort my nature desired,
 Having no taste for eulogizing princes:
 130 Yet to a certain name I did indite,
 In hope that later men of insight might recall
 That Sa'di, who carried off the ball of rhetoric,
 Lived in the days of Bū Bakr Ibn-i Sa'd;
 Fittingly, I make much of his age,
 Even as did the Master for the era of Nūshīn-Ravān;
 World's Guardian, Nourisher of the Faith, Just Ruler:
 Bū Bakr's like since 'Umar's time has not appeared.
 Head of the head-raising princes, crown of the great:
 O world! Exult in his era of justice!
 135 One taking refuge from disorder
 Has his resting-place in this land alone:
 Happy the court that is like the Ancient Dwelling,
 Surrounded by folk who've come long journeys!
 Such treasure, wealth, and comfort I've never seen
 As here is settled on the child, the pauper, and the aged;
 None came to him in pain for any sorrow
 Without he put a salve upon his mind.
 Seeker of good he is, ever in hope:
 O God! Fulfil the hope he has!
 140 His cap's edge grazes highest heaven,
 Yet still, in humbleness, his head's on earth;
 When a beggar shows humility, it's his nature:
 From the neck-lifters humility comes well!

Let a subject prostrate fall: what's up with that?
 The prostrate ruler is a man of God.
 Not secretly proceeds his fair mention,
 For generosity's report goes round the world.
 Such a one, wise and of illustrious race,
 The world cannot recall since world it's been;
 145 In his days no distress you see,
 Save lamentation of injustice from a sharp-clawed one;
 None ever saw such usage, order, and prescription,
 Not Farīdūn saw this – with all his majesty!
 For this his stand is strong before Almighty God:
 That weak men's hands are strengthened by his standing.
 Such a protecting shade he's spread above the world,
 That no Zāl knows anxiety on any Rustam's score.
 At all times, men of time's brutality
 Make moan, and of heaven's revolution:
 150 But in your justice' days, O Prince!
 No one complains of fortune;
 In your reign I behold mankind's repose,
 After your time, I know not to what end mankind will come.
 Not the least felicitous outcome of your fortune
 Is that Sa'dī's date lies in your days;
 For while moon and sun endure in the sky,
 This register will contain your everlasting record.
 If other kings lay up good-name,
 From those who've gone before, they learn their course;
 155 But you, in your own reign's course,
 Have taken lead of former princes.
 Alexander, with a wall of brass and stone,
 Blocked off Gog's road throughout the world:
 Your rampart's gold against the Gog of heathendom,
 Not brass like Alexander's wall.
 Any tongue-wielder who, amid such justice and security,
 Gives you no thanks – may his tongue cease to be!
 O wondrous sea of forgiveness, O mine of liberality!
 Existence seeks support from your existence.
 160 The prince's qualities I see to be beyond accounting,
 Not compassed in the cramped arena of this book;

- If Sa'di's to do justice to them all,
 Perhaps he will compose another register;
 But I am at a loss to thank such generosity,
 Let me rather spread the hands of invocation!
 May the world be to your liking, and heaven your support!
 May the World-Creator be your Guardian!
 Your lofty star the universe illumine!
 Decline consume the stars of all your foes!
 165 No sorrow shall you have from fortune's turning,
 From care no dust shall lie upon your heart!
 (For one sorrow on the mind of princes
 Distracts a whole world's mind.)
 Your heart and land be whole and flourishing!
 Disruption from your empire be remote!
 Sound be your body ever, like your faith!
 But feeble, like his schemes, the ill-intentioned man's heart!
 Inwardly, may you be happy with God's strengthening,
 May your heart and faith and clime be flourishing!
 170 May the World-Creator have mercy upon you!
 All else that I say's idle tales and empty wind.
 This much suffices you from the Maker, the Glorious:
 That you be ever more assisted to do good.
 Not from the world in pain went Sa'd-i Zangī,
 For thereby he made illustrious a successor like you!
 No wonder such a branch from root so sound,
 Its soul at topmost summit, its body in the dust!
 O God! On that illustrious dust,
 Of your goodness, rain down a shower of mercy!
 175 If there's remained a likeness and memorial of Sa'd-i Zangī,
 May heaven be the aid of Sa'd-i Bū Bakr!

EULOGY OF SA'D IBN ABI BAKR IBN SA'D

Youth of youthful fortune, bright of mind,
 Young in power, in contriving old!
 Most wise, with lofty aspiration,
 Stout of arm, prudent in heart!

- O happy fortune, when the Mother of Fate
 Nourishes at her bosom such a child!
 With generous hand he took away the waters of the sea,
 In eminence he took away the Pleiades' position.
 180 How wide the eye of fortune looks upon you,
 Chieftain of neck-lifting princes!
 The shell you see full of pearl-grains
 Has not the value of a solitary pearl:
 You are that close-hid, solitary pearl,
 Adornment of the royal mansion!
 Keep him, O Lord!, in your own eye;
 Prevent the evil eye from harming him!
 O God! Throughout the world make him renowned;
 Make him held dear by helping him obey!
 185 Hold him steadfast in justice and God-fearing,
 Realize his aim in this world and the next!
 May he never know sorrow from an unworthy foe,
 May his heart from anxiety take no harm!
 A heavenly tree gives fruit like you:
 A name-seeking son and a name-owning father.
 Consider good a stranger to that house
 Which evil would to this one!
 How excellent are Faith and Knowledge, Equity and Justice!
 How excellent rule and empire – may they endure!
- 190 God's liberalities are not contained by any scale:
 What service can the tongue of thanks perform?
 O God! This emperor who loves the poor,
 In whose protecting shadow lies men's ease, –
 Keep him established over Man for many a year,
 Keep his heart live by helping him obey!
 Keep fruitful for him the Tree of Hope,
 Green of head while white-bearded with mercy!
 Yet Sa'di, walk not in extravagance' road:
 If you have sincerity, bring it forth and come!
 195 You are the one who knows the stage-post, the emperor's a wayfarer:
 You the utterer of truth, Khusrâu a heeder of realities!

What need to place the nine footstools of Heaven
 Under the feet of Qizil Arslān?
 Bid not that he should put the foot of glory on the heavens,
 But the face of candour in the dust!
 In obedience, place your countenance upon the threshold,
 For this is to set out along the Road of the Truthful:
 If servant you are, place your head upon this doorway,
 And doff the cap of lordship from your head!
 At the court of the Commander, the Illustrious,
 Make moan as does a poor man before a rich!
 Making your obeisance, wear no raiment of royalty:
 Like a true dervish send up your cry!
 'O Nourisher! You alone are wealthy,
 You are powerful, the nurturer of the poor!
 Neither realm-lord nor commander am I,
 But one of this court's beggars.
 Give me power over benefit and good,
 For, otherwise, what benefit will come from me to any?'
 Nightly implore and like a dervish burn,
 Albeit you play the king by day!
 Loin-girt, the proud stand at your door:
 Your head the while on the threshold of devotion.
 Happy the servants with a lord and master!
 Happy the Lord whose servant does his duty!
 They relate, in tales of the great ones of the Faith,
 Those who recognize reality in Certainty itself,
 That a man-of-heart mounted upon a panther,
 Which easily he rode, a serpent in his hand.
 One said to him: 'O man of God's road!
 Show me the way along this road you have travelled!
 What did you do to tame a ravenous beast,
 To place your name upon the signet of felicity?'
 He said: 'If panther and serpent submit to me,
 Or even elephant and vulture, be not amazed!
 You, too, turn not your neck from the Just One's judgment,
 That none from your own judgment his neck shall turn!
 When the ruler adheres to the Just One's command,
 God is his Preserver and Support;

215 It cannot be, if He shall love you,
That He will leave you in the foeman's hand.
This is the way: from the Path do not avert your face,
Set down your foot and attain your desire!
Such counsel will avail that man
Who finds congenial Sa'di's words.

Chapter I *On Justice, Management, and Good Judgment*

I've heard that, while he yielded up his soul,

Thus spoke to Hurmuz, Nūshirwān:

Be a guardian of the poor man's mind,

Lie not in the bonds of your own ease!

220 No one in your land is easy,

When your own ease is all you seek;

No wise man will approve the case

Where the shepherd sleeps and the wolf's among the sheep.

Go! Keep watch upon the poor and needy,

For by virtue of the people the emperor holds his crown.

The people are like a root, the ruler is the tree;

The tree, my son, from the root draws its strength.

So far as you are able, hurt not the hearts of men;

If you do, you but tear up your own roots!

225 Do you need a highway, straight?

The road of the devout is that of Hope and Fear;

Nature, this becomes to a man in prudence:

In hope of good and fear of evil;

If in a prince these both you find,

You find a solid footing for his clime and realm:

For indulgence he brings to the hopeful,

In hope that the Maker will be indulgent;

He does not look with favour on any persons' harm,

Fearing that harm may come to his realm.

230 But if this temper be not in his composition,

In that land there's no hope of rest.

If you are hobbled, practise resignation;

But if galloping at will, then make your own way!

Look not for amplitude in that march and land,

Where you see the people distressed by the emperor.

Fear the bold and proud ones,

But fear also the one who fears not the Just One!

Only in dreams will he see a land prosper,

Who ruins the hearts of the land's inhabitants:

235 From tyranny derive ruination and ill-repute;
The foresighted one will plumb these words.
Unjustly, the people may not be slain,
For they are authority's asylum and support;
For your own sake, care for the yeoman,
For the happy labourer does more work!
It is not manly to do evil to one
From whom you have received much good.

I've heard that Khusrau said to Shīrūya,
As sleep befell his eyes that used to see:
240 So be that all you purpose
Envisages the people's welfare.
Turn your head never from Justice and Good Judgment,
That men turn not their footsteps from your hand!
The people from the unjust one flee,
Making his ugly name a byword in the world;
Not long it is before his own foundation
He uproots, who laid a bad foundation.
The ruination wreaked by a sword-wielding foe
Is not so dire as the smoke from wives' and children's hearts;
245 The lamp lit by a woman widowed
You will often have seen to burn a city.
Who is more favoured throughout all the world
Than he who justly lived in all his sovereignty?
When his turn comes to leave the world,
Prayers of compassion will be uttered above his dust:
Since men pass on, both good and bad,
Is it not better that your name in good be spoken?
Appoint over the people the man who fears God,
For the abstinent man is the builder of the realm.
250 But that one intends you evil, a drinker of men's blood,
Who seeks your advantage in ill-treating men;
A blunder, is authority in the hands of those
For whose hands' sake men's hands go up to God!
Who cherishes the good-doer will never see evil:
Cherish evil, and you're your own soul's foe!

Requite not the afflicter with a drubbing:
 His roots must be pulled up from the very base.
 Give no respite to an injury-loving agent,
 For his skin must be stripped while he's fat!
 255 The wolf's head must be severed at the outset,
 Not when he's torn men's sheep to pieces.
 How well said that merchant, captive,
 As the thieves surrounded him with arrows:
 'When manliness is shown by highwaymen,
 Military men or a pack of women – what difference?'
 The emperor who harms the merchant
 Has shut bounty's door on citizen and soldier alike;
 How should the prudent again go there,
 Hearing alarm of evil practices?
 260 Fair name and fair acceptance both you need:
 Treat fair, then, merchant and envoy both!
 Great men cherish the traveller with very soul,
 That he may carry a fair name to all the world.
 Soon to ruin that realm comes
 Whence mind-afflicted comes the stranger;
 Be with the stranger well-acquainted, the itinerant's friend,
 For the itinerant is a hawker of fair name;
 Treat fair the guest, the traveller hold dear,
 And be alert likewise against their harm!
 265 To have a care of the foreigner is only fair,
 For there may be an enemy in the livery of a friend.
 When a stranger's head is full of mischief,
 Ill-treat him not, but put him out your realm;
 Better you wax not wroth against him,
 For his own evil nature's a foe at his neck.
 But if his birth- and home-land Persian be,
 Send him not to San'ā', Slavonia, or Byzantium;
 Yet even there respite him not the shortest spell:
 Calamity should not be set in office over others!
 270 Lest it be said: Confound that land
 From which such people forth do come!
 Increase the standing of your intimates,
 For perfidy will never come from one you've cherished.

Whenever a servant of yours grows old,
Forget not the claim of his years to support:
If to serve, decrepitude has locked his hand,
Yet you a hand still have for generosity.

275 I've heard that Shāpūr drew a sigh
When Khusrau through his stipend drew a pen;
When destitution ruined his condition,
This tale he indited to the emperor:
'Since on you my youth I've spent,
Drive me not forth in the time of old-age!'

280 In bestowing office, recognize the well-endowed man,
For the penniless has no terror of authority;
When the penniless man bows his neck,
Nothing further he'll bring forth, save clamour.
When the spendthrift loses all grasp of his charge,
Over him an intendant must be appointed;
And if he too reaches with him accord of mind,
Deprive of office both treasurer and intendant!
A God-fearer is wanted to discharge a trust:
Trust not the trustee who fears only you!
A trustee is wanted, fearful of the Just One,
Not fearing loss of ministry, rebuke, and destruction.
Shake it out, count it up, and sit back easy:
You won't see one in a hundred you can trust!
Two of a kind, of long association, wielding one pen,
Should not be sent to one place together;
285 For all you know, they'll join hands in support,
One being the thief and the other covering up!
When thieves each other fear and dread,
The caravan passes safely between them.

Having dismissed a man from high position,
After a while pardon him his fault:
To realize the hopeful man's desire
Is better than breaking a thousand bonds of captivity.

For the clerk, the pedestal of office
May fall, but he'll not cut hope's cable.
290 To his subordinates, the Just Emperor
Paternally waxes wroth, as a father to a son:
Now he beats him till he's wracked with pain,
Anon from his eyes he wipes away the tears.
Yet if you're soft the foe grows bold:
You but wax wroth: they'll have enough of you!
Severity and softness together are to be preferred,
As the phlebotomist, who's surgeon and salver both.
Be generous, good-natured, and forgiving:
As God to you, so be you to your servants!
295 None entered the world to stay,
Save him of whom a good name has stayed on;
He died not, after whom there stay in place
Bridge and fountain, inn and hostel;
Whoever leaves no memorial after him,
The tree of his existence has borne no fruit;
And if he's gone and left no traces of his good,
'Praise be!' should not be intoned now he's dead!

If you wish to have your name eternal,
Hide not the good-name of great men!
300 Recite, after your own days, the same text
As you've seen following earlier rulers' days;
The same desire and name and joy were theirs,
But finally they went, leaving all behind:
One took a good name out of the world,
One's evil ways remained after him eternally.

Not with the ear of acquiescence hear any's injury,
But if it be uttered, proceed to examine it.
Grant the sinner forgetfulness' excuse;
When quarter's asked, give quarter!
305 If a sinner comes in sanctuary,
There's no call to kill for the first sin;
But once spoken to and counsel not heeded,
Give him a dressing-down with jail and fetters!

And if counsel and fetters do not meet the case,
A rotten tree is he; take up his root!
If you wax wroth for someone's sin,
Reflect long on his punishment:
It's easy to break a Badakhshān ruby,
But broken, it cannot be joined again.

TALE I *Adarvish becomes vizier and is vilified by his predecessor*

- 310 From Oman Sea there came a man,
Much travelled by ocean and desert;
Arabs he'd seen, and Turks, Persians, and Byzantines,
From every race his pure soul had learned its science;
World-wandered, wisdom he'd amassed:
Travelled, he'd learned sociability.
Strong in shape like a solid tree he was,
But sorely lacking for leaves' provision:
Two-hundred patches he'd sewn upon each other,
Of tinder-rag, and he himself a-burning in the midst.
315 He came to a city from the ocean-shore.
A great man was prince in that locality,
Having a nature anxious for good-name,
Holding the head of helplessness at the poor man's feet.
Straightway the servants of this ruler bathed
His head and body from the highway's dust;
And when he laid his head on the king's threshold,
Invoking blessings, he laid his hands upon his head.
Then entered he the portico of royalty,
Saying 'Young be your luck, and great your fortune!'
320 Said the emperor: 'Whence have you come?
What has brought you before us?
What have you seen in this realm of fair and foul?
Say, you of good-name and fair temper possessed!'
He spoke: 'O Lord of earth's face!
God be your aid and fortune your companion!
No stage I travelled in this kingdom,
Where I saw a heart harassed for molestation;

None saw I for drink heavy-headed,
 But evil haunts I did see, doing badly!
 325 A mighty ornament is such a rule upon that king
 Who in no man's vexation grows acquiescent!
 Thus he spoke, shedding the hem of pearls,
 At which discourse the prince threw wide his sleeves.
 He found acceptable the man's fine words,
 And calling him closer, showed him honour;
 Gold he gave him, and pearls, as a gift of welcome,
 Then questioned him on stock and birth- and home-land.
 He told what was asked of the tale of his past,
 Surpassing other persons in proximity;
 330 The king debated with himself the while,
 Should he entrust him with the ministry's authority?
 Gradually, withal, so that the company assembled
 Should not laugh at the weakness of his judgment;
 First, with intelligence he should be tested,
 And then his rank increased to match his merit:
 He carries loads of grief's oppression on his heart,
 Who does things unexperimented.
 When the judge with reflection engrosses the register,
 He's not embarrassed by the turban-wearers;
 335 Look while you still have the notch in the thumbstall,
 Not when you've let fly from your hand!
 One like Joseph, in probity and discrimination,
 Needs a year still to wax mighty;
 Until days a-many shall have passed,
 One cannot plumb the depths of any man.
 Every aspect of his character he uncovered;
 Wise and pure of faith, the man was:
 Of goodly conduct, he beheld him, and of clearest reasoning,
 One word-weighing and knowing the worth of men;
 340 In judgment he viewed him among the great and eminent, nay more!
 He installed him above his own first minister.
 Such wisdom and knowledge he brought to bear
 That no heart took hurt at his command or prohibition;
 He brought a whole realm beneath his rescript,
 That pain to no being came on his account;

All cavillers' tongues he locked up,
 For no evil tittle proceeded from his hand.
 When the envious man no grain of treason saw,
 'Twas naught to his purpose, and he tossed like wheat.
 345 From this clear heart the realm took radiance;
 A new grief took the old vizier:
 In that wise man he saw no breach,
 Through which he might attack him:
 The trustworthy man's a bowl, the malicious an ant;
 The one cannot breach the other by force.
 Now, the king had two sun-visaged slave-boys,
 Girt and ready to serve, unceasingly:
 Two pure of countenance, like *hür* or *pari*,
 Quit, as sun and moon, of any third!
 350 Two forms of which, you'd say, there's not one more.
 Their like displayed in looking-glass alone!
 The speech of the sweet-spoken sage
 Took root in both those box-trees;
 Seeing how good his attributes and character,
 They conceived a passion and a love of his nature.
 A human inclination likewise affected him,
 Though not the inclination of short-sighted men to evil!
 If you'd have your worth remain high,
 Set not your heart, my master, on smooth-faced ones!
 355 And even though no hidden purpose be concerned,
 Take care lest it do damage to your gravity!
 Of well-being he would have been apprised,
 Had he looked closely at their faces.
 The vizier, getting wind of this little matter,
 Laid the tale foully before the ruler,
 Saying: 'This one (I know not what he's called or who he is!)
 Will not live seemly in this realm.
 Who've travelled much live carelessly,
 Not by realm and empire nurtured, they!
 360 I've heard he's after slaves,
 A treachery-approver, passion-worshipper.
 It is not fit that such a corrupt and impudent fellow
 Should bring an evil name into the emperor's portico;

Shall I forget the emperor's bounty,
 That seeing corruption, I should hold my tongue?
 One may not swiftly speak upon conjecture,
 I told you not till certainty was mine:
 One of my retainers lent an ear
 While this man held in his embrace the bondman.
 365 Thus I have spoken; now's for the king to judge,
 Since I have made the test, do you likewise!
 In still less lovely guise did he expatiate
 (Unto the evil man be no fair day!):
 When the malicious man lays hold of petty detraction,
 He sears with fire the hearts of the great;
 A man with petty scraps a fire can light,
 And then an ancient tree burn down.
 This tale so inflamed the king
 That he boiled over like a cauldron;
 370 Rage reached out for the dervish's blood;
 But calm held out restraining hands,
 'There's nothing manly in killing one's own creature,
 Ill-treatment is a poor thing after justice.
 Harass not him you have yourself created;
 Since he holds his lot of you, pelt him not with arrows!
 You shouldn't nurture him with favour,
 If you intend to drink his blood unjustly.
 Until you were certain of his virtues,
 He did not become your associate in royalty's portico:
 375 Now, until you are certain of his sin,
 Purpose him no harm on what an enemy says!
 The king kept this secret hidden in his heart,
 For he had heard the saying of the wise:
 'O prudent one! The heart's the secret's prison:
 Once uttered, to chains it will not return!
 Covertly he looked into that man's doings,
 And a defect he saw in the sensible man's judgment;
 For suddenly he looked towards one slave,
 Whereat the *pari*-minded one smiled all unseen:
 380 Two persons with soul and mind in unison
 Are tale-tellers even when silent:

If you with a vision embolden the eye,
 Like one with dropsy you'll not drink your fill of the Tigris!
 The king's suspicions were confirmed,
 And for fury he was minded to wax wroth against him;
 But, acting in fair management and perfect judgment,
 He gently said to him: 'O man of good-name!
 I took you for a prudent man
 And made you privy to the secrets of the realm;
 385 I supposed you clever, and a man of sense,
 Not recognizing you as perverse and displeasing!
 Yet is your situation not so loftily positioned:
 The sin was of my committing, the fault's not yours;
 For, nurturing one of bad stock, it stands to reason
 He deems treachery allowable within my home!
 That man who knew much raised his head,
 And thus spoke to the skilful Khusrau:
 'Since of crime my skirt is clean,
 I dread not the filth of the malevolent man!
 390 Never did such thought pass through my mind,
 I know not who has said what never befell me.'
 The emperor replied: 'What I have said to you
 Your foes will say to your face.
 Thus I was told by the old vizier:
 You too, then, tell what you know, and do your best!
 Smiling, the man put his hand on his lip:
 'Whatever comes from him, it is no wonder!
 When the envious man sees me in his place,
 Why should he bring up aught but ill of me?
 395 I knew him for an enemy from the very time when
 The emperor placed him under my hand!
 Since the ruler gives me preference before him,
 Can he not realize that the enemy's at my heels?
 Not till the resurrection will he take me for a friend,
 Seeing that in my grandeur lies his own abasement!
 Touching which, a proper tale I'll tell to you,
 Granted that you will listen to your servant:
 I know not where I've seen, but in a book,
 That someone in his dream saw the Devil;

A fir-tree in stature, a *hūr* to see,
 Light gleaming from his countenance like the sun.
 He went up and said: "Can this be you?
 Is it not rather an angel, so fair?
 You, whose face is thus fair as the moon,
 Why are you, in the world, a bed-time tale for ugliness?
 Why has the artist in the emperor's portico
 Made you morose-faced, ugly and corrupt?"

Hearing which words, the demon of inverse fortune
 Plaintively brought forth a cry and a howl,
 Saying "O man of fair fortune! This is not my form,
 But the pen is in the foeman's palm!
 Their root from Paradise I overturned,
 Now in vengeance they depict me ugly!" –
 In like manner, then, I have a fair name, but
 The malicious with good reason speaks not fair:
 The vizier by my position suffering dishonour,
 For parasangs one should flee from his guile!
 But of the emperor's wrath I have no care,
 For the innocent is bold in utterance:

When the watchman makes arrests, he alone is troubled
 Whose scale is deficient in weight!
 Since straight my nib rises from the pen,
 What trouble's mine for quibblers?
 The king, in bafflement at his utterance,
 Threw out the hands of sovereignty,
 Saying: 'By trickery and skilful talk, the criminal
 May not escape the crime that's his!
 Even had I not heard it from your foe,
 Did I not see you, after all, with my own eyes?

How of all this company of men at court,
 You have a glance for them alone?
 Smiling, the man of eloquence then said:
 "These words are true: the truth should not be hid!
 But there's a nice point here, if you will hear me out
 (May your authority be current, your empire powerful!):
 Do you not see the poor-man, ill-equipped,
 Look with regret upon the wealthy?

Of youth my store has passed away.
 My life has gone in sport and play;
 420 From sight of them, therefore, I cannot rest,
 For they hold capital of beauty and adornment!
 Mine too was just such rose-hued countenance,
 Crystal was my frame in fairness;
 But at this extremity I needs must spin a shroud
 For my hair's like cotton, my body a spindle!
 Mine too were such night-coloured locks,
 The tunic taut upon my breast in slenderness.
 Two ranks of pearls held station in my mouth,
 Standing like a wall of silver bricks:
 425 Now look upon me at the time of speech –
 One by one they've fallen, like a rampart in decay.
 Why should I not look in regret upon these two,
 Remembering my wasted life?
 Those darling days have gone from me,
 And this day too will reach a sudden end!
 When the wise man threaded this pearl of sense,
 Thus saying what cannot be better said,
 The emperor looked upon the Pillars of the State:
 'Ask not for better utterance and sense than this!
 430 Well may that person look on beauty's witness
 Who is able to ask pardon with such testimony!
 If I with intelligence had not proceeded cautiously,
 Injury had I done him on the word of a foeman!
 Taking your hand, quick-tempered, to your sword
 Brings to the teeth the backhand of regret:
 Beware of hearing an interested party's words,
 For if you act upon them you will be sorry!
 To him of good-name, he magnified station, ennoblement, wealth;
 To the speaker of evil, he increased rebuke.
 435 By his knowing counsellor's disposing,
 His name for goodness passed throughout the land;
 In justice and liberality he ruled for years,
 And when he went a good-name stayed behind.
 Such emperors, cherishing the Faith,
 Carrying off fortune's ball with the strong arm of Faith –

Of them I see not one in this our age,
Save that it be Bū Bakr-i Sa'd, and him alone!
A heavenly tree, O emperor!, are you,
Casting a year's-length shadow!
440 Expectation was, of my star's good-luck,
That it might cast above my head the Phoenix' wing;
Then Prudence spoke: 'The Phoenix bestows no fortune;
If it's advancement you wish, come into this shade!'
O God! In mercy have You looked down,
Spreading this shade above mankind!
I am a suppliant for this fortune, servant-wise:
O God! Do You maintain this shade in place!

The right course, before execution, is arrest,
For a slain man's head cannot be refastened!
445 The lord of authority, judgment, and grandeur
Is not upset by the clamour of men;
But the head filled with delusion and devoid of forbearance
Should be forbidden kingship's crown.
I do not say (merely) 'Stand fast when making war,'
But 'Maintain reason when waxing wroth!'
He who has reason shows forbearance:
He's not reasonable whom wrath subdues.
When wrath rushes forth its army from ambush,
No equity remains, no fear of God, no faith;
450 Never under heaven have I seen such a demon,
One from whom so many angels flee.

Not drinking water according to the Law is a fault,
But if you shed blood by *fatvā* it is permissible:
When the Law gives a *fatvā* for someone's destruction,
Be sure to have no dread of killing him!
But if you know of persons in his kin,
Them forgive, and bring them ease:
The sin is the oppressive man's.
What penalty pertains to wretched wife and child?

455 Your body has power, and weighty's your army,
Yet urge not into the enemy's clime;

For he to a fortress flees aloft,
And harm results to a sinless land around.

Consider the condition of the jail's inmates,
For it's possible a sinless one's among them!

When in your realm a merchant dies,
A base thing it is to touch his property,
For later, when lamenting they weep over him,
Relatives and kin will relate to each other
460 How a poor wretch died in a foreign clime,
While a tyrant took the goods that he left.
Think on that babe without a father,
And beware of the sighs from his pain-stricken heart!
Many's the fair-name of fifty years' standing
That one foul name has trampled down;
Those whose actions are approved, their names eternal,
Never usurped the general wealth.
Let him be emperor, supreme far and wide;
Yet, seizing a rich man's wealth he's a beggar!
465 The liberal man would die from being empty-handed:
Not he would fill his belly at a poor man's expense!

I've heard that a ruler most just
Owned a tunic made of lining-cloth.
One said to him: 'O Khusrav of happy day!
Have made a tunic of Chinese brocade.'
Said he: 'This much gives covering and comfort;
Beyond this lie ornament and decoration!
Not to this end do I take taxes,
That I should titivate myself, my throne, my crown!
470 If I like women don a robe,
How shall I repulse the foe in manliness?
I too have a hundredfold cravings and fancies,
But the treasury is not for me alone:
The vaults are kept full for the sake of the army,
Not for the sake of bedecking and preening!'

The militia that is not content with the prince
 Will not keep watch on the borders of the realm.
 When the foe makes away with the countryman's donkey,
 For what does the king consume tribute and tithe?
 475 The adversary's taken his donkey, the ruler his taxes:
 What luck is left to such a throne and crown?
 A tree, your subjects are: husband them,
 And fruit you'll eat to the heart's content of friends!
 Don't dig them up ruthlessly, root and blossom:
 Only an ignoramus does violence to himself!
 There's nothing manly in force towards the fallen:
 From ants even mean fowl can take away grain.
 Those persons may youth and fortune enjoy,
 Who press not harshly on their underlings:
 480 If but one underling comes to grief,
 Beware of his lamentation before God!

When territory can be taken by gentle means,
 Shed not blood by your strivings in conflict:
 By your manhood! All earth's rule
 Is not worth one blood-drop's trickling to earth!
 I've heard that Jamshid of blessed constitution
 Wrote thus upon a stone above a wellspring:
 'At this spring many like us have drawn breath,
 Then gone on as they closed their eyes:
 485 We've taken the world in manliness and force,
 But carried it not with us into the tomb!'

When you have mastery of your enemy,
 Ill-treat him not, for his is sorrow and to spare!
 A living foe who's broken to your skirt-hem
 Is better than one whose blood lies on your neck!

TALE 2 *Darius and his herdsman*

I've heard that Darius of blessed kin
 Lost touch with his party on a hunting-day.

Running towards him a herdsman came.
 To himself said Darius of blessed faith:
 490 'Perchance here's an enemy come to battle:
 I'll fasten him from afar with a poplar arrow!
 The royal bow he readied with the string,
 Purposing to annihilate forthwith his existence;
 When the man said: 'O Lord of Iran and Tūr!
 Far from your fortune be the evil eye!
 I am the one who cares for the emperor's horses,
 Being in this pasture on service.'
 The king's absent heart returned to its place;
 He smiled, saying: 'O you of faulty judgment!
 495 A blessed seraph came to your support,
 Or I had brought the bowstring to my ear!
 The warden of the meadow smiled and said:
 'Good counsel should not be withheld from a benefactor:
 It's neither laudable provision nor good judgment
 When the emperor knows not enemy from friend!
 It is in high station a condition of living
 That you should know who each inferior is.
 You've seen me many times in audience,
 And asked me of the horses and the grazing;
 500 Now, when I come before you once again in love,
 You recognize me not from one of ill-intent!
 I, O renowned prince!, am able
 To bring forth one horse from a hundred thousand!
 My herdsmanship's in reason and good judgment:
 You too, then, keep your eye upon your flock!
 To that throne and realm disorder brings grief,
 Where the emperor's devising is less than the shepherd's.'

How shall you hear the justice-seeker's plaint,
 When the canopy of your bedchamber's high as Saturn?
 505 So sleep that lamentations reach your ear
 If a justice-seeker raises a cry!
 Who moans over the oppressor that lives in your time?
 Every tyranny that he commits is yours!

It's not the dog that tore the caravan-rider's skirt,
But the ignorant peasant who reared the dog!
Boldly, O Sa'di, you've taken to speaking:
Once the sword's in your hand, press on to victory!
Say what you know, for uttered truth is best:
You're no bribe-taker, no giver of blandishments!
510 Conceive desire, and wipe your register of wisdom:
Break with desire, and tell all you know!

In Iraq, one overweening came to hear
That a wretched man would say beneath his portico:
'Since you yourself are hopeful of a Gateway,
Realize the hope of the gateway-squatters!
If you wish not to have your heart in pain,
Lift up from bondage the hearts of the pained ones!
The mind's distress of one seeking justice
Will cast out the emperor from his realm.
515 You, sleeping coolly in the *haram* at noontide,
Will tell the stranger outside to burn in the heat!
God is the one to exact that person's justice,
For He can demand justice from emperors.'

TALE 3 *'Umar ibn 'Abd al-'Aziz sacrifices a jewel to help the starving*

A leading figure among the men of discernment
Tells of Ibn 'Abd al-'Aziz
That he had a stone set in a ring,
One to confound a jeweller for value;
At night, you'd have called it the world-lighting globe,
By day a pearl in brightness.
520 By fate a year of drought befell,
Men's full-mooned countenances all turned to crescents.
Seeing in men no ease or strength,
He judged it not manly himself to be at rest
(When a person sees poison in mankind's palate,
How shall sweet-water pass his gullet?):

The stone he ordered sold for silver,
 Having compassion on stranger and orphan.
 In one week he despoiled its cash-value,
 Giving to the poor, the wretched, and the needy.
 525 Then the chiders fell upon him,
 Saying: 'Its like you will not get again!
 I've heard he said, a rain of tears
 Coursing down his cheeks like wax:
 'Adornment ill becomes a prince
 When impotence troubles the heart of the citizen;
 A ring without a stone becomes me well,
 But there's nothing becoming in a grieving people's heart!
 Happy the one who chooses men and women's comfort
 Before his own adorning:
 530 The virtue-cherishers have not desired
 Their own joy at the cost of others' sorrow!

If upon the throne the king sleeps well,
 I think not the poor sleep easily;
 But if he till late the night enlivens,
 Men sleep reposefully, and even soothed.
 Praise God! This right course and road
 Are the Atabeg's, Abū Bakr ibn Sa'd:
 Of mischief in Pārs no other sign
 Is seen than the moonlike ones' forms!

535 Pleasantly a quintrain caught my ear,
 As it was chanted at last night's party:
 'I was at ease with life last night,
 When that moon-faced one was in my embrace;
 When I saw her, her head bemused with sleep,
 To her I said: "O you, before whom the cypress is low,
 From sweet sleep wash awhile your narciss-eye,
 Smile like the rose-bush, as the nightingale speak!
 Why slumber you, O mischief of the age?
 Come, bring the wine of ruby sweet!"
 540 She looked resentfully from sleep and said:
 "Call you me mischief, yet bid me not to slumber?!""

In the reign of the ruler, enlightened of breath,
No one sees other trouble waking.

TALE 4 *Takla deterred from abdication*

In reports of the bygone emperors, it's told
That when Takla ascended the throne of Zangī,
None in his age did suffer from another:
Priority was his, even if for this alone!
Thus, once, he said to a man of heart:
'Without a yield, my life has reached its end.
545 In devotion's niche I now will sit,
To retrieve these few days that are left!
Since pass position, realm, and throne,
Only the pauper takes empire from the world!
When the wise-one, breath-enlightened, heard,
Sharply he flew up, saying: 'Takla! enough!
Your "way" is simply to serve men,
It's not in rosaries, prayer-mats, and cassocks!
Remain upon your throne of rulership,
In pure conduct practise poverty!
550 In truth and sincerity gird your loins,
Bind your tongue from vanity and pretence!
Footsteps are needed on the "way," not breath alone,
For breath has no footing without footsteps.
The great ones, possessing purity's coin,
Wore such a habit under their tunic!'

TALE 5 *The Emperor of Rūm enjoined to endure his burdens*

I've heard that Rūm's ruler wept,
Saying to a good and learned man:
'No achievement's left me by the enemy's hand,
Nothing's left me but this fort and city!
555 Much have I striven that my son
Should be the people's captain after me;

But now the enemy of evil race has gained the upper hand,
 Twisting the wrist of my manhood and striving.
 What shall I devise, what remedy apply,
 For my soul within me's fretted by care?
 He answered: 'Brother, consume your own care,
 For life is best- and most-part gone!
 While you remain, this dignity suffices you:
 Once gone, the world is someone else's place.
 560 Let him be prudent, wisdom let him lack:
 His care consume not, for he'll consume his own!
 To hold the world's not worth the toil,
 To take it by the sword and let it go;
 Relax not in this five-day dwelling,
 Prepare with thought your plans to go!
 Whom know you, of the Persians' Khusras,
 From Faridūn's days, Zohak's and Jam's,
 Unto whose throne and rule came no decline?
 Alone remains the rule of God Almighty!
 565 To whom remains the hope forever to remain,
 When you see no one remaining forever?
 Silver and gold may remain a man's, treasure and resources:
 A little after his time, and they're made away with;
 But the man whose good deeds current remain
 Ever and anon gains mercy for his spirit.
 When of a great man the good name remains,
 With the men of heart you may say "*He remains!*"
 Come, cultivate liberality's tree,
 If you would hope to eat its fruits!
 570 Practise liberality, for tomorrow, when Court is held,
 Stations will be given in accord with beneficence:
 He whose footstep's foremost in endeavour
 Has greater station at the Court of Truth;
 The one in rear, all furtive and ashamed,
 Fears the reward of work not-done!
 Leave him to gnash his teeth upon his hand's back:
 So hot an oven, and no loaf came of it!
 At grain-lifting time you'll know right well
 That it was sluggard not to sow the seed!"

- 575 A wise man in Outer Syria
Took from the world his abode in a cavern's nook;
Through his forbearance in that dark-placed nook,
His foot sank in the treasure of contentment.
I've heard his name was Theophile,
Angel-mannered within a human skin.
Great men at his door their heads would bow,
For his head came not forth at others' doors.
(The clean-gambling gnostic desires
By beggary to clear himself of greed:
580 Since hourly his soul says 'Give!,'
From village to village, abased, he drives it round!)
On that border where this prudent elder was,
The march-lord was a tyrant;
Every helpless man he came upon,
As though with claws, his paws he twisted:
A world-burner, pitiless, wantonly slaying,
A whole world's face sour at the bitterness of him.
Some left such tyranny and shame,
Carrying his evil name throughout the lands;
585 Some stayed on, wretched, lacerated,
Venting their imprecations covertly.
(Where tyranny's hand grows lengthy,
You'll not see men's lips wide in smiles!)
From time to time he came to see the elder,
But not a glance Theophile gave him.
One time the king addressed him: 'O auspicious one!
Turn not your face from me in loathing, harshly,
You know, to you I purpose friendship:
Why have you enmity for me?
590 Grant I were not the Marshal of the Realm,
Yet have I no less honour than a *darvish*!
I say not, show me preference to any;
Be with me as with every man!
The prudent and devout man heard these words,
Then said, incensed: 'O king! have sense!

From your existence comes distress of men,
And men's distress I like not!
You're an enemy to him with whom I'm friendly,
I think you not to be a friend of mine:
595 Why, vainly, should I take you for a friend,
Knowing God takes you for an enemy?
Kiss not my hand in friendly style;
Go, take my friends to friend!
They may have Theophile's hide:
The friend's enemy will never be his friend!
I wonder how the stony-hearted sleep,
On whose account mankind sleeps tight at heart!

Great one! Do no violence to those less than you,
For not of one stamp does the world remain;
600 Twist not the claw of the infirm man,
For if he gain the upper hand you'll come to naught!
The foeman, one should not belittle,
For I've seen huge mountains made of tiny stones:
Have you not seen how, when ants forgather,
They produce agitation in warlike lions?
No ant are you, but a hair – and that's less still:
But, multiplied, it's firmer than a chain!
Dislodge not, I've told you, any man's foot,
Lest, if you lose your footing, you be at a loss.
605 Friends with hearts collected are better than treasure;
An empty treasury is better than men in toil.
Think no man's business at your feet:
Oft it may befall at his feet you fall!

Bear, infirm one!, with the powerful,
For one day you'll be more powerful than he!
Agitate the brawler with your loftiness of mind,
For better highmindedness' arm than violence' hand.
Tell the oppressed man's sad lips to smile,
For the oppressor's teeth will be torn out!

610 The burgess who wakes at the beat of the drum,
 What knows he how the watchman's night has passed?
 The caravaneer bears his own burden's worry,
 Not for the torn-backed donkey burns his heart!
 Granted you be not one of the fallen,
 Why, seeing one fallen, do you stand?
 Anent this to you a story I will tell,
 For it were slack to pass this matter over.

TALE 7 *A noble man suffers with the victims of a famine*

Such a dearth one year befell in Damascus
 That friends forgot their affection;
 615 So stingy did heaven grow to earth
 That neither crop nor palm did wet their lips;
 Ancient springs ran dry,
 No water was left save that from orphans' eyes;
 Naught was it but the widow-woman's 'Ah!'
 Whenever smoke-plume from a vent-hole rose.
 The trees unprovisioned I saw, like a *darvish*,
 Strong-armed men slack and sorely at a loss;
 No green on the mountain, the orchard was branchless;
 Locusts had consumed the garden, and men the locusts!
 620 In such state came to me a friend,
 On his bones a skin of him remaining –
 Though he had in authority been strongly-circumstanced,
 Possessing station, gold, and property.
 I said to him: 'O friend, of pure temper!
 What misery's befallen you? Say!'
 At me he thundered: 'Where's your mind?
 It's wrong to ask a question when you know the answer!
 See you not that hardship has gone to extremes,
 And distress has attained the ultimate limit?
 625 No rain comes from the sky,
 Nor does the plaintive smoke rise up on high!'
 To him I said: 'But what's *your* fear?
 Poison kills only where the antidote is lacking!

Though another may perish from having nothing,
 You have: what fear has the duck of a tempest?
 The learned man, incensed, upon me looked
 As a sage looks at an idiot,
 Saying: 'My friend, though a man be safe on shore,
 He will not rest while friends are drowned!
 630 I am not pale of face from indigence,
 But indigent men's grief has made my face pale!
 No prudent man desires to see laceration,
 Whether on another's members or his own!
 I myself, to be sure, am one of the sound,
 But when I see laceration my body shivers!
 May that sound man's pleasure troubled be
 Who's slack beside the man infirm!
 When I see a wretched *darvish* eating nothing,
 The morsel on my palate turns to poison, torment:
 635 When a man's friends lie in prison,
 How shall there be left him pleasure in the garden?'

TALE 8 *The selfish man and the Baghdad fire*

One night the smoke of men a fire ignited,
 I've heard Baghdad was half burnt-down!
 One 'mid that dust and smoke gave thanks
 That to his store no harm had come.
 One worldly-wise said: 'You flighty fool!
 Do you then care for self alone?
 Do you approve a city consumed by fire,
 While to one side stands your own abode?'
 640 Who but a stone-heart will tighten his bowels,
 Seeing men bind a stone on their belly?
 How shall the rich man eat his morsel,
 When he sees the poor man swallowing blood?
 Call not the grief-comforter sound
 When, like one grieving, he writhes from sorrow!
 The tender-hearted, when his friends reach the inn,
 Still sleeps not for laggards left behind;

Emperors' hearts become bearers of loads
When they see a thorn-bearing ass in the mud!
645 If any be in the abode of felicity,
One jot of Sa'di's utterance suffices him;
This will suit you if you'll hear it:
'If you sow thorns you'll not reap jasmine!'

Do you hear of the Persians' Khusraus
Who practised oppression against their subjects?
That grandeur, that kingship do not endure:
Nor endures that tyranny over one single peasant!
See the error committed by the tyrant:
The world endures, but he and his tyrannies have gone!
650 Blessed, on Congregation Day, the just-dealing body
That has its station in the shadow of the Throne!
To a people whom God holds in goodly esteem,
He gives a Khusrau just and judicious;
But when He wills a world to ruin,
He places dominion in a tyrant's grasp;
Good men think on circumspection before Him,
For the wrath of God is the unjust man!
Know greatness is from Him, and acknowledge His favour,
For the grace of the ungrateful declines:
655 But give thanks for such empire and possessions,
And possessions and empire you'll gain, undeclining!
If you practise cruelty in your rule as king,
You'll ply after kingship the beggar's trade!
Sweet sleep's forbidden to the emperor,
When the weak man bears a load for the mighty.
Oppress not the common man by one mustard-seed,
For the ruler's a shepherd, the commons his flock:
If they should see strife and injustice from him,
No shepherd is he: cry 'Wolf'! from him!
660 To a bad end he's come and bad thoughts he's had –
The one who traded hard with his subjects:
Harshly, remissly, he passes thus away,
But an evil name remains to him for years!

If you wish not they curse you when you're gone,
Be good, that none speaks ill of you!

TALE 9 *The royal brothers, one just and one tyrannical*

I've heard that in a marchland to the west,
Two brothers there were of one father:
Commanders, proud and elephant-bodied,
Fair-faced and wise and sword-wielding.
665 The father, finding them both fearsome men,
Finding them seekers of skirmish and conflict,
Proceeded to divide that land in two portions,
And gave each son a share thereof:
To the end that they bridle not one at another,
Nor draw the sword of hate in discord!
Thereafter the father numbered his days,
And resigned sweet life to the Life-Creator;
Fate snapped for him the cable of hope,
And Death held down his hand from action.
670 That realm to the two princes was well-assured,
Treasure and troops being without limit or tally.
As each saw his own best interest,
So each a course adopted:
One for Justice, a good name to bear away;
One for Tyranny, to gather possessions.
The one made charity his way in life,
Giving money and caring for the poor:
He built, gave bread, and looked to the army,
Prepared for the poor at evening a shelter:
675 His treasuries he emptied, the army he kept at full strength -
And all in such wise that from men, at time of pleasure,
A shout of joy would rise like thunder:
Just like Shiraz in Bū Bakr-i Sa'd's day!
(A sovereign, wise, of fortunate estate:
May the bough of his hope be fruitful!)
But hear the tale! That name-seeking hero
Was of well-regarded footstep and happy disposition,

Assiduous in the care of high and low,
 Giving praise to the Deity at morn and eventide:
 680 Through that realm Korah boldly might go,
 For the emperor was just and the poor had their fill:
 On no heart, in his days, there struck
 A thorn – nor even pressed the petal of a rose;
 In strengthening his realm he overtopped all heads,
 And chiefs abased their heads before his writ.
 The other, though, sought but to increase throne and crown,
 And increased taxes on the yeomanry
 (I say not that he wished the poor man ill;
 In truth, he was his own worst enemy!):
 685 He coveted the goods of merchant-men,
 And shed calamity on helpless souls;
 In hope of more, he neither gave nor used.
 The wise will recognize he did not well,
 For as fast as he gathered that gold by guile
 His army in weakness went to pieces.
 When the merchants heard the news
 That there was tyranny in that clumsy one's domain,
 They cut from thence all purchase and vending;
 Cultivation stopped; the populace was consumed!
 690 When fortune turned its head from being friends with him,
 Nothing could stop the enemy from gaining the upper hand;
 The wrath of heaven dug up his root, his fruit,
 The enemy horses' hooves dug up his lands!
 In whom should he seek trust when he his pledge had broken?
 From whom should he ask tax, the yeoman fled?
 What good should that unhappy one desire
 In wake of whom fly maledictions?
 Inverted was his fate from outset of creation,
 So he did not what good men bade him do!
 695 (What said the good ones to that man of good?
 Do thou enjoy: the unjust man enjoyeth not!)
 Wrong was his surmise, remiss his devising,
 For what he sought by tyranny in justice lay!
 One, on a bough perched, was cutting at its base;
 The lord of the garden looked up and beheld.

He said: 'An ill thing this man does,
 Not to me, but to himself!
 The counsel's to the point, if you'll but listen:
 Don't overthrow the weak with a mighty shoulder,
 700 For, thanks to the Just Judge, a prince will be tomorrow
 That beggar who's not worth a barleycorn to you!
 If you wish tomorrow to bear a lofty rank,
 Make not the humble one your enemy:
 For when this authority from you departs,
 That beggar will seize your skirt by force!
 Clench not your fist, withhold it from the impotent,
 For if they throw you down, you'll suffer shame:
 Foul in free men's eyes it is
 To fall at the hands of the fallen!
 705 Great men, clear-hearted and of good fortune,
 Have carried crown and throne away by sapience:
 Go not awry in the trail of the straight ones,
 And if you would be straight, hear Sa'di!

 Say not 'No place is greater than the Sultanate!,'
 For no dominion's safer than a pauper's;
 Light-burdened men go lightlier;
 Such is the truth: let men of heart hear it!
 The empty-handed man of one loaf has the trouble,
 The guardian of the world that of a whole world's measure;
 710 If the beggar gets his bread for supper,
 He sleeps as sweetly as Syria's Sultan.
 Grief and joy alike come to an end:
 In death, both from the head depart.
 Equally for him on whose head they placed a crown,
 And for him on whose neck taxes fell:
 Be he a head-exalter unto Saturn,
 Or a cramped-fisted one in gaol:
 When Fate's mounts gallop over both their heads,
 They cannot then be told apart!
 715 I've heard that once by Tigris stream
 A skull addressed a devotee,

Saying: 'I had the glory of supreme command,
I wore upon my head the cap of greatness;
Heaven came to my aid, Victory with me conspired:
With the strong-arm of Fortune I took Iraq,
And had conceived desire to swallow down Kirman,
When all at once the worms my head did swallow!'
From prudence' ear dig inattention's wadding,
That counsels from the dead may reach your ear!

- 720 No evil comes to people who do good:
None practises evil and has good befall him;
The inciter to evil himself to evil will come,
Like the Scorpion declining with its House!
If benefit to men's no part of your nature,
Such a gem is one with flinty stone:
Nay, wrongly said, O friend of worthy disposition! –
For benefit there is in iron and stone and copper:
Such a man is better dead for shame,
When stone has virtue over him!
- 725 Not every son of man is better than the beasts
(The beasts are better than an evil human):
Better than the beasts is Man possessed of wisdom,
Not Man who falls on men as does a beast!
When Man knows only how to eat and sleep,
What virtue has he over cattle?
When a mounted man, his fortune inverse, proceeds off course,
The man who goes afoot will win the stakes before him.
No one sowed a grain of goodness
But he reaped thereof the harvest of his heart's desire:
- 730 Never in my life have I heard
That good itself did offer to an evil man!

TALE IO *The downfall of an unjust official*

Into a pit had fallen a high-ranking officer,
In terror of whom a male lion turned to female!

He who thought evil to others saw naught but evil now;
 Falling, he saw none more helpless than himself;
 All night he slept not for crying aloud and moaning,
 Till one smashed a stone down on him, saying:
 'You never answered any cry for help,
 You who today are asking for a helper!
 735 Every unmanly seed you sowed:
 See now what fruit you must be picking!
 Who on your lacerated heart will put a plaster,
 When hearts still grieve at lacerations made by you?
 Pits in our path you were always digging:
 At length you were bound to fall into a pit!
 Two sorts dig pits for men of all conditions,
 One of goodly temper, the other vile of name:
 One to refresh the thirsty man's gullet,
 The other for mankind to fall in – to the neck!
 740 If evil you do, look not unto good,
 For the tamarisk never bears grapes for fruit;
 I think not, my friend sowing barley in autumn,
 That you will lift wheat at harvest-time!
 Cultivate the *zaqqūm*-tree with never such devotion,
 But think not ever to eat fruit thereof;
 Oleander-wood will not produce a fruit of ripe dates;
 As the seed you sow, so look unto the fruit!

TALE I I *An honest man unjustly slain by Ḥajjāj ibn Yūsuf*

The tale they tell of a certain good man,
 That he showed scant respect to Ḥajjāj-i Yūsuf:
 745 The latter looked sharply at his tribunal-officer,
 Saying: 'Throw down an execution-mat and shed his blood!
 (When no argument's left one bent on injustice,
 He puckers up his face to pick a quarrel!)
 The man of God, he laughed and wept,
 At which the stony-hearted, ill-advised one wondered;
 Seeing him laughing and weeping anon,
 He asked: 'What is this laughter and weeping?'

Retorted he: 'I weep at Fate,
 For I have helpless infants four;
 750 But at the grace of God Immaculate I laugh,
 Going as victim, not oppressor, to my grave!'

'O famous prince! Ḥajjāj's son addressed him,
 'From such a Ṣūfī man for once restrain your hand!
 For unto him a band of people look, and lean upon him:
 No prudence here to kill a whole band at one stroke!
 Practise magnanimity, forgive and be generous,
 Of his little infants mindful be!
 I've heard he would not hear, and shed his blood
 (Yet who can escape from the Just One's decree?).
 755 A great man, thinking thereon, slept that night,
 And dreaming of the victim, questioned him. He said:
 'A mere moment he inflicted the penalty on me,
 But his punishment till Resurrection Day endures!
 When the oppressed one sleeps not, fear his sigh!
 Fear his heart's smoke in the morning!
 Fear you not that the inwardly pure, one night,
 Will cry at his liver's burning 'O my Lord!'
 Did not Iblīs do evil and see no good?
 Pure fruit comes not from filthy seed!
 760 Tear no man's veil in time of conflict,
 For your shame too's behind a veil!
 Shout not harshly against the lion-men,
 When you cannot worst babies in fist-fight!

A certain one was giving counsel to his son
 (Observe the wise-man's counsel):
 'Show no injustice to little ones, my son,
 Lest one day a bigger one should set upon you!
 Fear you not, wolfling of little wisdom,
 That one day a tiger will tear you to pieces?
 765 When small I was given to violence and bullying,
 The hearts of my juniors were troubled for me;
 Then I too one fist of the violent did swallow –
 And never again to the slight showed violence!

Come, sleep not carelessly, for slumber's
Forbidden to the eyes of a people's chief!
Share your subjects' griefs, I urge upon you,
Go in fear of Fate's highhandedness!
Advice that's empty of ulterior purpose
Is like a bitter medicine to ward off sickness.

TALE 12 *A holy man cures a ruler of sickness, physical and spiritual*

- 770 Of a certain king they tell a tale,
That the 'sickness of the thread' had made him like a spindle!
Weakness of body had so cast him down
That he would harbour envy of his subjects:
For however renowned a king upon the chess-board,
When weakness befalls him he's less than a pawn!
A companion kissed the ground before the king,
Saying: 'May my lord's dominion be eternal!
There is in this city a blessed-breathed man,
Like whom are few in holiness;
775 Never did he go an unright road,
Clear is his heart, his prayer answered;
None before him have brought their concerns
But their goal was achieved in an instant's breath.
Invoke him to invoke a blessing on your state,
That mercy may come down from Heaven onto earth!'
Thereupon the king ordered his senior retainers
To summon the elder of blessed footsteps:
They went and spoke; and the poor man came,
An honoured body in a paltry robe!
780 'Make a prayer!' said the king, 'O prudent one!
For I like a needle am fettered by "the thread."' "
On hearing which words, the bent-backed elder
Sharply raised a harsh-sounding cry,
Saying: 'God Himself is kind to the just man;
Look to the forgiving and giving of God!
How shall my prayer profit you,
When needy prisoners lie in pit and fetter?

You who never once forgave mankind -
 How shall you see ease from fortune?
 First for your errors you must seek pardon,
 And then ask the pious elder for prayers!
 How shall his prayers give you a hand,
 When the prayers of the oppressed are at your heels?
 Hearing these words, the Persian prince
 Took sore offence in rage and shame;
 But after his annoyance he said within his heart:
 'Why be annoyed, for what the poor man said is true?'
 He ordered that whoever was in fetters,
 By his orders, should be quickly freed.
 Then the man of experience, performing two *rak'as* of prayer,
 Raised to the Just Judge the hands of supplication,
 Saying: 'O You Erector of the skies on high!
 In war You took him: now leave him in peace!'

The saint in this same manner held his hands to prayer,
 And suddenly the emperor raised his head and sprang upon his feet:
 For joy, you'd say, he was about to fly,
 Like a peacock seeing no thread on his leg;
 He ordered that his treasury of jewels
 Be scattered at the poor man's feet, and gold upon his head!
 But truth for vanity must not be hid,
 And so he shook of all that stuff his skirt quite free, and said:
 'Take up your former threads no more,
 Lest once again "the thread" should raise its head!
 When once you've fallen guard your footing,
 That it once more should not slip from its place!'

Listen to Sa'di, for these words are right:
 Not all who've fallen once have risen again!

 The world, my son, 's no property for ever:
 Hope not for good-faith from the universe!
 Did not there go, morn and eventide, upon the winds
 The throne of Solomon (upon whom peace!)?
 Yet see you not how finally he went upon the wind
 (Happy the one who went in knowledge and justice!)?

He takes hence the ball of fortune
Who has been bound to mankind's ease;
That which men took away with them had value,
Not what they here amassed and left!

805 I've heard of a splendid prince in Egypt,
At whose days Fate did urge its forces;
Beauty left his heart-lighting cheek,
Pale like the sun he grew, when short of days.
The learned bit the hand of failure,
Seeing in medicine no remedy for death:
All thrones and dominions are subject to decline,
Save the dominion of the Undeclining Overlord!
As near to night his life's day drew,
They heard him say beneath his breath:
'No mighty one like me was there in Egypt,
But since the end is thus, 'twas all for naught!
810 The world I garnered, but its fruit I ate not;
And, even as the helpless, I leave it all behind!'
The man of well-regarded judgment, bestowing and consuming,
Gathers up the world in his wake;
Strive for this, that with you it may abidingly endure;
For all that after you endures is fear and regret.
The master on his soul-fusing mattress
Draws one hand back and puts the other forth:
In that instant's breath he shows you by his hand
(Terror having tied his tongue from talking)
815 That liberally, generously, one hand you should put forth,
But draw the other back from tyranny and greed!
Now, while things are in your hands, dig out a thorn:
How, later, shall you bring your hand forth from the shroud?
Moon and Pleiades and Sun will blaze for many a day
Ere you can raise your head from the pillow of the grave!

Qizil Arslān possessed a stout fortress,

Lifting its neck to Alvand:

No concern for any, no need for aught,

The way thither as brides' curls twisting:

820 As rare it lay upon a lawn

As egg in cerulean dish.

Now, I've heard that a man of blessed presence

Approached this prince by distant paths:

One recognizing realities, who'd seen the world,

Skilful, a wanderer on all horizons:

A great man, ready-tongued and practical;

A wise man, eloquent and learned.

Qizil said: 'In all your wanderings,

Saw you another such stronghold as this?'

825 At which he smiled and said: 'This fortress is a pleasant spot,

Yet strong I do not deem it!

Did not before you stiff-necked ones possess it,

Staying some instants and then relinquishing it?

Will not other princes take it after you,

Consuming the fruit of your hope's tree?

Remember the cycle of your father's dominion,

And free your heart from the bonds of concern:

Fate so in a corner did set him

As even over a farthing to leave him no control!

830 When a man loses hope of all things,

He's left hope alone in the goodness of God;

To the prudent man the world is contemptible,

For ever and anon it is someone else's place.

Thus spake a crazed one in Persian lands

To Kisrā: 'O heir to Jam's dominion!

If dominion had remained to Jam, and fortune,

How would crown and throne have come your way?

Even should you of Korah's treasure lay hold,

The only fruit left you is what you bestow!"

835 As Alp Arslān to the Soul-Bestower gave his soul,
 His son put on the crown of kingship:
 To the earth they consigned him from the crown-chamber,
 The target now no place for sitting!
 Thus spake a prudent madman,
 Seeing his son next day ahorse:
 'Bravo the topsy-turvy cycle and dominion!
 The father's gone, the son's foot's in the stirrup;
 So goes fate's revolution:
 Swiftly moving, fickle and unstable!
 840 When one of long-days brings his era to a head,
 He of youthful fortune lifts his head from the crib!
 Set not on the world your heart, for it's a stranger,
 Like a minstrel in a new house every day:
 Pleasure's unseemly with a sweetheart
 Who has a new spouse every morn!
 Do good this year, while the village is yours,
 For next year another will be the headman!'

TALE I 4 *A wise man justifies his blessings on Kai-Qubād*

A sage invoked blessing on Kai-Qubād,
 Saying: 'Be there in your kingship no decline!'

845 At which the great one umbrage took with him:
 'A wise one does not speak absurdly. O marvel!
 Whoever, pray, in throne and dominion suffered no decline?
 Absurdity but ill becomes a learned man.
 To whom remains the hope eternal to remain?
 Have you seen any who remained eternally?
 Then spoke the prudent erudite:
 'A wise-man speaks not words of ill-acceptance;
 I sought not for him a life for ever,
 But sought aid for him to do good;
 850 For if he be pious and pure in his course,
 Knowing the way, but heeding counsel,
 On the day when he pries his heart loose from this realm
 He'll set up his pavilion in another!

Thus, such dominion will know no decline,
 But move from realm to realm!
 What loss from his death if but pious he be,
 For he is ruler both here and hereafter?
 When one has treasure, authority, and troops,
 World-rule, magnificence, fulfilled desire, and pleasure,
 855 If his be good and seemly conduct,
 Pleasure is ever made ready for him.
 But if to the poor man he practises violence,
 Even his few days here will be all tumult!
 Since Pharaoh would not renounce corruption,
 Only to the grave's edge did he wield kingship!

TALE 15 *A Ghūrid tyrant reformed by a courageous peasant*

I've heard that of the kings of Ghūr
 One there was who donkeys seized by force:
 Such donkeys, heavy-laden, fodderless,
 Would perish (poor wretches!) by twos per day.
 860 When fortune favours the ignoble man,
 It lays a load on the tight-hearted poor!
 His own roof high, a self-regarder
 Casts piss and filth on roofs beneath!
 I've heard that once, on hunting bent,
 The unjust prince went forth;
 Swiftly he galloped, pursuing a quarry;
 Night took him, all touch with retinue lost;
 Alone, he knew not course or road,
 But night, unsought, to a village did cast him.
 865 An old man dwelling in that village
 (One of those ancient elders, knowing men)
 Was saying to his son: 'O one of joyful portion!
 Take not your ass to town the morn,
 For that illiberal man, of inverse fortune
 (In whose throne's stead I see a coffin!),
 His loins has girt to the demon's command:
 Cries at his tyranny to heaven's vault rise!

In this land, ease and pleasant times
 Man's eye has never seen, nor will it see
 870 Unless this black-recorded, unserene one
 To hell shall carry the curses at his back!
 To which the son rejoined: 'The way is long and hard;
 On foot I cannot go, good-fortuned one!
 Think out a way, devise a counsel,
 For your counsel's clearer than my own!
 The father said: 'If my advice you'll heed,
 You should lift up a mighty stone,
 And strike it once or twice upon that noble ass
 To gall his head and legs and flanks:
 875 Doubtless that low-wortherd one of foul faith
 Will have no use for sore-backed donkeys!
 Do like the Prophet Khidr, who wrecked a ship
 And therefrom stayed the cruel tyrant's hand -
 He who a single year gained ships at sea,
 But years on end a foul name!
 Fie on the realm and empire he directs!
 Foulness remain on him till Resurrection Day!
 The son, when he heard these words from his father,
 Withdrew not his head from his command's writ;
 880 With a stone he belaboured the helpless ass,
 Till it lost limb's use, grew lame of leg.
 The father then bade him go his way
 And take whatever road he must,
 Whereat the son set out behind the caravan,
 Uttering all the oaths he knew!
 On his side, the father, his face to the threshold,
 Prayers uttered: 'Lord! By the prayer-mat of the just!
 Give me sufficient grace of days
 That this ill-starred tyrant's ruin be accomplished,
 885 For if I see not his destruction,
 In the grave's night my eye will not sleep in the dust!
 If the burdened woman bears a still-born foetus,
 That's better than a man-child, devil-like;
 A woman's better far than a hurtful man,
 A dog than people-afflicting people;

The catamite who does injustice to himself
 Is better than one doing evil to others!
 The king heard this all, and nothing said;
 His horse he tethered and, head on saddle-cloth, laid him down.
 890 All night in wakefulness he counted stars,
 Sleep took him not away for care and melancholy;
 But when he heard the cry of the early-morning fowl,
 His night's distress he clear forgot.
 His knights, at the gallop the whole night long,
 At early morning recognized his horse's trail;
 Upon that open space they saw the emperor ahorse,
 And all as one that host on foot did run,
 Placing their heads in service on the earth
 (Which from the surging of the troops became a sea).
 895 One to the king spoke, from among his long-time friends,
 His chamberlain by night, by day his boon-companion:
 'What refreshment last night did your subjects lay before you,
 When for us neither eye nor ear did rest?'
 The emperor could not bring himself to tell
 Of what foul filth had been his lot;
 But gently brought his head close to the other,
 And spoke low and secret in his ear:
 'No one brought me so much as a fowl's leg,
 But donkey tramlings went beyond all measure!'
 900 The great ones sat them down and called for feasting;
 Of their consuming they made an entertainment.
 As merriment's clamour entered his mind,
 He was reminded of last night's husbandman;
 He ordered him sought and tightly bound,
 And meanly cast at the foot of his throne;
 Then black-heart unsheathed his sharp sword-blade.
 The helpless man, seeing no way of escape,
 Raised the head of hopelessness and said:
 'On the grave's night no one should sleep at home!
 905 Not I have told you alone, O prince!
 That your luck's inverted, your fortune bad:
 Why have you waxed wroth with me alone?
 I told you first, but all mankind will follow!

When you do injustice, hold no expectation
 That your name be current for good in the realm!
 And if such words you now find hard,
 No longer do that which bears hard!
 Recourse you have to turn back from oppression,
 Not killing those without recourse or sin!
 910 Take my few days remaining,
 Take a couple more of sweet-spent living!
 Ill-fortuned, the tyrant will not endure,
 But curses on him will endure, firm-established!
 Good counsel's yours if you'll but hear;
 And if you'll hear not, you'll regret it!
 How shall a king be praised because
 Men praise him in the audience-chamber?
 What use applause upon a whole assembly,
 When one old crone mouths oaths behind her spinning-wheel?
 915 Thus spoke he, with the sword above his head,
 Making his soul a shield before doom's arrows:
 Have you not seen that when a knife is at its head
 The pen's tongue flows more easily?
 The emperor grew sober from his bout of negligence;
 A blessed angel whispered in his ear:
 'Withhold from this old man the hand of retribution,
 For you'll but get one victim among millions!'

A while his head remained within his neckband,
 Then wide he cast his sleeves in pardon;
 920 With his own hands he took the fetters from him,
 Kissing his head, embracing him;
 Greatness he gave him, and power to command:
 Bounty was the fruit of his hope's branch.
 This tale's been told to all the world:
 The lucky one will follow those who're straight.
 Good-nature you'll not learn from men of intellect
 As well as from the carping ignoramus;
 Those who chant praise are no aids of yours,
 The blamers are your friends:
 925 From an enemy hear your character, for the friend
 Views kindly all that you produce.

The gift of candy to a sufferer wreaks harm
Where bitter remedies will do him good;
The sour-faced man chastises to better purpose
Than comrades pleasant-natured, sweet of disposition.
None will speak you better counsel than this:
If you're intelligent, an indication will suffice you!

TALE 16 *Ma'mūn's bad breath cured by a slave-girl's frankness*

When the Caliphate's cycle came round to Ma'mūn,
He bought a slave-girl countenanced like the moon;
930 In aspect a sun, a rose-bush in body,
Sporting with the sage's intellect!
Her claws she'd buried in lovers' blood,
Dyeing the tips the hue of jujube;
On her devotee-deceiving brow the tint
Was like the Bow of Quzah on the sun.
One night of privacy, that *hūr*-born plaything
Would not give herself to Ma'mūn's embrace:
The fire of wrath took mighty hold on him,
And he would split her head in two like Gemini.
935 She spoke: 'Lo! With sharp sword my head
Lop off, but do not tumble me around!'
To which he said: 'What ails your heart?
What quality in me's displeased you?'
She answered: 'Kill me, split my head in two,
For I am suffering from the odour of your mouth!
Conflict's arrow and oppression's sword
Kill instantly; but breath by breath, the odour of the mouth!'
The captain of good-fortune, when he heard these words,
Was swiftly roused and suffered sore;
940 All night he thought thereon, not sleeping,
Next day he spoke to prudent men,
Knowers of nature from every land:
To each he spoke on every point.
Then, though his heart was grieved at her,
A remedy he took, and grew sweet-smelling like a bud;

The nymph-aspected one he made companion, made her friend,
Saying: 'Who tells me such faults is a comrade of mine!'

For me, that person wills you well

Who tells you that thorns are in your way:

945 To tell one lost he's going well
Is utter injustice and mighty maltreatment;
Whenever none tells you frankly your faults,
In ignorance you take your faults for virtues!
Say not sweet-honeyed sugar's sovereign
To one whom scammony befits:
How well the druggist said one day:
'If you want recovery, swallow the bitter drug!'
If you would have a beneficial potion,
From Sa'di take the bitter drug of counsel,
950 Sifted through the sieve of Knowledge,
Mixed with elegance' honey!

TALE I 7 *An honest man undismayed at losing his tongue*

I've heard that on a good poor-man's account
A mighty emperor grew vexed in heart:
By chance a truth had slipped his tongue,
Whereat the emperor was roused at him for his presumption.
To jail he sent him from the audience-chamber,
For the arm of high station is apt to trials of strength!
One of the victim's companions privily addressed him:
'It was not wise to speak so harsh!' He said:
955 'To discharge Truth's command is true obedience;
Jail I do not fear, for it is but a moment!
But even while this secret was privily spoken,
The tale went back to the ear of the king;
Who smiled, saying: 'Futile is his surmise:
He knows not that in this jail he shall die!'
A slave to the poor-man brought this message,
But he rejoined: 'O slave! Tell Khusrav:
Care's burden lies not sore upon my heart,
For the world is no more than this moment!

960 Neither by taking my hand will you make me rejoice,
 Nor at taking my head will care enter my heart!
 Though you have your way in command and in wealth,
 While others are helpless in weakness and suffering,
 Yet when we enter at Death's gateway,
 Within a week we shall be equals!
 Set not your heart on this five-day empire!
 Burn yourself not with the smoke of men's hearts!
 Did not those before you hoard even more,
 And with injustice burn the world?
 965 So live that with approval you're recalled,
 And when you're dead none will abuse your grave!
 Set up no precedents for evil customs,
 Lest men say: "Cursed be he who laid this down!"
 Although a lord of might may raise his head,
 Does not the grave's dust put him down at last?
 At this, in cruelty, the tight-heart-faced man ordered
 That they remove the poor-man's tongue at base;
 But the man who knew realities replied to this:
 'No terror have I of what you've just said;
 970 No care have I for tonguelessness,
 Knowing that what's unsaid endures sure!
 Though I bear indigence, or yet oppression,
 What care I, so the end be good?'
 Your passing-dirge a wedding-feast will be,
 If but your finish be fair-dayed!

TALE 18 *The indigent boxer and the skull*

A boxer had nor luck nor livelihood;
 No supper victuals readied, no breakfast either:
 Under his belly's tyranny he bore clay upon his back,
 For never by the fist can daily-bread be earned.
 975 Constantly, at fortune's distraught state,
 His heart indulged regret, his body mourned;
 Awhile he was at war with the world's wild wreaking,
 Awhile his face was sour at frenzied fortune;

Awhile at sight of men's sweet pleasure,
 Bitter water passed along his gullet;
 Awhile he wept at the world's disordered working:
 'Has any seen a bitt' rer life than this?
 Folk consume honey, fowls, and lamb,
 But my bread's surface knows not even herbs!
 980 If equity you ask for, this is not fair –
 That naked I should go while cats have skins!
 How were it in this clay-labour if but my foot
 Sank into treasure unto heart's delight!
 Perchance one day I may effect my fancy,
 And scatter from me tribulation's dust!
 One day, so I've heard, while the earth he was splitting,
 Some jawbones he found, all in decay:
 The necklace thereof disjointed in the earth,
 All shed the pearls of teeth.
 985 Yet counsel and mystery the tongueless mouth was speaking:
 'O master! Reconcile yourself to indigence,
 For is not this the mouth's state when beneath the clay,
 Whether it's supposed to have eaten sugar, or yet the heart's blood?
 Have no care for days' revolvings:
 Without us will revolve full many a day!
 The instant that this thought appeared to him
 Care set aside its gear from out his thoughts.
 O soul, devoid of judgment, management, and sense!
 Haul concern's burden, but kill not yourself!
 990 Whether a slave bears burdens on his head,
 Or whether his head he carries to heaven's height,
 In that moment when his state is altered
 In death both cases leave his head!
 Care and joyfulness do not endure; yet
 Recompense for action and good name endure.
 Generosity stands fast, not coronet and throne:
 Give, that of you this may endure, O fortunate one!
 Lean not on realm and place and retinue:
 These have both been before, and after you will be!
 995 The lord of fortune has care for faith,
 For the world in any case will pass:

If you wish not to see your realm in ruin altogether,
Care you must for both realm and faith together.
Gold scatter, since the world you'll leave:
Having no gold, Sa'di does scatter pearls!

TALE 19 *A prudent man declines to chide a tyrant.*

They tell the tale of a spreader of duress,
Holding sway over a certain land:
Men's day in his days was as nightfall,
At night, for fear of him, sleep to men was denied;
1000 Daily good men knew calamity on his account,
Nightly, because of him, at prayer were the hands of the pure.
And so, before the ancient of that day, a company
Did weep and moan against the tyrant's upper-hand:
'O wise elder, of happy judgment!
Bid that youth fear God!'
Said he: 'The Friend's name, alas!, I dare not use,
For not everyone is fitted to His message!
When anyone you see oblique towards the Truth,
Good fellow!, lay not the Truth before him!
1005 It's vain to talk of sciences with one of low degree,
For seeds in sour soil will go to waste;
He, unaffected, will take you for an enemy;
Vexed in his soul, he vexes you in turn!'
To you I've told the truth, O Khusrau of good judgment!
Truth can be told before a man of God;
Your habit, my sovereign, is to follow truth's way,
And that's why the truth-telling man's heart is stout!
A signet has the quality, O fortunate one!,
That it makes its mark on wax, not on hard stone.
1010 No wonder if the tyrant in his soul against me
Is vexed - for he's the thief, and I the watchman:
You too are a watchman over equity and justice
(May God's protection watch over you!):
Yet, rightly considered, no recognition's due to you;
It's the Lord's, and likewise grace and gratitude,

Who kept you constantly employed in works of good
 And left you not, like others, idle!
 All men are present in endeavour's field,
 But not all bear off the ball of bounty;
 1015 Heaven, by endeavour, you've not acquired:
 It was God who let down to you a heavenly disposition!
 Your heart be bright, your time well knit together!
 Firm be your foot, your footing elevated!
 Your life be pleasant, and aright your going!
 Accepted your devotion, your prayer responded to!

Until a matter by management be concluded,
 The conciliation of an enemy is better than conflict;
 When you cannot break a foe by force,
 You can fasten trouble's door by favour;
 1020 Does harm from an adversary give you concern?
 Tie his tongue with the spell of kindness!
 Instead of spikes, spread gold before the foeman,
 For kindness blunts sharp teeth.
 Kiss the hand it is not meet to bite:
 Deal with the victors by guile and self-abasement!
 Rustam by skilful management came to bondage,
 And Isfandiyār escaped not *his* noose.
 The foeman can be skinned as occasion serves:
 Conciliate him, then, as though with a friend!
 1025 Beware of contention with one of lesser degree,
 For from a drop I've seen come many a torrent!
 Tie no knots in your brow if you can help it:
 Abased though be the enemy, a friend is better;
 His enemies are fresh, his friends all torn to pieces,
 The man who has more enemies than friends!
 Strike not against a force that's bigger than your own,
 For one can't strike a lancet with the finger!
 And if you are the more powerful to the fight,
 Manly it is not, to do violence to the powerless.
 1030 Be you elephant-strong or lion-clawed,
 Peace in my view is better than war;

But when the hand fails of every ruse,
 It's licit to take hand to the sword.
 If the foe asks peace, turn not your head away,
 But if it's war he seeks, turn not aside your bridle!
 Let him the gate of conflict close:
 Your power and prestige will grow a thousandfold;
 While if he to the stirrup does set the foot of war,
 The Just One will not call you to account at Congregation Time!
 1035 You too be for war when he seeks malice,
 Since with the malicious kindness is error;
 When to one of low degree graciously you speak, and pleasantly,
 His pride and forwardness will but increase:
 With Arabian mounts and manly men,
 Raise dust from ill-intentioned mettle!
 But if the foe comes forth well-managed, sensible,
 Strive not with sharpness, wrath, severity;
 When the enemy in impotence comes before you,
 Further quarrel you may not seek;
 1040 When quarter he requests, then practise generosity:
 Forgive, yet for his guile take thought!
 Forsake not the veteran elder's sound devising,
 For many a matter the ancient has experienced:
 Brass foundations can be o'erthrown
 By youths with force, by veterans with good judgment!

Be mindful in the turmoil's heart of flight:
 What know you to whom the victory shall go?
 Seeing your forces go to pieces,
 Give not alone your sweet life to the wind!
 1045 If you're on the sidelines, endeavour to depart;
 But if in the centre, put on the uniform of your enemy!
 Be you a thousand, with the enemy but two-hundred -
 At nightfall stay not in the enemy's terrain:
 In dark of night, fifty horses emerging from concealment
 Can rend the earth with the awe of five-hundred!
 But when at night you'd travel highways,
 Watch out above all for ambush-points!

When 'twixt the two armies one day's way
 Remains, in that place pitch your tent:
 1050 If foes take the field have no concern,
 But brain them, though they be Afrāsiyāb!
 Know you not that an army that's ridden a day
 Has no force left in its fist?
 Comfortably you may strike that laggard army,
 Which, unaware, has done injustice to itself!
 But the enemy beaten, cast down your standard,
 For not again will his wounds knit together;
 Ride not o'er much in pursuit of the routed,
 For far you should not fare from your supporters.
 1055 When from the turmoil's dust you see the air like fog,
 And round about men take their javelins and their swords,
 Then should the troops not gallop after plunder,
 And open leave to rearward of the emperor:
 Care of the prince will better serve those troops
 Than fighting in the ring of conflict!

When a courageous man one time shows hardihood,
 His rank should be advanced:
 A second time his heart he'll set on perishing,
 And have no dread to fight with Gog!
 1060 Treat pleasantly your troops in days of ease,
 That they may be of service in hard times:
 When the soldier has no good part in provisions,
 Why should he set his heart on death on tumult's day?
 Now is the time to kiss your warriors' hands –
 Not when the enemy's begun to beat his drums!
 The regions of the realm from the palm of ill-intent
 By an army keep safe – and the army by payment!
 The king's is the upper hand over the foe,
 When the army's easy-hearted, satiated:
 1065 Consuming its own head as fee,
 It were not fair that it endure hardship too:
 When treasure's grudged the soldier,
 He'll grudge to take his hand unto his sword;

How shall he in conflict's battle-line show manliness,
His hand being empty, his case in low condition?

To battle with the enemy, send bold men!
Send lions, no less, to do combat with tigers!
Act by the judgment of those who know the world,
For the old wolf has tested out the quarry;
1070 Be not afraid of sword-wielding youths,
But on your guard against their many-crafted elders;
Young men, wrestling with elephants and grasping at lions,
Of the old fox's tricks know nothing!
Wise is the man who's seen the world,
And tested out much hot and cold.
Young men of worth, and fortunate,
Twist not their heads aside from old men's words.
If you would have your realm well-ordered,
Give not grave matters to newly-risen youths;
1075 Make leader of the army only one
Who's been in many battles;
Assign not arduous tasks to petty men,
For anvils are not broken by the fist!
Cherishing the people and commanding an army
Are not as light-minded play with toys:
If you'd not have your days all come to naught,
Allot not tasks to those who've known them not:
The hunting-dog his face averts not from the leopard,
But the lion untried in battle will start from even a fox!
1080 A lad who to the chase is reared
Fears not to be confronted by a conflict;
By wrestling and the hunt, by butt and ball,
A brave man will wax bellicose;
But one in hot-baths reared, luxuriously and soft,
Grieves when he sees the open door of war:
Though two men set him up upon the saddle,
He's such as but a child may cast to earth!

When in warfare you've seen a man's back,
Kill him, albeit the enemy in battle have killed him not:

1085 A catamite is preferable to a sword-wielding man
Who on the day of turmoil, woman-wise, his head averts!
How well said Gurgin to his son,
As he bound on the brief of battle and of Faith:
'If, as women, you seek to flee,
Go not to spill the honour of men of war!
The knight who shows his back in war
Kills not himself, but men illustrious!

Courage comes but from two companions,
Lighting in the ring of conflict,
1090 Two of one race and board and tongue,
Striving at the battle's heart with all their heart:
For one would shame to go from facing arrows,
His brother prisoner in the enemy's claws.
But when you see companions un-comradely,
Seize full your chance to flee the field!

Two sorts of men you'll cherish, O realm-conquering ruler!
One's the folk of combat, the other those of judgment;
They from the illustrious fortune's ball may take
Who cherish sage and sword-wielder both!
1095 When a man's not wielded pen or blade,
Say not alas! for him when he is dead;
Treat well the penman and the swordsman too,
But not the minstrel, for manliness comes not from women;
Where's manliness when enemies stand in all war's gear,
But you by cupbearers are bemused, and singing, and the lute!
Many the folk of good-estate who have sat down in play,
While their estate in play has left their hands!

I say not you should fear a fight by one of ill-intent:
Fear more his song of reconciliation!
1100 Many a one by day has sung the Verse of Reconciliation,
But led a host at nightfall on the sleeping man!
Mail-clad, the men-casters lay them down,
The pillow being but a sleeping-place for women:

Within a tent the man who wields the sword
Will not sleep naked as a woman in the home!
By stealth for war must be made ready,
For stealthy the enemy makes his charge:
Caution is the practice of men alert to business,
Scouts are the brazen rampart of the camp!

- 1105 Between two men malevolent, short-handed though they be,
It's no-wise prudent to sit secure;
For if both should ponder their secrets together,
Their hands, once short, may yet grow long:
While keeping one employed by wiles,
Remove the other from existence!
If to strife an enemy betakes him,
Spill his blood with management's sword:
Go, strike up friendship with *his* enemy,
That the shirt on his body may turn to a prison!
1110 But when in the enemy's host discord arises,
Then leave your own sword in its sheath:
When wolves are pleased to do each other harm,
The sheep rest easy in their midst:
When enemy with enemy is taken up,
Quiet-hearted, you may sit with friends!

- When you have taken up the sword of battle,
Covertly keep the road of concord,
For many host-breakers, cleavers of chain-caps,
Have stealthily sought peace while outwardly deploying:
1115 Seek stealthily that man's heart who's for the contest-ground -
Perchance like a ball it will fall at your feet!
When an enemy captain falls into your clutch,
Laggardly you should be to kill him:
Perchance from your side too an officer
Will linger captive in a neck-ring,
And if you kill the lacerated prisoner,
Your own lost prisoner you'll never see again!
Does he not fear vicissitude will make him prisoner -
The one who treats his prisoners with a show of force?

1120 That one to prisoners lends a helping hand
Who has himself been prisoner, captive.
When a head-man bows his head before your writ,
If you do treat him well, another may follow suit;
Can you bring ten hearts to your hand clandestinely,
It's better far than making night-raids by a hundred roads!

Yet if the enemy's kinfolk grow amicable to you,
Have care, and be not confident they'll practise no deceit:
Inwardly with hatred of you they'll be torn,
As they for their connection love recall!

1125 Look not for sweet utterance from one of ill-intent,
For poison may be hid in honey!
He carries safe his life from enemies' molestation
Who relegates his friends to category of enemy:
That rascal keeps his pearls safe in his purse
Who sees as cut-purse all mankind!

A soldier rebellious against his commander,
Take not, if you can help it, in your service:
No gratitude he knew towards his captain,
No terror he will know of treachery to you:
1130 Hold him not firm to oath or pledge,
But over him covertly place a watch!
The tyro's halter lengthen,
But snap it not, for then you'll not see him again!

When the enemy's realm by war and siege
You've taken, surrender him to prison-inmates,
For a prisoner, when he sinks his teeth in blood,
Will drink it from the unjust ruler's gullet!

When from the enemy's hand you've prised domains,
Bring better order to his subjects;
1135 So that if once more he knocks upon the door of conflict,
The populace will prick his pomp for him.
But if to the citizens hurt you bring,
Trouble not shutting the city-gates in the enemy's face:

Say not then 'The blade-brandishing enemy's at the gates!,'
For the enemy's confederate's already in the city.

By management make war upon the malevolent:
Consider what is best, and cover your intent;
Lay not your secrets before one and all,
For many a spy I've seen sharing the drinking-cup!
1140 When on Orientals Alexander would make war,
They say he kept his tent-flap facing west;
When to Zābulistān Bahman was minded,
He noised it to the left, but himself went right!
If others besides you know of your resolve,
You may well weep for all your judgment and your knowledge.

Be generous, not warlike and vengeful,
And thus you'll bring the world beneath your signet;
If graciously and pleasantly a matter may be accomplished,
What need for arrogance and severity?
1145 Would you not have your heart pained sore?
Then set loose from bonds the hearts of those in pain!
By strong-arm only, the host's not powerful:
Go, from the powerless seek moral-support!
The prayers of the weak, so they be filled with hope,
Serve better than virility's strong arm:
Whoever begs assistance from the pauper
Will win, though he hits out at Faridūn!

Chapter 2 *On Beneficence*

- If prudent you are, to the Idea you will incline,
For the Idea remains when the Outward Form's no more:
1150 And he who has not knowledge, liberality, and fear of God
Has no idea within his outward form!
He sleeps at ease beneath the clay,
On whose account men easy-hearted sleep.
Care for your own self while living, for your own
Will be concerned with their own greed, not with a corpse!
Would you not be distraught of heart? –
Then drop not the distraught from your mind.
Briskly scatter your treasure today,
For tomorrow its key will not be in your hand!
1155 Take along with you your own provisions:
No compassion will come from children or wife!
He takes the ball of fortune with him from this world,
Who takes a portion with him to the world to come:
In sympathy, like my own finger-tip
None in the world will scratch my back!
Put not all you have on the palm of your hand,
Lest tomorrow you carry its back to your teeth.
Strive to cover the pauper's shame,
That God's own covering may envelope you;
1160 Turn not portionless the stranger from your door,
Lest you go round one day from door to door a stranger;
A great man brings good to those in need,
Fearing that he may come to stand in need of others;
Look to the state of heart of those who're wounded,
For one day you may be wounded in heart;
Rejoice the inner-heart of those who've failed,
Bearing in mind the day of failure;
Being not a beggar at other men's doors,
In gratitude, drive not beggars from your own!
- 1165 Upon the fatherless one's head cast a protecting shade;
Brush off the dust from him, his thorns remove!

(Know you not how sorely laggard's been his state?
Is a tree without roots ever fresh?)
When you see the orphan with head cast down,
Give not kisses to your own child's face!
If the orphan weeps, who'll solace him?
And if he waxes wroth, who'll bear his burden?
Beware that he should weep, for the Mighty One's Throne
Trembles whenever an orphan weeps!

1170 Mercifully wipe clean his eyes of tears' wetness,
Compassionately brush the dirt from his countenance;
If his own shade's gone from o'er his head,
You cherish him in yours!
Once I had a head for crowning –
When my head lay in my father's bosom:
If but a fly then settled on my person,
Many persons' hearts would quite become distraught!
Now, if my enemies bear me off captive,
There's none of my friends would come to my support!
1175 Well do I know the pain of children,
For in childhood my father was taken from o'er my head!
One prised a thorn from an orphan's foot:
Then, in a dream, a fortunate noble saw him,
Saying, as he stalked through Paradise gardens:
'What roses bloomed for me from out that thorn!'

Be not, if you can help it, of mercy bare,
For mercy men will bear you if you bear mercy!
When you've done a favour, grow not self-adoring,
Saying: 'I'm the chief, others are my underlings!'
1180 Though revolution's blade has cast them down,
Is not the sword of revolution still unsheathed?
If for your good-estate you see a thousand praying,
Give gratitude for this grace to the Lord,
That many folk have eye to you,
While you to no man's hand have eye!
Generosity I've called 'the course of captains' –
Rather should I have said 'the manner of Holy Messengers'!

- One week, I've heard, no vagabond
 Came to the guest-house of the Friend.
 1185 (It was his happy custom not to eat betimes,
 Save if an indigent would come in from the road.)
 Out he went and peered to every side;
 To the valley's limits he looked and saw
 One in the desert, lonely, as a willow,
 White his head and hair with age's powder.
 Warmly Abraham bade him a welcome,
 By the custom of the generous, an invitation he spoke him:
 'O apple of my eyes!
 Deign to show a courtesy towards my bread and salt!'
 1190 The vagabond, accepting, sprang up and stepped out boldly,
 For well he recognized his nature (peace be upon him!).
 Those in attendance in the Friend's guest-house
 Seated the lowly old man with all honour;
 Orders were given for the board to be set,
 And all together sat on either side.
 But when the party began with 'In God's Name ...!'
 No words from the old man reached Abraham's ear.
 Him he addressed: 'O old man, late of days!
 Sincerity and ardour in you I see not, as is old men's wont!
 1195 Is there no obligation, when you eat your daily-bread,
 To mention the name of the Lord, its Provider?'
 Retorted he: 'No course I'll take into my hand
 That I've not heard of from the fire-adoring elder!'
 Whereat the goodly-auspiced Messenger did recognize
 That old man of ruined state for nothing but a *gabr*:
 Meanly he drove him forth, seeing him as foreign
 (For the filthy's execrable to the pure!);
 From the Maker Majestic straightway came an angel,
 Awesomely uttering reproof: 'O Friend!
 1200 A hundred years I've given him his daily-bread and life,
 Yet you've an aversion to him all in a moment!
 Though he prostrates himself before a fire,
 Why hold you back the hand of bounty?'

Tie no knots on beneficence' bond,
Saying: 'Here's fraud and here's deceit, there's trickery and craft!'

A poor bargain drives the learned exegete
When he for bread sells science and humanities:
For how should reason or Religious Law give ruling
That men of wisdom may give Faith for worldly things?
Yet you must take, for one possessed of wisdom
Will gladly buy from those who cheaply sell!

1205

TALE 2 I *A devotee gladly deceived by a trickster*

One with the skill of tongues approached a man of heart,
Saying: 'In a muddy spot I'm firmly stuck:
Ten *dirhams* I owe to one of no account,
Each farthing of which weighs my heart like ten maunds!
All night my state for him's distraught,
All day he's like a shadow on my trail.
With mind-disturbing words he's left
My inmost heart scratched like the street-door of a house!
You'd think that since his mother bore him, God's
Naught given him but these ten *dirhams*!
Of Faith's Register not an *A* he's learned,
No more he's read than the chapter on Semi-Declinables!
Not one day has Sol stuck his head o'er the mountain
Without that pimp striking the ringed knocker on my door;
And hence my concern as to which generous man
Will give me a hand, with silver, against that Stonyheart?
The veteran of illustrious disposition heard these words,
And placed two solid pieces in his sleeve;
And when the gold fell into the romancer's hand,
As gold fresh-faced, he quit that place.
One said: 'O elder! Don't you know who that is?
None need weep for him if he should die!
A beggar he who saddles male lions;
From Abū Zaid he'd take both queen and knights!'

1210

1215

The devotee at this was roused and said: 'Be silent!
 No man of tongue are you, so be all ears!
 If what I thought be true,
 His honour I've preserved before mankind;
 1220 While if he committed a bare-faced fraud,
 Beware of thinking he had his fun of me!
 To my own good my honour I've preserved
 From the hand of such a garrulous trickster!
 Lavish gold and silver on both bad and good,
 The one to gain a benefit, the other to ward off evil;
 Happy he who by frequenting the intelligent
 Learns the manners of men of heart:
 If intelligence you have, judgment, good-management, and prudence,
 Sa'di's counsel you'll place respectfully in your ear,
 1225 For mostly in this vein he holds discourse,
 Not of eyes and curls, nor dimpled ears and moles!

TALE 22 *A miser's heir justifies his liberality*

One going hence a hundred-thousand *dinārs* left,
 A prudent man of heart his heir:
 Not like the grasping did he clasp his hand upon the gold,
 But like the liberal opened up his hand;
 His door was never empty of the poor,
 And travellers abounded in his guest-house;
 The hearts of kin and stranger both he satisfied,
 Not, like his father, locking up his silver and his gold.
 1230 One reproving said to him: 'O you of windlike hand!
 Do not scatter all you have at once!
 In the course of a year one may heap up a harvest:
 There's no manliness to burning it all in a breath!
 Grace, elegance, and favour endure not long:
 Has no one told this tale to you?
 In these last days, a zealot to his son
 I heard saying: "Life of your father!
 Go utterly stripped, settling your household affairs!
 Be generous and reject this world!"

- 1235 The son, foresighted and tested in affairs,
 Lauded his father, saying: "O man of good judgment!
 Since of tight-fisted times you have no toleration,
 Keep careful account in times of amplitude!"
 How well to her daughter the village-dame spoke:
 "On the day of prosperity lay up adversity's provision!
 Keep filled at all times the water-skin and pitcher,
 For the stream will not run constant through the village!"
 With this world's things one may attain the next,
 With gold turn aside the lion's claws.
- 1240 All at one time shower not on friends your gold,
 But be in mind of harm that comes from enemies!
 If your hand is straitened go not before your comrades,
 But if silver you have, come, bring it forth!
 Though on the dust of men's feet you lay your face,
 With an empty hand they'll give you no answer!
 The lord of gold gouges out devils' eyes,
 Snaring the jinni Šakhr by a stratagem.
 Empty-handed, turn not to those whose face is fair,
 For silverless men are nothing worth:
- 1245 No hopes are realized by empty hands,
 But with gold you may gouge out the White Devil's eye!
 And if upon your palm you place all you get,
 Your palm will remain empty in time of necessity.
 Beggars by your efforts will never grow strong,
 But you'll become lean the while, I fear!"
 When the hinderer of good-works had told this tale,
 The generous man's veins for indignation could not rest;
 Distraught of heart he grew at that censorious one,
 And, roused, he said: 'O you distraught of speech!
- 1250 The resources now at my disposal
 Are, as my father said, my grandsire's legacy;
 Did they not meanly keep it to themselves
 And, dying with regret, leave it behind?
 Did not my father's wealth fall in my hand
 To fall, when I am gone, into my son's?
 Yet better far today men should consume it
 Than that tomorrow, after me, they bear it off as loot!"

- Eat, don, bestow, and bring men comfort!
 Why keep such things for other people?
 1255 Men of good judgment take something with them from the world,
 But he of little worth leaves all regretfully behind.
 Give gold and favour now, while they are yours,
 For when you're dead they're out of your behest!
 With this world's goods you may the next world buy:
 Buy then, my soul, or you will carry off regret!
 So ate, so bestowed a man of perfect vision
 That none saw on him any evil eye's effect;
 One for his generosity extolled him,
 Saying: 'How hard you've striven on the way of right!'
- 1260 Behold what answer gave the generous fellow:
 'Why do you make such fuss of me? Pipe down!'
- And then went on, his head sunk in shame's collar:
 'What have I done to set one's heart upon?
 The hope I have is in God's grace alone,
 For it's a fault to lean on one's own efforts!'
- The only path's that taken by the men of certainty,
 Doers of good and viewers of their own deficiencies:
 The *shaikhs* all night their invocations uttered,
 Then spread at dawn their prayer-mats.
- 1265 Manfully hear the party-recitations of true men:
 Hear them from Suhrawardī, not from Sa'dī:
 That learned *shaikh*, my guide Shihāb,
 Vouchsafed two counsels while upon the water:
 One, to look not hardly on the mass of men;
 And secondly, to have no self-regard towards the self!
 Plaintively, I've heard, the *shaikh* would weep,
 As he recited verses touching those in Hellfire;
 One night, I know, for terror of Hell he slept not,
 And on the morrow I overheard him saying:
- 1270 'What, then, if Hell were full of me?!
 Mayhap the others would gain release!
 That man's rapt fortune's ball from off the field
 Who's been in bondage to mankind's repose.

TALE 23 *A customer's pity for an incompetent grocer*

A woman to her husband once made moan:
 'Buy no more bread from the street-corner grocer,
 But repair to the wheat-sellers' market,
 For this one wheat displays, but barley sells!
 Not because of customers, but for swarms of flies,
 None's seen his face for one whole week!'

1275 Comfortingly, that man of necessitous condition
 To his wife said: 'Light of my eyes, let it go!
 His hopes on us, a stall he took in this locality:
 Human it would not be to take his profit away from him!
 Take the road of kind and liberal men:
 Why stand you still? Take the hand of one who's down!
 Indulgent be, for those who're men of Truth
 Are customers at the lustreless emporium;
 The generous man's a saint, if you would have the truth:
 Generosity's the practice of that King of Men, 'Ali!

TALE 24 *A conceited pilgrim nearly meets disaster*

I've heard that an elder on the Hġāz Road
 Would make at every step two *rak'as* of prayer:
 So hot-foot he upon God's way
 That he'd not pick thorn-spines from his feet!
 At length, from mind-distracting evil inspirations,
 His doings seemed him goodly in his sight:
 Thanks to the Tempter's blind, he walked into the pit
 Of thinking no finer road than that could e'er be walked;
 Had not Truth's mercy caught him up,
 Delusion from the highway sure had turned his head!

1280 From the World Unknown a voice unseen to him sounded:
 'O fortunate one, of blessed disposition!
 Think not, because you've done obeisance,
 You've brought a single titbit to this Presence!
 Easing one heart with one act of kindness
 Is better than a thousand *rak'as* at every way-stage!'

1285

TALE 25 *A ruler fasts and others suffer*

- Thus to a Sultān's captain spoke his wife:
 'Rise up, my blessed one, and knock upon provision's door!
 Go, let them give you from the board a share,
 For your offspring are looking in expectation!'
 1290 Said he: 'Today the kitchen will be cold,
 Since the Sultān last night resolved upon a fast.'
 Despairing, the wife cast down her head,
 Saying to herself (for want, her heart all lacerated):
 'What can the Sultān mean by such fasting,
 For his fast-breaking is our infants' feasting!
 Better an eater at whose hand some good results
 Than a faster till world's end who worships the world!
 Fasting is to him a valid enterprise
 Who gives the helpless man his early-morning bread:
 1295 Otherwise, what need to make endeavour,
 Withholding from yourself, but yourself consuming also?
 The fancies of an ignoramus, sitting in solitude,
 At length will confound both infidelity and the Faith:
 Brightness there is in both water and mirror,
 But the brightnesses must be distinguished!

TALE 26 *A poor man goes bail and gladly suffers the consequences*

- One given to generosity lacked resources,
 His wherewithal not being to his munificence' measure.
 (May not the mean be lords of substance,
 Nor yet the generous know cramp of hand!
 1300 He who's befallen by high-mindedness
 Finds his desire falls seldom in the noose:
 As with a pouring torrent in the mountains,
 Which never comes to rest on high.)
 Not as accorded with his capital did he show generosity,
 And as a consequence he needs must be slight-substanted.
 One cramped of hand wrote him a word or two:
 'O man of good end and fair disposition!

Lend me a hand to thus many *dirhams*,
 For I have been in jail for quite some time.'
 1305 To nothing this amounted in his eyes,
 But in his hands he had not one brass farthing;
 And so this man sent to the captive's claimants,
 Saying: 'O men of goodly name, and liberal likewise!
 Withhold awhile your palms from off his skirt,
 And if he flies, the surety's mine to honour!'
 Thence went he to the prisoner, saying: 'Up!
 So long as you have legs, flee from this town!'
 When the sparrow saw his cage-door open,
 No more repose he knew therein, not for one moment.
 1310 When lightsome breezes passed o'er that land
 (With no such passing as that the wind thereof would reach his dust!),
 They forthwith took the generous man
 And said: 'Produce the silver or the man!'
 Helplessly he took the road to prison,
 For none can recapture the bird who's left the cage.
 I've heard for quite some while he stayed confined:
 Complaints he wrote not, nor uttered cries for help;
 Long whiles he did not rest, slept not for nights on end:
 A pious man said, passing him nearby:
 1315 'I cannot take you to consume men's property;
 What happened to you that you are in prison?'
 Said he: 'O bosom friend! O blessed-breathed one!
 Indeed, I fraudulently consumed the property of none;
 A helpless man I saw, all chafed from bonds upon him,
 And save by bonds on me I saw no way to save him!
 I saw it not as fitting, in my judgment,
 Myself at ease, another lying fettered.'
 He died at the last, carrying off a good name.
 (Hurrah for the life whose name never dies!
 1320 A body, live of heart, asleep beneath the soil,
 Is better than a world of live men dead at heart:
 Never will a live heart know destruction,
 What matter if the body of a live-heart dies?)

One in the desert found a thirsty dog,
 With naught of his life but the last gasp left;
 That man of seemly ritual made his hat a bucket,
 Binding his turban thereto as a rope;
 His loins he girt in service and opened up his arms,
 And gave the helpless dog a draught of water –
 1325 At all of which the Messenger proclaimed that man's condition
 As pardoned by the Arbiter of Sins!
 Come, you who are a harsh man, ponder well:
 Adopt the course of loyalty and practise generosity,
 For if the Truth ne'er misses a kindness to a dog,
 How shall a benefit to a good man done be missed?
 Be as generous as within you lies:
 The World-Lord never shut on anyone the door of benefit;
 Though in the wilderness you own no well,
 Yet set up a lamp in a place of visitation!
 1330 Giving gold from your treasury by the quintal
 Is not like one carat's worth from toil's own hand;
 Each person bears a burden that's suited to his strength:
 The locust's leg is weighty to the ant!

Treat mankind gently, O you who have good fortune!
 Lest God deal hardly with you on the morrow;
 Losing his footing, that man stays not fast caught
 Who takes the hand of those who've fallen.
 Give to a slave no orders for molestation,
 For he mayhap will come to order-giving;
 1335 When power and prestige are yours unbroken,
 Be not violent towards poor men and common;
 For it may be that they to power and prestige will come,
 Like a pawn that suddenly becomes a queen.
 Hear my advice: foresighted men
 In no heart broadcast sow the seed of hatred.
 The master of the harvest injures but himself
 When he bears hard upon the gleaners:

Does he not fear that favour will be shown the wretched,
And all that load of care be placed on his heart in their stead?
1340 Many the forceful one who fell right hard,
Many the fallen one whom fortune befriended!
Subordinates' hearts should never broken be,
Lest you one day become subordinate.

TALE 28 *A rich miser and a downtrodden beggar change places*

A poor man lamented his weakly condition
To a sharp-visaged one possessed of wealth.
Dinārs that black-heart gave him not, nor pennies;
He even loaded him with shouting in his rage.
The beggar's heart at his violence bled;
Grief-struck, he raised his head, saying: 'Wonderful it is
1345 That a wealthy man be sour of face!
Surely he cannot fear the bitterness of begging!'
The short-sighted fellow gave orders to his servant
To drive him meanly thence with all reproach;
Whereon, at his ingratitude towards the Nourisher,
Fortune, I've heard, retreated from him:
His greatness dipped its head to ruin,
Mercury its pen dipped in blackest ink;
Affliction set him down as naked as a garlic-bud,
Sparing not his baggage or his baggage-carriers;
1350 Fate cast the dust of penury upon his head,
His purse and hands as clean as though a conjurer's;
From head to foot his state a different hue assumed.
Some time passed over these events.
At length his servant came to the hand of a generous man,
Wealthy in heart and hand, bright-minded:
At sight of a wretch of disturbed condition,
As happy he'd grow as a wretch at sight of money.
One night, one sought a morsel at his door,
His feet all tender from the roughness he'd endured;
1355 This man of insight gave orders to his slave
To make this helpless one content;

But when from the table he took a portion,
 He brought forth despite himself a cry –
 Broken in heart, to his master he returned,
 Tears on his cheek's margin manifesting his secret.
 That lord, of auspicious disposition, asked
 At whose ill-treatment came the tears upon his countenance;
 He replied: 'Inwardly I'm sore distressed
 At the state of this elder of distressed fortune,
 1360 For I was his bond-slave in former days,
 And he possessed of property, effects, and silver;
 Now short his hand's grown of might and of glory,
 And at doors he stretches forth the hand of supplication!
 The other laughing said: 'My son, here's no injustice;
 Oppression lies on no man from the cycle of vicissitude:
 Is not he, then, that sharp-visaged merchant
 Who carried his head for pride to heaven?
 I am the one he drove forth that day from his door,
 Now the world's turning has placed him in my plight!
 1365 Heaven once more's looked down on me,
 Washing care's dust from off my face.'
 God in His wisdom may close one door,
 But graciously, generously, He opens another;
 Many a penniless man without provender's been sated,
 Many the favoured one who's known upset in his affairs!

TALE 29 *Shibli and the ant*

Hear one example of goodly men's conduct –
 You who're goodly-fortuned and manfully proceeding:
 How Shibli from the wheat-merchant's warehouse
 Carried a sack of wheat to his village on his shoulder;
 1370 Now when he looked he saw in that grain an ant,
 Running bewildered into every nook;
 In compassion thereon at night he could not rest,
 So he restored it to its refuge, saying:
 'Manly it were not that this sore-tried ant
 By me should be distracted from his rightful location!'

Unite again the hearts of those distracted,
That you also may be at one by fortune's grace!
How well said Firdausī (he of pure birth,
On whose pure dust be mercy!):

- 1375 'Afflict not the ant who drags grain along,
For life he has, and sweet life is pleasant.'
Black-minded he, and stony-hearted,
Who wills that an ant be heart-constricted;
Strike not the hand of violence on a helpless head,
For one day at its feet you may fall like an ant.
Rejoice the heart of the incapacitated,
Being mindful of the day of incapacity!
The candle indulges not the moth's condition:
See, then, how it burns before all assembled.
1380 I grant that many are more helpless than you,
But someone eventually is more powerful still!

Forgive, my son, for men may be snared
By kindness; wild beasts alone need bonds;
Bind your foeman's neck by graces,
For such a noose no sword can cut;
When generosity an enemy is shown, and grace and liberality,
No further vileness will proceed from him.
No ill do, lest ill you're done by good's Supporter:
From evil seed good fruit will never grow.
1385 When to a friend you're harsh and stringent,
He will not wish to see your mark or colour:
But if with his enemies a fellow's good-natured,
No long time elapses before they are friends!

TALE 30 *A sheep trained by kindness*

Along the road a young lad came before me,
A sheep trotting fast at his heels;
To him said I: 'Is it a rope or bond
That draws the sheep along behind you?'

Swiftly he loosed the chain and collar from him,
 And then began to dart to left and right;
 1390 Still at a trot on his heels the beast ran,
 For barley he had eaten at his palm, and corn-in-ear.
 When from his sport and merry-making he returned,
 He said, seeing me: 'O man possessed of judgment!
 It's not this rope that carries him along with me,
 But kindness' noose lies round his neck.'
 For the grace he's been shown, an elephant amok
 Makes no attack upon his keeper.
 Make much of evil men, O man of good!
 For a dog keeps guard when he's eaten your bread:
 1395 A cheetah's teeth are blunt towards that man
 Whose cheese he licks for two days running.

TALE 3 I *Trust in God, but help yourself!*

A man saw a fox who lacked hand and foot;
 Nonplussed he stood at God's grace and devising,
 Saying: 'How, then, does he achieve his livelihood?
 How does he eat with such hands and feet?'
 Thus stood the poor fellow, disturbed in complexion,
 When up came a lion, with a jackal in its claws;
 Which jackal of upset fortune was by the lion consumed,
 Save that enough remained to sate the fox.
 1400 Next day, again, it likewise chanced
 That the Daily Provider gave him his day's nourishment.
 Certainty then to that man's eye lent sight,
 And he went on his way, relying on his Creator;
 Said he: 'Henceforth like an ant I will sit in a corner,
 For even elephants eat not their daily fare by force!'
 Somewhere he sank his chin into his collar,
 Awaiting the Giver's sending down his daily bread;
 No stranger cared for him, nor friend;
 His fists seemed little more than vein and bone and skin.
 1405 When he for weakness lacked all stamina and sense,
 A voice came to his ear from out the wall:

'Go, be a ravening lion, you rogue!
 Cast not yourself down like a crippled fox!
 So strive that like the lion you leave somewhat:
 How be with leavings sated like a fox?
 Though a man have a massive, leonine neck,
 If like a fox he casts him down – a dog is better far!
 Get goods into your grip and sup with others,
 Cock not your ears for others' superfluity;
 1410 Eat while you may by your own strong arm,
 For in your own scale-pan will lie your effort;
 Toil manfully and comfort bring to others:
 The effeminate man eats by others' toil!
 O youth! Take the aged pauper's hand,
 Not casting yourself down that your hand may be taken.
 God will forgive that one among His servants
 By whose existence mankind lives at ease.
 The head that has a brain will practise generosity:
 The meanly-minded lack both case and kernel!
 1415 Good *he* will see in both abodes
 Who to God's creatures brings some good.

TALE 32 *The affable, but inhospitable 'celebrity'*

Hearing of a man of cleanly soil sprung,
 Knowledgeable and much-travelled, in Outer Byzance,
 I and some travellers, desert-roaming,
 Made our way to behold this man.
 He kissed us each on head and eyes and hands,
 Seated us in dignity and honour; then sat down himself.
 Gold, I saw, was his – fields, servants, and apparel;
 Yet, like a fruitless tree, did he lack manly virtue:
 1420 In gracious ways and converse, warmly he proceeded,
 Yet was his pot-hearth wondrous cold!
 All night no rest or slumber did he know
 For *tasbiḥ* and *tahlīl* – no more did we, for hunger!
 At morn he girt his loins and opened up his door,
 And once more he started with his graciousness and kissing.

Now one there was, of sweet and pleasant nature,
 A traveller with us in those regions;
 Said he: 'Give me a kiss spelt somewhat differently,
 For a poor man prefers kits to kisses!
 1425 Put not your hand upon my beard to serve me,
 But give me bread – and on my head then clout your shoe!'

By lavish giving true men have gained pre-eminence:
 Not they the night-enliveners while dead of heart
 (I've seen as much as that in Tatar sentinels,
 Who're dead of heart, but whose eyes keep the night alive).
 'Generosity' means manly virtue, the giving of bread:
 Banal harangues are empty drums.
 At Resurrection, him you'll see in Paradise
 Who for the Idea quested, but let Pretension go:
 1430 Pretensions by Ideas can be made valid,
 But breath without footsteps forms a feeble resting-place!

TALE 33 *Hātim the Generous sacrifices his prize horse*

I've heard that Hātim in his day had
 One among his horses, wind-footed, like smoke;
 Swift as the eastern zephyr, thunder-loud, blue-black,
 Ever taking the lead over lightning;
 At his gallop, down rained a hail on hill and plain,
 Such that you might have said that April showers were passing by;
 Like a freshet coursing, waste-traversing,
 The wind hanging back at his heels like dust!
 1435 The qualities of Hātim in every march and land
 Were told; and thereof somewhat reached the ruler of Byzantium:
 'No man's his peer in generosity,' they said,
 'None's like his horse in wheel and fight!
 Traverser of the waterless waste as is a ship upon the sea,
 Above his course could fly no eagle!'

But said the emperor to his learned adviser:
 'Pretensions lacking attestation invite embarrassment!
 That horse of Arab stock, of Hātim
 I will ask; if generously he gives it to me,

- 1440 I'll know he has in him the dignity of greatness.
 But if he refuse, his is the noise of empty drums!
 A virtuous and knowing messenger to 'Tāiyi'
 He then dispatched, and ten men to accompany him.
 Dead was the earth, and over it the clouds were weeping,
 But the zephyr had again brought life therein.
 At Ḥātim's guest-house he alighted,
 Taking refreshment like a thirsty man by Zinda-Rūd;
 A carpet for a table Ḥātim spread, a horse he slaughtered,
 Sugar he gave them in their skirts, gold in their fists.
- 1445 They spent the night there, and on the morrow
 The bearer of tidings told all he knew;
 But Ḥātim, while he spoke, distraught as though a drunkard,
 Was flaying his hand with his teeth in remorse:
 'O blessed high-priest, of goodly name!' said he,
 'Why did you not your message tell me earlier?
 That wind-coursing, Duldul-hastening creature I
 Last night did make roast-meat on your account!
 For I thought fit, for dread of rain and freshet,
 No one should venture to the horses' grazing-ground;
 And so no other course or mode to me was open,
 Since he alone stood at my audience-chamber door:
 No courtesy I deemed it, by my custom,
 That guests should lay them down, hearts torn with want!
 A name I need, far-famed throughout the realm:
 What matter that I have one famous mount the less?'
 Then to those people he gave money, robes of honour, horses
 (Good character is natural, not acquired).
 Report of the liberal man of 'Tāiyi' reached Byzance,
 Where a thousand times his nature was acclaimed.
- 1455 But be not content with this little tale of Ḥātim:
 Hear a rarer happening still!

TALE 34 *Ḥātim offers his head to appease a jealous monarch*

I know not who this tale to me did tell:
 In Yaman once there lived a man of sovereignty;

- Fortune's ball he'd snatched from the famous,
 In treasure-bestowing he had no peer:
 'A cloud of generosity' he might be called,
 For his hand like rain would scatter money;
 But none in his presence could mention Hātīm's name
 Without a melancholy rage within him rising:
- 1460 'How many harangues must I hear of that wind-weigher,
 Who possesses not dominion, nor sovereignty, nor treasure!
 A royal feast, I've heard, he had made ready.
 When the lute had soothed those present at that banquet,
 Someone undid the door of Hātīm's mention,
 While another began to utter words of commendation;
 Envy at this impelled him to a pitch of hatred,
 And one to take Hātīm's blood he appointed,
 Saying: 'So long as Hātīm lives in these my days,
 My memory will gain no currency for good!'
- 1465 And so the man of mischief took the road to the Banū Taiyī'.
 Setting his course to kill the generous one.
 Along the road, a young man he encountered,
 From whom he caught a whiff of sociability;
 Fair-faced, wise, and sweet of tongue,
 This young man took him that night as his guest;
 Generosity he showed, and sympathy; craved indulgence;
 By good he stole the heart of that evil-minded man.
 Next morn he placed kisses on his hands and feet,
 And said: 'With me abide a few days more!'
- 1470 But he rejoined: 'Here I may not settle,
 Having in hand a mighty grave matter.'
 The other said: 'Do but explain to me your business,
 And I will strive heartily with you, as like-minded colleagues.'
 'Hark, then, to me, good youth!' he said;
 '(For the generous man I hold to be discreet):
 Do you by chance know Hātīm hereabouts –
 That man of happy judgment, fair of conduct?
 His head, the king of Yaman has demanded
 (What hatred has sprung up between them, I know not!):
- 1475 Could you not show me where he is,
 For I, my friend, look kindly to your grace?'

Smiling, the youth said: 'I am Hātim!

Here! Sever my head with your sword from my body!

We can hardly allow, when the morning lightens,

That harm should befall you or you grow despairing!"

When Hātim offered his head thus freely,

A cry went up from the young man's very soul;

To the dust he fell, and then sprang up again;

Now Hātim's dust he kissed, and now his feet and hands;

1480 He cast away his sword and laid his quiver down,

Folding his hands beneath his arms as one resourceless.

Said he: 'If but a rose I lay upon your person,

No man am I before men's eyes – a woman, rather!"

He kissed his two eyes and closely embraced him,

And thence the road to Yaman took;

The king, on beholding his envoy's brow,

At once perceived he had not done his work;

'Come!' said he, 'What news have you to tell me?

Why is his head not bound to your saddle-strap?

1485 Did some illustrious man attack you?

Could you in your weakness not manage to fight?

The likely lad at this did kiss the earth,

Praising the king, acknowledging his power:

'Hātim, the fame-seeker, I did find, to be sure –

Virtuous, of pleasant aspect, fair of face;

Generous I saw him to be, of wisdom possessed;

Indeed, I saw him above mine own self for manliness!

My back was bent double by the burden of his grace:

He killed me with the sword of kindness and virtue!"

1490 Then he told what he'd seen of Hātim's liberalities,

And so the king poured praise upon the House of 'Taiyi';

To the envoy a sealed purse of money he gave,

Saying 'Liberality's a seal on Hātim's name!

In his case men may well bear witness

That reality and reputation go together!"

TALE 35 *Ḥātim's daughter intercedes with the Prophet*

I've heard that Ṭaiyī', in the days of the Apostle,
 Would not accept the mandate of the Faith;
 Tidings-Bearer and Warner, he then dispatched an army,
 Who took a party of them captive;
 1495 These he ordered killed by vengeance' scimitar,
 For both unclean they were and held unclean belief.
 A woman among them said: 'I am Ḥātim's daughter!
 Intercede with the Illustrious Arbiter for me!
 Be generous with my life, respected sir,
 For my own Lord was truly generous!
 At the order of the Messenger, well-advised as he was,
 They loosed her chains from hand and foot;
 But the folk who remained they put to the sword,
 Sending forth torrents of blood without stint!
 1500 Shrieking, that woman addressed the sword-wielder:
 'Cut off my head with them all, likewise!
 I do not think it manly to escape my bonds
 Alone, with my companions still enmeshed!
 So spoke she, weeping for the plight of Ṭaiyī',
 And her voice came to the Prophet's hearing:
 That folk he then pardoned and added presents,
 Saying 'Never has background or stock committed error!'

TALE 36 *Ḥātim gives more than asked*

From Ḥātim's store, an old man once
 Did seek ten *dirhams'* weight of sugar-grains;
 1505 As I remember the narrator's report,
 He sent that man a sack of sugar full.
 His wife from out her tent asked: 'What good management is here,
 For all the old man's need was but ten *dirhams'* worth?'
 On hearing which, that man pre-eminent of Ṭaiyī'
 Did smile and say: 'O heart's ease of our clan!
 He may have asked according to his need,
 But what of Ḥātim's family's generosity!'

Hātim's like for liberality
 Will not again arise while turns the world,
 1510 Save in Abū Bakr-i Sa'd – he by whose loftiness of mind
 Bestowal's hand is placed upon solicitation's mouth!
 Refuge of subject men! Your heart be happy!
 May Muslimdom by your endeavour prosper!
 This dust of blessed soil its head does raise,
 Thanks to your justice, above the clime of Greece and of Byzantium!
 You are as Hātim, but for whose ambition
 None in the world would mention Ṭaiyī's name:
 Yet if acclaim of that illustrious man remains on record,
 In your case will remain acclaim and reward both;
 1515 For Hātim to that end alone sought name and fame,
 While you on God's account exert yourself and strive!
 No ceremony behooves the man of poverty, and so
 Beyond this one word no injunction further:
 So far as you're allowed to strive, do good!
 (The good will remain when you're gone – the words after Sa'dī!)

TALE 37 *A king rewards a man who reviles him*

A certain man's donkey had tumbled in the mire,
 And blood, for black rage, tumbled into his heart;
 Desert, rain, cold, and floodwater –
 Then darkness draped its skirts on all horizons!
 1520 All night, in this anguish, he till dawn
 Inveighed and cursed and swore:
 No enemy escaped his tongue, nor friend –
 Nor yet the ruler of that territory and land!
 It chanced, the lord of that broad plain
 Passed near him in that sorry state;
 Who, hearing such words far from apposite,
 Lacked both patience to listen and face to answer;
 Shamestruck, the king looked at his following
 And said: 'Whence comes this man's black rage at me?'
 1525 One said: 'My emperor! Put him to the sword,
 For he's spared no one, neither maid nor wife!'

But when the lofty-stationed ruler looked,
 The man he saw in misery, his donkey in the mire;
 And so he forgave the fellow for his wretched state,
 Swallowing his rage at those distasteful words.
 He gave him gold, a horse, a tunic-pelt
 (How goodly affection in a time of hate!).
 One said: 'Old man, bereft of sense and prudence,
 From death you've had a wonderful escape!' 'Silence!' said he,
 1530 'If I did moan at my own suffering,
 He grace bestowed as suited him!'
 Evil for evil is an easy recompense;
 If you would be a man, 'Be kind to him who evil does.'

TALE 38 *A blind man cured by a grateful beggar*

I've heard that one deluded, drunk from pride,
 Shut his house-door in the face of a mendicant;
 Helpless in a corner, the man sat him down,
 Hot-livered, but cold-sighing from a blazing breast.
 A man whose eye was veiled thus heard him,
 And asked him what had brought about his hate and wrath;
 1535 Said he, and wept upon the alley's dust,
 'The cruelty manifested to me by that man!'
 At which the other: 'What's-your-name! Quit your vexation,
 And break your fast with me tonight!'
 Smoothly and beguiling, by the lapel he tugged him,
 Taking him home to where he laid a spread.
 The pauper, when refreshed and lighted all within,
 Said: 'God give light to you!'
 That night his narciss-orb some drops did shed:
 Next morn the blind man opened wide his eyes and saw the world!
 1540 Within the town there fell, and seethed, the tale
 Of how last night one sightless had unclosed his eyes.
 Such talk was heard by that stone-hearted worthy
 From whom the pauper had retreated, tight of heart;
 Said he: 'Tell me the tale, you lucky one,
 How such a hard business came easy to you!

Who to you restored this world-illuminating candle?
At which he answered: 'Unjust man, of fate disordered!
Shortsighted were you, feebly counselled,
When you were busy with the owl and let the phoenix go!
1545 This doorway in my face was opened up by one
In whose face you did shut your door!
If you'll but place a kiss upon the dust of men –
By your manhood! light will come to you;
But those who have their heart's eye veiled,
Assuredly are heedless of such salves!
That man of fortune retrograde, on hearing such reproach,
Gnashed his teeth upon the finger-tips of perplexity,
And said: 'My royal falcon has by your snare been taken!
Fortune was mine, but now is in your name!'

1550 (How shall that one bring the male falcon to his hand
Whose teeth, mouselike, are sunk in greed full deep?)

Come, if the people of heart you would seek,
Be never for one moment heedless of serving;
Give food to the sparrow, the partridge, and the dove,
That one day a phoenix may fall to your snare!
If in all corners you cast need's arrows,
There's hope you may, unlooked-for, strike a quarry;
One pearl is produced from so many oyster-shells,
One in a hundred shafts strikes the target.

1555 A man once lost his boy while in a convoy;
At nightfall he wandered round the caravan,
Asking at every tent, and hastening in all directions;
At length he found that brightness in the dark.
When to the caravan's members he returned,
I heard him saying to the convoy-leader:
'Know you how I came across my friend?
Whoever came before me, I would say: "It's him!"'
This is why men of heart pursue one and all –
That they may one day reach a man perchance!
1560 For one heart they will carry loads unnumbered,
For one rose's sake they'll swallow many thorns.

From a young prince's crown, within the camels' tether-ground,
 One night a ruby fell upon the stony earth;
 To him his father said: 'On such a dark-hued night,
 How know you which is jewel and which the stones?
 To all the stones have care, my son,
 That the ruby amongst them may not be lost!
 Amid the common run, the pure, confused of hue,
 Are as the ruby in the dark among the stones:
 Since pure souls and men of heart
 Are with the ignorant compounded,
 Bear cheerfully every ignoramus' burden,
 For you may come eventually upon a man of heart!
 When by a friend a man's made merry,
 Will you not see him bear the burden of an enemy?
 Not like the rose he rends his clothes for thorns,
 But laughs, while his heart wells with blood, as does the pomegranate!
 Take on a whole society's grief, though you desire but one:
 Keep watch on a hundred for the sake of one.
 If those of dusty feet, their heads dishevelled,
 Seem in your view but mean and poor,
 Beware, by your manhood!, that to like case you come not -
 But gird your loins to serve them!
 Look you never on them with approval's eye,
 Yet the Truth's full approval is theirs indeed!
 You may suppose a person to be bad -
 How know you that the selfsame one does not enjoy God's amity?

The door of mystic-knowledge stands ajar to those
 In whose face other doors are shut;
 Many are those, existing bitterly and swallowing down their bitterness,
 Who with a flounce of skirts will come before the Last Assembly;
 Kiss, if you have intelligence and prudent sense of management,
 The young prince's hand while he's still in confinement's quarters,
 For one day he'll emerge from out the city-keep,
 And high rank he'll bestow on you as he too rises high!
 Burn not the rose-bush in the autumn season,
 For it will show you yet its graces when the new spring comes!

A certain man to spend had not the spirit;
 Gold he had, but not the power to use it.
 1580 He would not use it up to set his mind at ease,
 He gave it not away that it might serve him later;
 Night and day he was in bondage to both gold and silver,
 While they in turn were bound to this mean fellow.
 One day his son by stealth discovered
 Where in the ground the grasper'd laid his gold;
 Up from the dust he brought it and gave it to the wind
 (Putting, as I've heard, a stone in its place);
 Yet with this liberal-natured youth the gold would not last:
 As to one hand it came, he consumed it with the other;
 1585 And, for all his impure courses, he was a losing player,
 With his hat up for auction and his drawers in pawn!
 While (in despair) the father plucked his windpipe,
 The son (to his guests) offered reed-pipes and lyre-plucking;
 All night the father slept not for moaning and weeping,
 The son, when the morn came, laughingly said:
 'Gold, father mine, is for consumption:
 To lay away, a stone will do as well!'
 Gold from rough rocks is brought forth
 To be consumed with friends and loved-ones:
 1590 Gold in the palm of a man, world-adoring,
 Is still within the rock, my brother!

If in life you treat your family ill,
 Do not bewail their desiring your death:
 As with an amulet, so they may not eat their fill with you
 Before from the roof you fall down fifty cubits.
 A miser who's wealthy in *dinārs* and silver
 Is a talisman lodging over a treasure:
 For years his gold will last because
 A talisman like him prowls over it;
 1595 Yet with the stone of doom he'll suddenly be smashed,
 And the treasure at leisure divided.

So when like the ant you've carried and gathered,
Consume (before the tomb's worm consumes you!).
A parable and a counsel are the words of Sa'di:
Well will they serve you if you are apt;
And to turn the face therefrom is a pity,
For, facing that way, fortune may be found.

TALE 40 *A beggar risks his life to save a benefactor*

A young man had practised generosity with a farthing,
And thus fulfilled an old man's heart's desire.
1600 Then, without warning, Heaven took him in a crime,
Whereat the Sultān sent him to the place of execution;
Scurrying of Turks there was, and the hubbub of the mob,
With sightseers lining gates and lanes and roofs.
When, in all this confusion, the aged pauper saw
That young man captive in the hands of men,
Sore was his heart for the youth's wretched case,
For the lad had once held his heart in his hand;
He raised a lamentation: 'The Sultān's died,
1605 Left the world and carried off his seemly character!';
And all the while he wrung the hands of anguish.
The Turks with drawn swords hearing this,
There rose from them distressful cries,
As they did strike themselves on head and face and shoulders.
Headlong, on foot, to the audience-chamber doors
They raced – and saw the emperor there enthroned!
The youth escaped; the old man they bore off
Captive, by the neck, before the Sultān's throne;
Terribly he questioned him, awesome in his manner:
'What reason had you to desire my death?
1610 Since mine is a "character" for goodness and for truth,
Why, then, for my people should you desire evil?'
Boldly the old man lifted up his tongue:
'O you in whose authority's ear the world is but a ring!
By those lying words "The Sultān's died!"
You died not – but a poor wretch gained his life.'

So wonder-struck at this tale was the king
 That he forgave and gave, but nothing said.
 That youth, for his part, falling and once more rising,
 Was running at a loss in all directions;
 1615 One to him said: 'From retribution's cross-roads
 How did you devise a quittance for your life?'
 He whispered in his ear: 'O prudent one!
 I by a soul's aid dodged the fetters, and also by a farthing-piece!'
 A seed is put within the ground
 That it may yield upon the day of indigence;
 A fell disaster may be held back by a barleycorn;
 You've heard of the rod that killed an 'Ūj?
 And is there not a sound Tradition from the Chosen One
 That says: 'Forgiveness and goodness ward off disaster'?
 1620 You'll see no foothold for the foe in this locality,
 For Bū Bakr-i Sa'd is Lord of the Realm;
 Seize (O you before whose face the world is glad!)
 A world (let there be gladness in your face!):
 None in your age bears a burden imposed by another,
 No rose in the meadow bears the cruelty of a thorn!
 You are the Shadow of Truth's Grace on earth,
 A Prophet in attributes, 'to all beings a mercy';
 What though none knows your worth? -
 None knows the Night of Power either!

TALE 41 *Saved at the Judgment by one act of kindness*

1625 A person dreamed he saw the Plain of Judgment:
 Earth's face all molten copper from the sun;
 A groan from all mankind was rising to the sky,
 For their brains from the swelter were coming to the boil!
 Of all this company one person, in the shade,
 Had at his neck a badge of eternity;
 The dreamer asked: 'O ornament of gatherings!
 Who stood for you in this assembly?'
 'I had,' said he, 'a vine at my house-door,
 In whose shade slept a goodly man;

1630 And in this desperate time that man of truth
 Has begged off all my sin from Him Who justice does dispense.
 "O Lord! A pardon on this servant be,
 For I from him once knew a moment's ease!"
 What now, having solved this riddle, shall I say? –
 'Glad tidings to Shiraz' lord!
 For a whole host in his highmindedness' shade
 Do well – and at his bounty's board.
 The man of generosity's a tree, fruit-bearing,
 But him apart, there's nought but firewood on the mountain-side;
 1635 One may lay an axe to the foot of wood for fuel,
 But how should one strike at a fecund tree?
 Long may you stand fast, tree of virtue,
 For you both bear the fruit and give the shade!

Much have we said on the head of Beneficence,
 Yet this condition does not apply with everyone:
 Consume the blood and wealth of one who ill-treats mankind,
 For better plucked are wings and pinions from the evil bird;
 When one with your Master is at war,
 Why give into his hand both stick and stone?
 1640 Lay low the root producing thorns,
 Care for the tree that brings forth fruit;
 Him give the standing of the great
 Who does not lord it o'er the less;
 Forgiveness show not to any who's a tyrant,
 For mercy towards him is injustice to a universe;
 Better the light of a world-burner quenched:
 One's better in the fire than a whole people branded!
 He who shows mercy to the robber
 Strikes at the caravan with his own strong arm.
 1645 Their heads, give to the wind, the practisers of brutality!
 Violence to the violent is but justice and fair-play.

TALE 42 *The wife who pitied wasps*

I've heard a man once knew a household's care,
 For wasps had made their nest upon his roof;

- His wife, however, said: 'Lay not a finger on them,
 Lest from their home the poor things be dispersed!'
 The wise man at this betook him to his business.
 At length, one day, they stung the wife;
 And she, imprudent as she was, by gate and roof and lane
 Did cry for help, the while her spouse was saying:
 1650 'Make not, good wife, a sour face before mankind:
 You yourself said the "poor" wasps should not be killed!
 How to evil men should one do good? –
 Long suffering but magnifies the bad in evil men.
 When by a head you see mankind tormented,
 Torment his gullet with a sword that's sharp!
 What dog is there for whom a table's spread? –
 Instruct him, rather, to be given a bone!
 How well the village-elder coined that saw:
 'The beast that kicks is better heavy-laden'!
 1655 If kindness is practised by the watch,
 No one can sleep at night for fear of thieves.
 Within the ring of conflict, cane and lance
 Are a hundred-thousand times more valuable than sugar-cane.
 Not everyone deserves a gift of property:
 One asks for property, another to be properly told off!
 If you caress the cat, he'll carry off the pigeons;
 Fatten up the wolf: in pieces he'll tear Joseph.
 When a building wants for firm foundations,
 Don't erect it high – or if you do, go constantly in dread of it!
- 1660 How well Bahrām the Nomad said,
 When a restive thoroughbred had knocked him to the ground:
 'Another horse from the herd we'll have to take –
 One which, though mettlesome, may be restrained!'
 The Tigris at low-water must be dammed, my son:
 It's no use trying when the flood has risen.
 When the vile wolf has entered your noose,
 Kill him forthwith! – or give up all concern for the sheep!
 No reverent prostration will ever proceed from the Devil,
 Nor any good act from one of evil stock;

1665 Give not position or scope to the man of evil intent –
Better by far your foe in a pit and demons in a bottle!
Say not, 'Such a snake should be killed with a stick,'
But when its head it holds beneath your stone – strike then.
When a quill-driver treats a subject badly,
His hand with a sword is best trimmed up;
When an executive enacts an evil regulation,
He carries you with him – right into Hell;
Say not such an executive is sufficient for the realm,
Call him not 'executive' – say 'deceptive' rather!
1670 The man marked by felicity brings Sa'di's words to bear,
For they promote both commonweal and management and good judgment.

Chapter 3 *On Love, Intoxication, and Delirium*

Happy the days of those delirious with care of Him,
Whether they know wounds or yet the salve of Him!
Beggars they, of kingship shy,
Long-suffering in their beggary in hope of Him;
Drop by drop, they drain pain's draught,
And if they find it bitter, draw their breath in silence.
Fine wine's enjoyment brings the affliction of the 'morning-after,'
The thorn is armour-bearer to the emperor of the rose;
1675 Yet no long-suffering's bitter in recollection of Him,
For bitterness is sugar at the hand of the Friend!
Those drunk with their Comrade must bear reproach –
But, then, a drunken camel more lightly bears his load.
His captive wills not from the bond to fly,
His quarry seeks not liberation from the noose;
Sultāns, they in privacy; beggars when abroad,
Knowers of the wayside halts, though having lost the track:
How to their retiring-room shall men find the way,
For they, like the Water of Life, lie in darkness?
1680 Like to Jerusalem – within all a-domed,
Yet having let its outer wall decay;
Like the moth, they dash the fire upon themselves –
Not weaving a cocoon upon themselves as does the worm.
With Heart's Delight in their embrace, yet do they seek Him still:
Their lips with thirst a-dry while on the stream's brink:
I say not that they cannot reach the water –
For they upon Nile's shore would still be diabetic!

Love for one made like yourself from water and from clay
1685 Robs you of long-suffering and of ease of heart;
When awake, there's mischief in his cheek and beauty-spot –
And sleeping, you are fettered to the image of him;
In selfless love of him you so incline your head unto his feet
That you as nothing see the world, compared with his existence.
When gold for you makes no appeal to the eye of beauty's witness,
Gold and dust seem one to you.

With no other person can you draw breath,
 For with him there's no place left for others:
 You say his dwelling is in your eyes,
 Yet if you'll but enfold your sight, he's in your heart!
 1690 No thought for others have you, that you be dishonoured,
 No power to be a moment patient:
 If he demands your soul, you'll place it on your lips;
 And if he place his sword unto your head, your head you will incline!
 Since love that's founded upon air
 Is such a mischief-rouser, enforcing its behest,
 Why wonder at the farers on the Way
 When they're engulfed beneath Idea's Sea?
 In passion for the Soulmate's soul, they're careless of their own,
 In recollection of the Beloved, careless of the world;
 1695 Mindful of the Truth alone, they flee His creation,
 So drunk with the Cupbearer, they spill their wine;
 They with no medicine should be treated,
 For none is rightly advised wherein their suffering lies!
 'Am I not ...?' from everlasting's ever in their ears,
 While they cry out the call of 'Yea!', said they ...';
 An ever-active band, yet seated privily:
 Dust-covered are their feet and all-afire their breath;
 With one roar they remove a mountain,
 With one complaint a city they upset.
 1700 Like the wind are they, concealed yet nimbly-darting;
 Like stones they're silent, yet rosary-reciting.
 In the dawning they weep so amply that the water
 Washes sleep's antimony away from their sight;
 Their mount they kill by hard night-riding,
 Then, in the dawn, cry they are stranded!
 Night and day they're in the sea of passion and of flame,
 And know not, in their agitation, night from day;
 So far seduced by the Picture-Painter's beauty
 That they have no business with the beauty of the picture!
 1705 The men of heart give not their heart to outer-rind -
 And if a foolish fellow does, he'll lack the inner-kernel:
 He alone sips the pure wine of Unity
 Who has forgotten this world and the next.

- I've heard that once one beggar-born
 Ventured to look at one born of kings;
 And henceforth, as he walked, he seethed raw passion,
 His fancy having sunk its teeth into the object of desire!
 Like the marker-posts, he never withdrew from the prince's palace-square,
 Ever he stood, like a castle, beside his knightly mount;
 1710 Though to blood his heart turned, yet he left his secret within it;
 His feet stuck fast in the mire of his weeping.
 The guards, on learning of his suffering,
 Said ever and again to him: 'Loiter not here!';
 Awhile he went away, but then recollected the face of his friend,
 And pitched his tent once more to command the friend's lane.
 A royal retainer beat him, head and hands and feet,
 Saying: 'Did we not tell you not to stand here?'
 Once more he went away, but found not forbearance or stability:
 He lacked all patience for his comrade's face;
 1715 Flylike, from the sugar forcibly
 They'd drive him, but straightway he'd be back!
 One to him said: 'Impertinent fellow, half-crazed as you are,
 You show a wonderful forbearance before stick and stone!'
 Said he: 'Such violence from *his* hand comes to me:
 No protest is allowed at the *friend's* heavy hand!
 So I, for my part, thus vaunt friendship,
 No matter whether he for friend takes me – or enemy!
 Expect not forbearance from me without him,
 When even with him stability's not possible!
 1720 The power to forbear I lack, the room for struggle;
 I want both possibility to stand and foot to flee!
 Tell me not to turn my head from the doorway of audience! –
 Not though he place my head like tent-peg in the rope!
 Is not a moth with life lost, lying at the friend's feet,
 Better than the live one in his dark nook?'
 'But what,' said the other, 'if you are wounded by his polo-stick?' –
 Said he: 'Then, like the ball, at his feet I will fall!'
 'Again, what if he with a sword take off your head?' –
 Said he: 'Not even that I'll grudge him!'

- 1725 For I'm not so much aware of my head
 That I know if my crown wears a crown or an axe!
 Reproach me not, impatient though I be,
 For patience is not conceivable in love!
 Like Jacob, though my eye grow pale,
 I'll not cut off all hope of seeing Joseph;
 One who's inebriated with another
 Is not annoyed with him at every trifling matter!
 One day this young man kissed the prince's stirrup,
 At which he grew incensed and tugged his rein aside;
 1730 But he did only smile: 'Twist not away your rein,
 Why should a ruler twist his rein away from nothing?
 To me, no being's left while you exist:
 In recollection of you, no self-worship!
 If you should see a lapse in me, then blame me not:
 You are the one who's dared to raise his head from out my collar!
 Thus boldly did I touch your stirrup
 Because I of myself took no account;
 I through the name of "self" have drawn the pen,
 I on my own desire have placed a foot;
 1735 The arrow of that drunken eye's killed me already:
 What need to take your hand unto your sword?
 Set fire unto the reed – and then pass on,
 For in the forest there'll remain nor dry nor wet!

TALE 44 *The beloved, on fire, chided by the lovers*

- I've heard that to a minstrel's melody
 One with a *pari*'s form did once begin to dance;
 At all the hearts in turmoil round about her,
 A candle's fire caught at her skirt;
 Distaught of mind she grew, as suffering pain,
 One of her lovers said to her: 'Why worry?
 1740 Your skirt, dear friend, – no more – the fire is burning:
 With me, it's utterly burned up my lifetime's harvest!
 If you're a true companion, prate not of yourself,
 For where there's 'companion' and where there's 'self,' there's also polytheism!

I recall having heard from a knowledgeable elder

That one in frenzy sped into the desert;

His father at parting neither ate nor slept;

Men made the son reproaches, but he said:

'Since my Companion called me His "own person,"

Acquaintance have I no more with any person;

1745 By Truth of Him! Since Beauty's Truth to me appeared,

Thenceforth all I've seen's appeared to me but fancy!

He never went astray who turned his face from creatures

But found again his own Lost One!

Such men are scattered under heaven,

And may be called 'wild-beasts' – but also 'angels':

Recollecting Majesty, like angels they rest not,

While night and day they shy from men as do wild-beasts;

Strong-armed are they, but short of (predatory) hand,

Prudent-insane, and sober-drunk;

1750 Awhile they repose in corners, stitching their cloaks,

Then they're excited in a gathering, their cloaks afire!

No passion do they show for self, for others no concern:

No room for any in the nook of their acknowledgment that 'God is One!'

Distraught is their reason, their senses are scattered,

Their ears are blocked against the counsellor's words

(Yet ducks in the sea do not drown,

And what of the fire's torment knows the salamander?);

Men empty-handed they, yet full of stomach,

Desert-traversers who need no caravan;

1755 Rare ones, from the eyes of men all covered up –

Not girdle-wearers, covered up with patches!

They from men's eyes seek no approval,

For they by the Truth are amply approved:

Full of fruit, shade-giving like the vine –

Not like ourselves, black-deeded, hued in blue!

Their heads they bow within themselves, as does the pearl-shell –

Not like the ocean tossing up foam

(These bones and skin do not make men:

Not every form enfolds the Idea's spirit!

1760 No ruler buys up every slave for sale:
 Not every shabby cowl conceals a living man!
 If every drop of dew became a pearl,
 The market would be filled with them like cockle-shells);
 They fit not themselves with false feet, as do tumblers,
 For stilts will slip right stoutly out of place!
 Associates in the privy-place of 'Am I not?',
 Drunk on one draught till the trumpet's blast;
 Their hands are not withdrawn from what they purpose – not even for a sword! –
 For restraint and love are but as glass and stone!

TALE 46 *The infatuated lover in Samargand*

1765 One in Samargand had a witness-to-beauty,
 Who had (you'd say) *qand*-sugar in place of discourse:
 He from the sun had borne off loveliness' stake,
 And at his impudence were ruined piety's foundations!
 (God is exalted over beauty to the point
 That you might suppose it a sign of His mercy!)
 As he would go, so eyes would follow him;
 His soul had made friends' hearts its ransom.
 This friend of his would glance at him by stealth,
 But he at him once sharply looked and said:
 1770 'O stubborn fool! How long will you chase after me?
 Don't you know I'm no bird for your snare?
 If I see you again – with my own blade,
 Like an enemy, I'll cut off your head without compunction!'

One to the victim said: 'Now be about your business!
 Set for yourself an easier object of pursuit!
 I cannot think you'll win your desire in this matter,
 And God forbid you lose your life for your heart's sake!'

Infatuated, loyal, when he heard this reproach,
 Painstricken, he brought forth a lamentation:
 1775 'Let the wound of ruin's blade
 Roll me in blood and dust, a corpse,
 So they but say before enemies and friends alike
 That here's one by his hand killed, his sword!

I from his district's dust see no escape:
Tell him, unjust, he may pour out my reputation!
Repent, you bid me, you who worship self?
More fitting you repent of what you've said!
Forgive me, rather, for whatever he may do,
Though it shall purpose blood, he does it well!
Night after night, his fire burns me through,
But I at dawn revive in his fair scent!
If I but die today in my friend's neighbourhood,
When I arise I'll pitch my tent beside him!
Turn not your back, if you are able, in this war,
For Sa'di lives, though killed by Love!

1780

One thirsty was saying, as his soul he surrendered,
'Happy the fortunate man who dies in water!'
To him said a callow one: 'How fantastic!
When dying, what matter if you've drunk your fill or stay dry-lipped!' Said he: 'But could I not my mouth a little moisten,
To help me set my sweet soul on its edge?'
The thirsty man will dive to the reservoir's depth,
Because he knows the drowner dies only when he's drunk his fill!
If you're a lover, take hold of his skirt;
And if the friend says 'Give your life!' say 'Take it!'
The paradise of ease you'll only then enjoy
When you have passed the hell of nothingness:
The hearts of the seed-sowers suffer anxiety,
But when the harvest's gathered, pleasantly they sleep:
That one in this assembly wins his desire
Who at the last round gets a goblet!

1785

1790

TALE 47 *The beggar who would not leave the mosque*

Thus I have it handed down from men of the Way
(Generous paupers, imperial beggars):
An old man at dawn went forth to beg,
And seeing a mosque-doorway, gave voice;

One said to him: "This house belongs to no man;
 Naught they'll give you; stand not impertinently here!"
 Retorted he: "Then whose house is it,
 That it should show charity for no one's state?"
 1795 Whereat the other: 'Silence! What sinful speech is this?
 The lord of this house is our own Lord!
 He looked on the lamps, and he saw the *mīhrāb*,
 And burningly he from his liver raised a roar:
 'A pity it were to go beyond this place;
 Alas that one in want should leave this door!
 I never went in want from any neighbourhood,
 Why should I go from Truth's own doorway yellow-faced?
 In this same spot I'll lengthen solicitation's hand,
 Knowing I'll not bring back a hand that's empty!'

1800 I've heard he sat a year within those precincts,
 His hands held up as is the implorers' way;
 Then one night his life's footing came down in the mire,
 And his heart began to pound for weakness;
 Near morn some person brought close to his head a lamp,
 To see his spirit leave, as with a lamp at morn,
 The while he said (all gurgling for joy):
 'Who knocks at the Generous One's door, to him is opened!'

The seeker must show fortitude, forbearance:
 I've never heard that an alchemist grew weary,
 1805 And how vast the gold he turns to blackened dust,
 In hope one day to turn to gold some copper!
 Gold, wherewith to buy, is good,
 Yet nothing you'll buy better than the Friend's endearments.
 If at one sweetheart your heart grows constricted,
 Some other care-dispeller will come within your grasp:
 Suffer not bitterness of life at one sour face,
 But with another's water douse its fire:
 If he, however, has no peer for beauty,
 Desert him not for a little heart's torment's sake!
 1810 You can dissociate your heart from someone
 Only when knowing you can make shift without him.

I've heard that an elder kept a night alive,
 And, near the dawning, raised unto the Truth the hands of need;
 In this elder's ear a secret voice did whisper:
 'Nothing you're achieving; go now about your business!
 Your prayers at this Door cannot be accepted:
 Hence, in abasement, go! – or stay in plaintive lamentation!
 Next night he would not sleep for chanting and devotions;
 Learning of his state, a follower observed:

- 1815 'Since you see the door closed in that direction,
 Exert yourself not thus much to no purpose!
 On his cheeks' margin tears, ruby-hued,
 Rained down in regret, till he said: 'My boy!
 Only then, in despair, would I turn
 From this course if I could see another;
 Think not, if He should rip aside the rein,
 That I from His saddle-strap will draw back my hand!
 When from one door a mendicant turns in want,
 What matter – if he but knows another?
 1820 But while I've heard that my own way's not rightly through this lane,
 No other way's in prospect!
 Thus he remained, his head upon the ground of dedication,
 When in his soul's ear was suddenly proclaimed:
 'He's won acceptance, though he has no virtue,
 For save for Us, he has no other refuge!
 Know you what a man said in Nishāpūr,
 When his son fell asleep at his bedtime-duty?
 'Do not expect, my son (if you are anyone at all),
 That you will ever reach a place without exertion!
 1825 Even for Solomon, if he does not lift his feet,
 Existence is profitless as non-existence;
 Profit you should covet, fear a loss,
 For those who live idly will lack their portion!'

TALE 49 *A spurned bride is counselled to remain married*

A young bride, newly wed, complains
 To an elder of her unaffectionate groom:
 'Lightly you should not take it thus, that with this lad
 My days move bitterly towards their end;
 As for those who're with us in this dwelling,
 I see them not distressed of heart like me:
 1830 Wife and husband, such friends they are,
 You'd say they were two kernels in one shell!
 But as for my husband, in all this while, I have not seen
 That once he'd smile into my face!'
 The elder, auspiciously augured, heard these words
 (A man, late of years, is wise in words),
 And the reply he gave her was sweet and agreeable:
 'If fair of face he be, then bear his burden!
 A pity it is, to twist the face from one
 Like whom you'll never find another.'
 1835 Resign yourself, slavelike, to the bidding of the Truth,
 For a lord like Him you'll never see!
 How turn your head from One Who, if He turns His head,
 Will draw His pen through your existence' letter?
 One day my heart burned for a slave,
 Who said, while his taskmaster put him up for sale:
 'Slaves better than I, you may pick up in plenty,
 But a master like you will never again be mine!'

TALE 50 *The handsome physician*

There was in Marv a *pari*-visaged physician,
 Whose stature was a cypress in the garden of the heart:
 1840 No report reached him of the pain of wounded hearts,
 No report had he of his own ill eye!
 A sufferer, a stranger, tells the tale thus:
 'My head was light awhile for that physician,
 And I no more desired my own good-health,
 Lest he to me should never come again!'

Many's the forceful intellect, valiantly equipped,
That's been made subject to the rage of love!
When passion boxes wisdom's ears,
Good-sense cannot again lift up its head!

TALE 5 1 *The man who would fight with lions*

1845 A fellow once fashioned a fist of iron,
For he would try his force against a lion;
But when the lion close dragged him with its paw-tips,
He saw no more force in his fist!
One at this said to him: 'Why lie there like a woman?
Strike him, rather, with your iron fist-tip!'
I've heard that the poor wretch murmured in his plight:
'With such a fist one cannot pound a lion!'
When love gains mastery of a wise man's intellect,
It's all the same story as the iron fist and the lion:
1850 For you're in the paws of a man-felling lion,
What profits you a fist of iron?
Once Love has come, speak no more of Intelligence:
The ball's but a captive in the polo-stick's hand!

TALE 5 2 *The reluctant bridegroom and the loving bride*

Two cousins on the fathers' side chanced to be united,
Both featured like the sun, superior in race.
The one found it to her liking, exceedingly so;
The other proved reluctant, hostile;
She had a character and grace like a *pari*,
His face was turned to meet the wall's;
1855 She would adorn her person constantly,
He would implore his death of God!
The village-elders made the lad sit down,
Then said: 'For her you feel no tenderness, so tender her her dowry!'
At this he smiled and said: 'A forfeit of one hundred sheep
Were no extortion to escape from bondage!'

Whereat the *pari-visaged* girl began to dig her nails into her skin:
 'How shall I ever do without my friend for such a sum?
 Not a hundred sheep, nor yet three-hundred thousand,
 Can make good my not seeing my companion's face!
 1860 Whatever may distract you from the Friend –
 If you would have the truth, He only is your heart's ease!
 One wrote to a man of frenzied state
 And asked: 'Do you want Hell or Paradise?'
 Said he: 'Ask not of me such matters!
 I favour what He favours for me.'

TALE 53 *Majnūn importuned in his grief*

To Majnūn said a person: 'O you of goodly footprint!
 What is with you amiss that no more to the tribe you come?
 Remains in your head no frenzy for Lailā?
 Has your fancy altered, and remains no inclination?'
 1865 When the poor wretch heard this, pitifully he wept:
 'O master mine! Hold your hand from off my skirt!
 A heart is mine already that's sore and lacerated:
 Do not you too pour salt upon my wound!
 Remoteness is no proof of self-restraint,
 For many a one remote is so by sheer necessity!
 Whereat the other answered: 'Loyal are you, of happy disposition:
 Tell me any message you may have for Lailā!
 Said he: 'Use not my name when in the presence of my friend,
 For where she is, my name brings only trouble!'

TALE 54 *Ayāz's fidelity to Maḥmūd*

1870 A man began to carp at the emperor of Ghazna:
 'Ayāz, for a wonder, wants for any beauty:
 Yet when a rose wants colour and also scent,
 Strange is the nightingale's melancholy for it!
 This tale was told by someone to Maḥmūd,
 Who much did writhe in his concern:

- 'My love, good master, 's for his nature only,
 Not for his height and goodly stature!
 I've heard that in a defile once a camel
 Fell and smashed a chest of pearls;
 1875 The king cast wide his sleeves that all might share,
 And then drove hence his mount in haste.
 The riders went off after pearls and coral both,
 Scattering from the ruler in search of spoil:
 Of all those neck-lifting henchmen there stayed
 Not one at the king's nape but Ayāz.
 Maḥmūd then looked at him and said: 'Heart-taker, devious one!
 What did you get of spoils?' He answered: 'Nothing!
 I was all the while in a gallop at your nape,
 Not neglecting service for the sake of enrichment!'
- 1880 If yours be proximity in the hall of audience,
 Ignore not the emperor for robes of honour's sake!
 Such procedure violates the Way, for saints
 Do naught desire of God but God;
 If to your friend's beneficence you have an eye, and not to him,
 To self you are in bondage, not bound by the friend.
 So long as your mouth stands open for greed,
 No secret will reach your heart's ear from the World Unknown:
 Truth is a mansion, all decked-out,
 Fancy and appetite are but the dust arising:
- 1885 See you not that where dust rises
 The sight sees not although a man be sighted?

TALE 55 *A devotee walks upon the water*

It chanced that, together with an old Fāryābī,
 I reached the water in Maghrib-land;
 I had a *dirham*; me they took up
 Into the boat, and left the poor man standing.
 The blacks onward drove the boat as though it were smoke,
 For their master dreaded not the Master over all;
 Weeping befell me for care of my partner,
 But he at my weeping laughed loudly and said:

- 1890 'Grieve not for my sake, man of wisdom!
 The Person Who bears the boat will bring me also!
 At which he spread his prayer-mat on the water's face
 (A fantasy I thought it, or that I was dreaming!);
 Perplexed, my eye slept not that night,
 Yet he next morn could look on me and say:
 'You, lame man, with a stave did come, but I on foot:
 A boat brought you, but I was brought by God!'
 Why do the adherents of Idea to this not cleave –
 That only the Elect may go in water or in fire?
- 1895 As for the infant, uninformed of fire,
 Does not his mother guard him lovingly?
 Those, then, who're drowned in ecstasy
 By night and day are in the very care of Truth:
 He guards the Friend against the fire's heat
 As Moses' crib against the whirlpools of the Nile:
 When an infant's in a swimmer's arms
 He knows no fear, broad though the Tigris be;
 But how shall you step on the ocean's face
 As do real men, when even on dry land your skirt is wet?
- 1900 The way of the intellect is all twists and turns,
 But the concern of the gnostics is for God alone!
 This can be said to those who recognize realities,
 Though adherents of analogy may carp thereat and say:
 'What, then, is heaven, and what earth besides?
 Who are the sons of Adam, and the beasts both wild and tame?'
 A proper thing you've asked, O prudent one!
 I'll tell you – if you find the answer proper:
 The plain and the ocean, the mountain and the sky,
Pari and manchild, demon and angel –
- 1905 All, whatsoever they be, are less than That
 By virtue of Whose being they utter being's name!
 Monstrous before you, with its waves, lies the ocean;
 High is the sun, all ablaze at the zenith:
 Yet how shall the men of Outward Form discover
 That the lords of Idea reside in a realm

Where even the sun counts not for an atom,
And all seven oceans are not as one drop!
When the Sovereign of Grandeur raises His standard,
The world sinks its head in non-being's collar.

TALE 56 *The village-headman overawed by royal pomp*

- 1910 A village-headman and his son, while on a highway,
Passed an imperial bodyguard;
The lad saw the sergeants, their swords and their axes,
Their satin tunics and their belts of gold;
Likewise the archer heroes, strikers at the quarry,
The squires, quiver-holding and hitting with arrows;
On the breast of one a China-silk tunic,
On another's head a right-royal cap –
And the son, as he saw all that pomp and that presence,
Saw his own father as abject indeed,
1915 For the latter's state altered and his colour drained hence,
And he fled in his awe to a place of concealment!
To him said the lad: 'Are you not, then, the great one of the village,
Holding yourself senior among the leading men?
What ails you that you've cut all hope out from your soul,
And tremble like a willow in the wind of stately passing?'
'True!' he replied, 'I'm both captain and commander,
But my glory lasts only while in my own village!'
For this are terror-smirched the great ones –
That they have been in Majesty's audience-chamber:
1920 You, unaware, are still as in the village,
Investing yourself with rank and office!
Never a word have the tongue-wielders spoken
But Sa'di thereon will speak a parable:

No doubt you've seen, in garden and meadow,
A little worm shining at night like a lamp?
Said one thereto: 'O night-illuminating wormkin!
What ails you that you come not forth by day?'

- See how that fiery wormkin, born of earth,
Gave forth in clarity an answer:
1925 'Day and night alike, where should I be but in the open spaces?
But on account of the sunlight, I'm not to be seen!'

TALE 57 *A poet spurns recompense from Sa'd ibn Zangī*

- A person spoke a eulogy on Sa'd-i Zangī
(On whose grave may much mercy be!);
Money he bestowed, a robe of honour, cherished him,
Making for him a station at his worth;
But when the poet on the gold's impression saw 'God alone!'
Frenzied he grew, and tore the raiment from his body;
Such a flame from his burning took hold of his soul
That up he sprang and took the desert-road!
1930 Of his companions on the plain, one said to him:
'What saw you that thus your state was altered?
Where at first the ground you kissed,
You should not have later kicked it!'
He laughed: 'At first, in fear and hope,
As with a willow, trembling would befall my body;
But later, by the power of "God alone!,"
No thing, no person counted in my eyes for aught!'

TALE 58 *The innocent man arrested in a riot*

- A riot broke out in a Syrian town,
And an old man they arrested, of blessed disposition;
1935 Still his words sound within my ears,
As the fetters were placed on his feet and his hands:
'Save but the Ruler makes the signal,
Who'd have the pluck to launch the attack?
An enemy like this I must hold as a friend,
Knowing the Friend has placed him over me!
Whether honour and position, or disgrace and fetters too,
I acknowledge all from Truth, not from 'Amr or from Zaid!'

1940 Fear not the sickness, prudent man,
When the Doctor sends you bitter medicine:
Swallow what comes from the Beloved's hand –
No invalid's more knowledgeable than the physician!

TALE 59 *A luckless lover takes a cold bath*

One like me had his heart in someone's hand
In pawn, and much contempt endured:
After his good-sense and wisdom,
Loudly was his madness drummed abroad.
For his friend's sake he took ill-treatment from the enemy,
For a friend's poison is the sovereign antidote;
His nape was cuffed by his own comrades' hands,
But, like a nail, his head he constantly would offer:
1945 So did his fancy confound his head
That his own brain's thatch was nigh kicked in!
All unaware was he of his comrades' disparagement,
As one who drowns is unaware of rain;
(He who has dashed his mind's foot on a stone
Knows no anxiety for the flask of name and fame!)
One night a demon *pari-visaged* made himself,
And hurled himself into that man's embrace:
Next morn he might not go to prayer
(Though none of his comrades had learned of his secret):
1950 Into some water near his rooftop he then dived
(The cold thereon had shut a gate of marble!);
One counselling began reproof to offer,
Saying: 'You'll kill yourself in such cold water!'
Then from this just-dealing youth there rose a cry:
'Comrade, how long will you reprove? Pray, silence!
A certain lad some days ago my heart did steal away,
And my affection for him's such that I no longer can endure;
Yet he's not once enquired of me with pleasant disposition:
See, then, what I must make my soul to suffer for his disdainful ways!'
1955 Now, as for the One Who from dust created my person,
And therein in omnipotence a pure soul created –

How do you wonder if I bear the burden of His command,
When I am constantly within His benefit and grace?

If a man of Love you'd be, make yourself of slight account:
If otherwise, then take the road of safety!
Fear not that the Lover will turn you to dust,
For if He destroys you, you'll be everlasting:
No plant grows rightly from the seed
Unless its state first altered be.

1960

Alone that grants you acquaintance with Truth
Which first grants you release from self's own hand;
For while you're with yourself, to the Self you'll have no road
(And only one beside himself of this fine point's aware!).
Not the minstrel only, but the sound of packhorse' feet,
Provides ecstatic melody if Love is yours, and Frenzy!
A fly before a frenzied man has but to beat its wings
For him, flylike, to beat his hands above his head;
Nor bass nor treble can the man of disturbed order recognize,
And as the fowl crows, so moans the man of poverty!

1965

It's not the singer who ever falls silent,
But not at all times will the ear be open;
Yet when the frenzied ones adopt wine-worship,
They will grow drunk upon a mill-wheel's creaking!
Again, like the latter, round and round they wheel,
And like it, too, they weep most plaintively.
All in surrender, their heads in collar bowed,
But when they can no more endure, their collars they will rend!
Do not reproach the dervish in his drunken stupefaction:
He flails with feet and hands because he drowns!

1970

I'll not say, brother, what makes ecstatic melody
Without I also know who may the listener be:
If from Inner Meaning's loft his bird takes flight,
The very angel lags behind its course;
But if he be a man of idle sport and play and trifling,
The Demon in his brain grows ever stronger!
When the man of melody's an appetite-adorer,
Sleeping he rises to sweet sounds – not in intoxication!

1975 The rose is scattered by the morntide wind,
 But wood the axe alone can split.
 Full of ecstatic melody's the world, intoxication, frenzy too –
 Yet what sees the blind man in the mirror?
 Do you not see how a camel, when coaxed by the Arabs,
 Is brought to dance by the sound of minstrelsy?
 And if a camel's head knows frenzy, minstrelsy,
 The man whose head does not's an ass!

TALE 60 *A father converted by his son's music-making*

1980 A youth, sugar-lipped, would practise on the reed,
 And thereat hearts aflame like reeds would burn.
 His father ever and again would rant at him
 Astringently, setting to that reed of his a fire;
 But one night he listened to his son's performance,
 And that ecstatic tune disturbed and stupefied him;
 Said he, the sweat shed on his countenance:
 'This time the reed's set fire to me!'
 Know you not why those of frenzied state, intoxicated,
 Cast their hands asunder in the dance?
 A door they open in the heart to pass divine contingencies:
 Their hands' tips they throw wide to extant beings!
 He is allowed to dance in recollection of a friend –
 The one who in each sleeve has a soul!
 1985 Even suppose you are a manly swimmer:
 Only when stripped can you beat hands and feet;
 Shed, then, the habit of good name, renown, and fraudulent pretence,
 For powerless is one who's clothed, and sure to drown;
 Attachment is a veil and yields you nothing,
 But if you part the bonds, at union you'll arrive!

TALE 61 *The moth defends its love for the candle*

One to a moth did say: 'O miserable thing!
 Go, take a friend appropriate to yourself!

1990 Walk the path you see to be the road of hope:
 What have you to do with a fondness for candles?
 You're no salamander, don't hang around the fire:
 Manliness you need if you'd engage in combat!
 The mole takes refuge from the sunshine,
 And force against one with iron fists is folly;
 But if you know someone to be your adversary,
 There's no intelligence in taking him as a friend:
 None will tell you that you do well
 To offer up your life on his account!
 The beggar who asks the emperor for his daughter
 Must swallow cuffs as he seethes his silly passion:
 1995 How should one reckon such as you a friend,
 When kings' and princes' faces turn towards her?
 Think not that she in such society
 Will with a penniless one like you deal courteously!
 And even if with all mankind she's gentle,
 You're the poor devil whom she'll give a hot reception!
 Behold now what that burning moth
 Did say, and wonder at it: 'What matter if I burn?
 I, like the Friend, a fire have in my heart
 Such that you'd think this blaze to me were roses!
 2000 The heart does not tug the heart-taker's skirts,
 But fondness for him tugs the soul's own collar!
 Not of myself, I cast myself upon the fire,
 But on my neck I bear the chain of longing;
 Still far away was I when fire did burn me,
 Not in this present moment as it blazes up at me!
 Not so deals the companion in witnessing to beauty
 That one may speak to him of continence;
 Who will reproach me my solicitude for the friend,
 When I'm content to slaughtered lie before his feet?
 2005 Know you for why I harbour greed to perish? –
 So long as he shall be, 'tis right that I be not!
 Let me, then, burn: for he's the admirable companion
 Who is infected by the burning of a friend!
 How long will you say to me: "One to yourself appropriate,
 Get as a fellow-suffering mate!"?

Counselling one of frenzied state is comparable
 To telling one by scorpions bitten not to moan;
 Give no advice to one (for Heaven's sake!)
 With whom you know too well it will not take!
 2010 The reins have dropped from the poor devil's palm:
 It's pointless, then, to say: "Old fellow, take it gently!"
 How nicely the conceit is made in *Sindbād*:
 "Love is fire, my boy, and wind is admonition!"
 A brisk fire from the wind leaps higher,
 A leopard by beating grows more malicious.
 When I behold you well, you're doing bad
 If you direct my face to one who's like myself;
 Seek one who's better than yourself (seize every opportunity!),
 For with one like yourself you do but waste your days:
 2015 Self-worshippers alone go after one like to themselves,
 But those intoxicated into perilous byways go!
 Since first into my head I took this matter,
 My heart from my head I've detached altogether:
 The one who'll risk his head is loyal in loving,
 Whereas the lily-livered one but loves himself!
 Fate will unseasonably draw me into ambush:
 Is it not, then, better that this lovely one should draw me?
 Since without doubt destruction is inscribed upon our heads,
 At least destruction's sweeter at the sweetheart's hand!
 2020 Shall you not willy-nilly one day give your life?
 Better, then, you give it at your life's-love's feet!

TALE 62 *The candle claims to love more greatly than the moth*

One night, I recall, my eyes would not sleep,
 And I to the candle heard a moth saying:
 'I am the lover; it is right for me to burn,
 But why, pray, should you know weeping and burning?'
 The candle countered: 'O flighty, ill-conditioned friend of mine!
 I've lost my sweet companion, honey;
 And since a Shīrīn has left me in the lurch,
 A fire mounts to my head as with Farhād!'

2025 So spoke she, and the while a flood of grief
 Was running down her yellow cheeks:
 'O you pretender, love is not your business:
 No fortitude you have, or power to stay still;
 You flee, half-baked, before a single flame,
 I stay until I'm utterly burned up;
 While love's fire may have burned your wings,
 Look upon me who burn from foot to head!
 All night the candle thus indulged in disputation,
 In sight of him, throughout the time when men assemble;
 2030 And when in this way but a portion of the night had gone,
 One *pari-visaged* did execute it summarily!
 Then it began to say, with smoke ascending to its head:
 'Thus is concluded love, my lad!
 If you're a lover, you will learn
 That only by undergoing death will you win ease from burning!
 Weep not upon the tomb of him who by a friend was murdered:
 Rejoice for him that he by him has been accepted!
 If you're a lover, then wash not your head of the sickness;
 Like Sa'di, rather, wash your hands of all ulterior purpose!
 2035 No battle deters the true devotee from his goal,
 Not even though arrows or stones are showered upon his head;
 Go not upon the sea! Beware! I've told you -
 But if you do, submit your person to the storm!

Chapter 4 *On Humility*

From earth did God the Untainted create you;
So, servant, earthlike prostrate fall!
Indulge not greed, world-burning, restiveness:
Of earth you were created, be not fire!
While terrifying fire stretched forth its neck,
Earth cast itself down helpless:
2040 And since while one showed arrogance, the other mere deficiency,
Demons were made from the former, and from the latter – Man!

A raindrop trickled from a cloud
And was discomfited to see the ocean's width:
'Where there's the ocean, who am I?
If it exists, then truly I do not!'
But while with disparagement's eye it saw itself,
An oyster-shell within its bosom dearly cherished it;
And heaven at length so far advanced its cause
That it became an imperial pearl, renowned:
2045 Elevation it discovered by first becoming lowly,
Nothingness' door it pounded until existence came to be!

TALE 63 *The wayfarer assigned to sweep the mosque*

A wise young man, of cleanly soil sprung,
Came up from the sea in Rūmish Darband;
Virtue in him was seen, intelligence, discrimination,
And so they set his gear in a venerable location.
To him said the chief of the religious one day:
'Cast out the refuse and dust from the mosque!'
The traveller no sooner heard these words
Than, going outside, was never seen again within that place –
2050 A fact which companions and elder ascribed
To that impoverished man's unreadiness to serve;
Next day a beadle seized him on the road and said:
'Ill did you, with your pernicious views!

Know you not, you self-approving infant,
 That men by serving attain a station?
 At this he took to weeping, burning with sincerity:
 'Companion mine, soul-cherisher, lighter of hearts!
 No dust or dirt I saw within that house collegial:
 I only was polluted in that pure place,
 2055 And so I felt compelled to go once more upon my way,
 Preferring that the mosque should stay clean of sweepings!
 There is for the *darvish* no other way
 Than to keep his person cast down;
 If eminence is what you'd have, then choose humility,
 For this is the sole ladder to ascend to such a rooftop.

TALE 64 *Abū Yazid has ashes poured upon his head*

I've heard that once, before dawn, on a feast-day,
 From a bathhouse there emerged Bāyazīd;
 All unaware, a pan of ashes
 Was poured from a mansion down onto his head,
 2060 At which he said, turban and hair dishevelled,
 And rubbing his palms in gratitude upon his face:
 'My soul! I'm fit for the Fire –
 Shall I, then, look askance at ashes?'

Great ones look not upon themselves:
 Ask not regard-for-God from one who's self-regarding.
 Greatness lies not in reputation or report;
 Eminence is not pretension or conceit:
 At resurrection, him you'll see in Paradise
 Who for the Idea quested, but let Pretension go!
 2065 Humility will elevate the head of exaltation for you:
 Pride will cast you in the dust;
 The arrogant, harsh-natured man will break his neck –
 If eminence is what you'd have, then seek not eminence!
 Seek not the way of Faith from one with the world deluded,
 Seek not regard-for-God from one who's self-regarding.

If lofty station you would have, then look not (like the base)
 With disparagement's eye upon other persons;
 For how should prudent men suppose
 That there's high worth in one who's overbearing?
 2070 Seek not a more illustrious place than this,
 That mankind term you 'one of praiseworthy disposition'!
 If one like you shall try to lord it over you,
 Do you not (with wisdom's eye) see him as anything but great?
 You too, if you are arrogant,
 Will seem exactly as the arrogant did to you!
 When in high station you are standing,
 Laugh not, if you be prudent, at those who've fallen:
 Many's the standing man who lost his footing,
 While those who'd fallen took his place!
 2075 I grant you that you're clean of fault yourself,
 But why take exception to faulty me?
 One man may hold the Ka'ba's door-ring in his hand,
 Another be fallen drunk within the slums:
 But if He call the latter, who will not let him pass?
 And if He drive the former hence, who will bring him back?
 The one is not supported by his works:
 Yet the gateway of penitence is not closed to the other.

TALE 65 *Jesus, the self-righteous man, and the sinner~*

I've heard somewhere, from those who anecdotes relate,
 That, in the days of Jesus (peace on him!),
 2080 A certain man had wasted all his life,
 Spending it in ignorance and error:
 Bold he was, black in the record, hard of heart
 (Even the Devil was put to shame by such impurity!);
 Profitless, he had passed his days,
 And while he lived no heart was easier for him.
 His head of all intelligence and modesty was empty,
 And fat was his belly with morsels forbidden;
 His skirt was sullied with untruthfulness,
 And he soot-smeared in all his shamelessness;

2085 No eye had he like those who see, and go aright,
 His ear was not as men's who listen to advice.
 As of a year that's bad, all men were shy of him,
 Pointing him out to each other like the new moon from afar.
 Desire and lust had burned up all his harvest,
 While he had not stored up one barleycorn of reputation:
 So had this black-recorded man indulged in pleasure
 That no room to inscribe remained in the record!
 Sinful, self-opinioned, a worshipper of appetite,
 His nights he passed in recklessness, his days crop-sick or drunk.
 2090 At all events, I've heard that Jesus from the desert came,
 And passed near the private-chapel of a devotee;
 Down came the solitary from his chamber,
 At his feet falling, his head to the ground.
 The sinner, though, adversely-starred, looked from afar
 On them as would a moth dazed by the light,
 Considering remorsefully and filled with shame,
 Like the pauper at the hand of the well-endowed man;
 Abashed, he asked for pardon, burningly, beneath his breath,
 For all the nights he'd recklessly brought to day;
 2095 Droplets of sorrow rained down from his eyes like mist-clouds:
 'Alas!' he cried, 'my life has passed in reckless fashion;
 The cash of precious life I've cast away,
 Acquiring not a scrap of good therefor;
 May none like me be ever living,
 For better far his death were than his life!
 He who in childhood dies makes his escape,
 In that his head in old-age bears no shame.
 Forgive my sins, Creator of the world,
 For they're an "ill comrade" to bear me company!
 2100 Bowed his head remained for shame,
 While waters of remorse coursed down his face and breast.
 And thus, in one corner, the old sinner was moaning:
 'Redeem my plight, O You Who lend a hand to men!':
 While on the other hand the devotee, his head filled with delusion,
 Looked from afar with sour brow upon the scoundrel:
 'What is this luckless creature doing at our heels?
 Inverted in his fortune, how should an ignorant boor with us accord?

One fallen in the Fire right to his neck,
 His whole life given up to the wind of desire –
 2105 What good has arisen from his soul, soiled-skirted,
 That he should have converse with the Messiah and me?
 I would prefer he take his trouble hence,
 And follow his own business into Hell!
 By his unpleasant aspect I'm annoyed:
 May I not be befallen by his fiery fare!
 When, at the time of Congregation, the companies assemble,
 Lord! Force me not to congregate with him!
 Meanwhile an inspiration, from Him of Glorious Attributes,
 Descended upon Jesus (on whom be blessings!):
 2110 'One may be a scholar, an ignorant boor the other,
 Yet is the call of either acceptable to Me!
 If the one his days has wasted, adversely fortune'd,
 Still, anguished and consumed, he cries upon Me:
 Whoever comes before Me helpless,
 From generosity's threshold, him I'll not cast forth,
 But pardon all his ugly deeds
 And bring him, of My grace, to Paradise!
 And if devotion's servant would be disgraced
 To sit together with him in Eternity,
 2115 Say he need have no shame of him at Resurrection,
 For as the sinner's carried to the Garden, so to the Fire the other will be borne!
 While the one's liver turned to blood, consumed and grieving,
 The other relied on his subservience only,
 Realizing not that in the audience-chamber of the Affluent,
 Helplessness to pride and egotism is preferred!
 He whose array is clean, his conduct withal sordid,
 Will to Hell's gateway have no need of keys!
 No! On this threshold, impotence and wretchedness of state
 Are better than subservience and self-regard;
 2120 If you among the good would count yourself, you're bad:
 Selfhood can find no room in Godhead!
 If you're a man, speak not of your own manhood:
 Not every mounted champion bears off the ball.
 The man unvirtuous is like an onion, naught but skin,
 Though he may think himself, pistachio-like, to hold a kernel!

Subservience such as this will nothing you avail:
 Go, bring atonement for your failure in subservience.
 Be you a rascal, disorganized, of fortune crazed,
 Or an ascetic who makes things hard upon himself –
 2125 Strive for detachment, temperance, truth, and sincerity,
 But do not try to go one better than the Chosen One!
 That witless one no fruit could eat of his devoutness,
 Who to the Truth was good, but bad to all mankind!
 There survives a saying memorable, by men of intelligence uttered;
 From Sa'di this same saying hear and keep in memory:
 A sinner, uneasy before God,
 Is better than a pious man, displaying devotion!

TALE 66 *A lawyer belatedly honoured by a stupid judge*

A lawyer, raggedly arrayed and meanly provided,
 Once took his place within the judge's court-hall;
 2130 Sharply, and again, the judge looked down upon him,
 Until the usher seized his sleeve and ordered: 'Rise!
 Know you not your place is not up here?
 Sit lower, pray, or leave; or stand!
 Not everyone is fitted for the seat of honour: .
 Ennoblement demands position, station hangs on worth!
 But what need more have you of anyone's good counsel?
 This very shame is punishment sufficient!
 He who at the nether end with dignity takes his seat
 Can hardly fall from low to high contemptibly!
 2135 Act not the bold one where great men are found:
 If claws you lack, then try not lionish capers!'

And so, when that wise man of pauper-hue realized
 That conflict now might colour all his fortune,
 The helpless fellow, firelike, puffed forth smoke
 And took a lower seat than he had occupied.
 On the highway of argument the lawyers now set out,
 Casting about with 'Why?' and 'That we grant not!';
 They opened on each other wide the door of discord,
 And craned their necks to utter 'Nay!' and 'Aye!'

So that you'd say that cocks, all apt to battle,
 Had set about each other, beak and claw:
 One, as though drunk, beside himself with rage,
 Another, both hands beating on the ground;
 Together in a tangled knot they fell,
 Which none could manage to unravel –
 And then that one arrayed in rags, from the last row of all,
 Began to roar as might a lion in the thickets:
 'O Champions,' cried he, 'of the Prophet's Law!

In order to expound the Revelation, Jurisprudence, Basic Principles,
 Forceful, but intellectual arguments are required,
 Not proof by force of neck-veins!
 I speak as one to wield the stick and ball in play!
 Said they: 'If you know something to the point, then speak!'
 At this he took his seat at honour's knee,
 And loosed his tongue while closing other mouths;
 With eloquence' pen, the exposition that was his
 He marked on hearts as though a signet's impress;
 From Outward Form's locality to Idea's he removed,
 Drawing his reed through the tip of Pretension's letter.
 (Applause they cried upon him from all sides:
 'On your intelligence and natural disposition, a thousand commendations!')

So did he spur on speech's steed
 That the judge lagged behind like an ass in the mire;
 At length, indeed, the latter quit his gown and turban;
 And sent them to him graciously to do him honour;
 Said he: 'Alas! I failed to recognize your worth,
 And equally to give you thanks for joining us:
 Confronted with such substance, I am loth
 To see you stand on such a footing!'

The usher now approached him, all concern,
 To set the judge's turban on his head, .
 But he with hand and tongue restrained him: 'Hence!
 Place not upon my head delusion's fetters,
 Lest it, towards those wearing head-rags,
 Later grow supercilious with its fifty ells of turban;
 And when they hail me as "My Lord!", "Chief Justice!,"
 Men should in my eyes come to seem contemptible.

- What difference does it make to limpid water
 If its container golden be, or earthenware?
 2160 A man needs wisdom in his head, the pith of brain:
 I do not need, as you, a fancy turban:
 A person by bigheadedness alone is nothing –
 A pumpkin's bigheaded, and brainless too!
 Do not lift your neck, all turbaned and bearded:
 A turban's but cotton, and whiskers are grass!
 When people in image alone are manlike,
 They'd better, like images, hold their breath!
 In virtue's measure one should seek one's place:
 Be not like Saturn – high and inauspicious too!
 2165 Height may well become the mat-reed,
 But only if it has the sugar-cane's own property within it.
 With such intelligence and aspiration, I cannot call you anyone –
 Not even though a hundred slaves should walk behind you!
 How aptly said a glass-bead lying in a mud-patch,
 When picked up by some greedy fool:
 "No one for anything will buy me:
 Do not insanely wrap me up in silk!"
 Herbage has no value but its own as it is,
 Even though it sits among anemones;
 2170 The well-blessed man by his wealth's nobody's better:
 An ass who wears a satin saddle-cloth is still an ass!
 Thus did that man of eloquence and nimble wit
 With speech's water wash resentment from his heart.
 (Hard may be the words of the man heart-vexed,
 But with a fallen adversary, act not the sluggish part:
 When he into your hand comes, pluck out your enemy's brains,
 For such an opportunity will wash dust from the heart!)
 At all events, the judge, by his brutality held fast,
 Could only say: 'This is a difficult day, forsooth!';
 2175 Both hands he bit in his bewilderment,
 Fixing his eyes on him like *beta-gamma* of Ursa Minor.
 The bright young man turned thence his aspiration's face:
 Outside he went, and none found mark of him again;
 A roar rose from the great ones there assembled:
 'Whence, do you think, such a bold-eyed fellow hails?'

The beadle set out after him, running every which-way,
And asking who had seen a man of his description and appearance;
Said one: 'Of sweet-breathed men like that,
I know but one in this whole town, and that is Sa'di'
2180 On him who said so, be a hundred-thousand blessings!
See how sweetly he did tell the bitter truth!

TALE 67 *A pious man reforms a libertine prince*

Once in Ganja lived a king's son,
One you'd not want near you, impure, predatory;
Into the mosque he came, drunkenly singing,
Wine in his head and a bumper in hand;
In the enclosure dwelt a pious man,
Persuasive of tongue, intact in heart;
Some persons were assembled for the sake of his utterance
(Not being learned, nothing less than a listener be!);
2185 And when that unruly fellow plied his dishonour,
Those honourable men grew desolate within:
(When the prince's step is reprehensible,
Who dares to breathe a word of exhortation to propriety?
Garlic will overpower the rose's scent:
The harp's note lags behind the drum's.
But if to forbid the reprehensible lies within your power,
You should not sit like those without power of arms and legs;
And, even lacking power's capacity, then speak at least -
That by good counsel his nature may be purified;
2190 And when there's scope for neither hand nor tongue,
True men show manliness by their own attitude of mind!)
One of this company to the scholar-solitary
Made moan and wept, his head upon the ground:
'At least, upon this impure, drunken ne'er-do-well
An invocation utter, for we lack tongue and hand!
A burning breath, that from a heart comes, well-informed,
Has greater power than all the arrows and axes!
That man, experienced, raised his hands
And said: 'O Lord of high and low!

2195 A pleasant time of it this lad has now:
 O God! Keep pleasant all the time he has!
 At this, another said to him: 'O paragon of truth!
 Why have you invoked good upon a man so bad?
 Why invoke good upon a man whose word is bad?
 Why invoke bad upon the head of all the citizens?'
 Now spoke again the man far-sighted, sharp of sense:
 'Do not boil up because you fail to grasp the secret of my words!
 I have not decked this gathering with absurdities:
 It was repentance that I sought for him from Justice' Creator,
 2200 For as soon as he reverts from his vile disposition,
 To happiness eternal he'll attain in Paradise!
 The happiness of the ever-circling cup is but short-lived,
 But happinesses that last forever lie in the quitting of it!
 This discourse, uttered by the speech-deviser,
 One of that company reported to the king;
 So moved was he that tears formed in his eyes like fog,
 And a stream of remorse rained over his countenance;
 With longing's fires he burned up all within,
 While shame upon his insteps stitched his eyes.
 2205 He sent someone to call that man of goodly presence,
 Beating upon repentance' door and crying 'Help!
 Fatigue your feet that on them I may lay my head,
 And in that act lay down the head of ignorance and untruth!
 Two-ranked, the guard stood at the gate
 As the speech-fosterer entered the emperor's hall;
 Sugar he saw, grapes and candles and wine,
 The hamlet flourishing with bounty, its population ruined:
 One out of his senses, another half-drunk,
 A third declaiming poetry, flask in hand;
 2210 On one side the minstrel raised his cry,
 On the other the cupbearer clamoured 'Drink deep!';
 The boon-companions overthrown by ruby-coloured wine,
 The harpist's head bowed on his bosom like a harp;
 And of those merry-makers, their necks held aloft,
 None there, save the narcissus, was open-eyed;
 Drum and harp together were well accorded,
 And in their midst the reed was wailing plaintively ...

That pious man ordered all smashed in tiny fragments;
 For that pure pleasure's wine was substituted lees;
 2215 The harps were broken, and severed the strings,
 The singer put his canticle out of his head forthwith;
 And in the wine-store, stones were struck on wine-casks,
 And gourds were set up to be beheaded:
 Tulip-hued wine, from head-hanging hogsheads,
 Ran like the blood from slaughtered hogs;
 Pregnant with nine-month wine, the vat
 In that upheaval swiftly let grape's daughter drop;
 Up to the navel the wine-skin was ripped,
 And over it the goblet's bloodshot eyes were filled with tears!
 2220 The very stones of court and mansion, he ordered,
 Were to be dug up, the whole place made anew once more,
 And this because the wine, rose-coloured, jacinth-toned,
 Would not with washing leave the marble's face!
 No wonder that the sewer became disordered
 With all the drink it consumed that day!
 Anyone, moreover, taking a lute in his palm,
 Got a cuff on the nape from men's hands like a drum;
 And if a lewd fellow bore off a harp upon his shoulder,
 He'd have his ears strummed like guitars!
 2225 The young man, his head drunk with pride and conceit,
 Sat as do elders in devotion's niche;
 Often had his father told him, terror-inspiring,
 To be of proper conduct and seemly in speech;
 And though he'd borne his father's severity, and prison, and fetters,
 It proved not as profitable to him as counsel!
 Had a smooth-speaker roughly to him said:
 'Put youth and folly out of your head!'

Fancy and delusion would surely have moved him
 Not to leave the poor fellow living!
 2230 The roaring lion casts not away his shield to quit the battle,
 The leopard for cutting arrows has no anxiety;
 With mildness one may turn an enemy to a friend,
 But treat a friend roughly and of him an enemy you'll make;
 None like an anvil looks hard-faced
 Unless he's borne upon his head the hammer of correction;

Be not severe in talking to a prince:
But should you see him to be hard, then softly go to work!
In manner, with everyone you see, practise accommodation,
Whether they be subordinate or those who hold their heads aloft:
2235 For gently the latter may retract their stiff-necked stance
At pleasant speech, the former bow their heads.
With sweetness of tongue one may bear off the ball,
Whereas the man sharp-mannered continually bears off bitterness;
Learn to be sweet of tongue from Sa'di,
And tell the sour-faced man to go and die in bitterness!

TALE 68 *The sweet- and sour-faced honey-sellers*

One with a sugar-smile was selling honey,
So sweet that hearts thereat were all the while igniting;
A sweet himself, loin-girt, like sugar-cane,
He had more customers than flies;
2240 And if (just suppose!) he'd held up poison,
They'd from his hands have taken it like nectar!
Now a sluggish fellow observed his doings,
Conceiving envy at business so brisk;
Next day he too began to trot about the world:
Upon his head he'd honey, but vinegar above his brows;
Much he wandered, crying, up and down,
But not even flies would settle on his honey!
At nightfall, when no cash had come into his hand,
He sat him in a corner, with heart-constricted face;
2245 Like a delinquent with menace-soured face, he was,
With brow like those in prison on a feast-day.
His wife said to her husband playfully:
'Bitter is the honey of a sour-faced man!'
An ugly nature takes a man to Hell,
From Paradise a goodly disposition comes;
Go, rather drink warm water from the channel's brink
Than cold rose-juice sold by a man of sour face!
It is prohibited to taste that person's bread
Who folds his brows as though they were a tablecloth;

- 2250 Make not, good fellow, matters harder for yourself,
For he of evil nature has a fortune all upturned;
Grant, then, you have of gold and silver nothing:
But can you not, like Sa'di, have a pleasant tongue?

TALE 69 *The wise man and the quarrelsome drunkard*

- I've heard that a wise man, who worshipped the Truth,
Was seized by the collar by a drunken rakehell,
And from that one, dark-hearted, the man all clarified within
Endured blows, but for serenity forbore to lift his head!
At length to him one said: 'Are you not too a man?
It is a shame to bear with one like this who lacks discretion!' 2255
The man of pure disposition heard these words
And answered: 'Say not such things to me!
A drunken fool may tear men's collars:
Who will meditate to battle with a warlike lion?
It is not fitting that a sober man, intelligent,
Should lay hands on the collar of a stupid drunkard!' 2260
Thus leads his life the virtuous man:
Brutality he suffers, himself shows kindness.

TALE 70 *The nomad bitten by a dog*

- A dog there was who bit a desert-dweller's leg,
In such a rage that poison trickled from his fangs!
2260 The poor wretch could not sleep for pain at night;
A tiny daughter he had within his household,
And she her father abused right sharply:
'Had you not, then, some teeth as well?'
At which this man of distraught days gave up his weeping,
And laughing said: 'O little one! Light of my heart!
Though mine were princely power and sting,
I still would grudge to use thus jaws and teeth;
For me it were impossible, even though upon my head I take a sword,
Into the leg of a dog to sink my teeth!'

2265 One may show malice to those who're less than men,
But 'doggishness' should not proceed from humankind!

TALE 71 *The good master and the vicious slave*

A great man, known for virtue on all sides,
Possessed a slave of nature reprehensible;
So foul was he that hair did stand on end,
And evil with vinegar his face had anointed;
His teeth, dragonlike, were polluted with poison;
The city's ugliest, with ease, he'd have beaten!
Unceasing, bleary tears coursed down his face,
While stench of onions from his armpits welled;
2270 At cooking-time his brows he twisted into knots,
But (the cooking done by others) knee to knee he'd with his master sit;
Time and again, as the latter ate bread, he'd likewise sit him down,
But water he'd not give him – not even if he'd died!
Words were of no avail with him, nor sticks;
Night and day on his account the house would suffer turmoil;
Now he'd cast sweepings in the passage-way,
Now hens into the well!
His aspect was ever arousing alarm;
Never upon an errand would he go with prompt return.
2275 One to the master said: 'O slave to one of evil attributes!
What seek you – polish, virtue, beauty?
A being so unpleasant does not deserve
To have his brute force countenanced, his burdens borne!
I for you a good slave, nicely mannered,
Will acquire; take this one to the dealer;
And if he raise a farthing, turn not your head away:
He's dear for nothing, if you want the truth!'
Hearing such words, that goodly natured man
Smiling said: 'Colleague, of a line illustrious!
2280 By nature, disposition, this lad is evil – but
My nature through him grows in goodly disposition!
Having so long put up with him,
I can bear wrong from whomsoever it be!'

Forbearance at first may seem to you like poison,
But when grown in the nature, turns to honey.

TALE 72 *Ma'rūf of Karkh and the ungrateful invalid*

That man may seek Ma'rūf of Karkh's own road
Who first puts from his head thoughts of celebrity.
I've heard that one came to him as a guest,
Being for sickness but a little way from death;
2285 His head had shed hair, his face serenity,
His spirit by a hair clung to his body;
That night he flung down there and set out his pillow,
And forthwith set his hand to shouting and moaning.
He could not fall asleep, at nights, one moment –
Nor others either, for all his crying!
Distraught of disposition, by nature rough,
He died not, but killed his fellows by disputation;
What with his cries and moans, and tossings and turnings,
Men straightway took from him flight's path,
2290 Until of all those accustomed to be thereabouts,
Ma'rūf alone remained, since he could do no other:
I've heard that he slept not at night in attendance;
Manly, his loins he girt and did what he said;
But sleep one night overwhelmed him with its forces
(What strength can be mustered by one who's not slept?),
And at the same moment his eyes took to slumber,
That wayfarer took to talking distractedly:
'Curses be upon this breed impure,
Who are but name and reputation, pretence and wind!
2295 Men of faith defiled while cleanly clad,
Deceivers selling piety!
What knows a paunchy fellow, drunk with sleep,
Of the poor wretch who has not closed his eyes?'
Such words reprehensible he spoke to Ma'rūf,
Asking why, heedless of him, he'd slept for one moment;
The elder swallowed such remarks in generosity,
But those concealed within the women's quarters heard them.

One to Ma'rūf said privately:

'Did you hear what the pauper said in his moaning?

2300

Go, tell him henceforth to shift for himself,

Making no trouble and dying elsewhere!

Goodness and mercy have their place,

But to be good-natured with bad men is bad!

Put no pillows round the mean man's head:

Better on a stone the head of one who injures others!

Practise not good with evil men, you who have good fortune:

Only an ignorant fool plants trees in salty soil!

I say not, care not for humankind;

But waste not generosity on those not human!

2305

In manners be not mild with one who's rough:

One does not stroke a dog's back like a cat's!

(Yet, to be fair, a grateful dog

Is better in conduct than people who're thankless.)

Show not pity, with snow-water, to a man that's vile;

But if you do, then write your recompense on ice!

I've never seen a person so twisted as this one:

To such a rank nobody, no pity show!

Laughing, Ma'rūf replied: 'Heart-easing consort, mine!

Grow not distracted at his distracted words!

2310

Though he for unpleasantness cried out against me,

Yet his unpleasant words fell pleasant on my ear;

Such a one's injustice must be heard,

For he in restlessness can find no slumber!

Seeing yourself in mighty case and happily endowed,

Gratefully bear the burdens of the weak;

If you, talisman-like, have but this outward form,

You'll die and your name will die like your body;

But if you'll cultivate the tree of generosity,

You cannot fail to eat good name's own fruit.

2315

See you how many graves there are in Karkh,

But Ma'rūf's tomb alone's well-known.

Those persons elevate their heads in fortunate majesty

Who cast away the crown of arrogance:

The man who worships circumstance is arrogant,

Realizing not that circumstance lies in forbearance.

- An impudent rascal importuned a man of heart
 At a time when there was nothing to be had:
 His belt and hands were empty, clean,
 For gold he'd scatter in the face of men like dust!
 2320 Forth dashed the beggar, froward-faced,
 And began denunciations in the street:
 'Beware these silent scorpions,
 Ravening panthers, wearing wool!
 Like cats, their knees they place against their heart,
 But when game falls, they spring like dogs;
 Hard by the mosque, they open up their stall of fraudulence,
 For prey's less easily found at home!
 Lionlike men waylay the caravans,
 But these pick off men's very garments;
 2325 Patches, white and black, they've sewn upon themselves,
 The hypocrites – and heaped up gold clandestinely;
 Hurrah for barley-sellers, wheat-displaying,
 World-wandering, soliciting by night, beggars at harvest-time!
 Obviously they're old and feeble at devotions,
 Being so young and brisk at dancing and ecstatic rapture:
 Why from a sitting stance perform the prayer,
 When one may spring up to the dance?
 They're like the Interlocutor's own staff – omnivorous,
 Yet in externals yellow-faced and lean!
 2330 Not abstinent are they, nor yet by learning marked:
 In sum, they buy the world with Faith's own currency!
 They place a cloak, Bilāl-like, on themselves,
 But clothe their womenfolk in Ethiopia's revenue;
 No mark you'll see in them of the Practice of the Prophet
 Save the siesta and the early-morning loaf;
 Tight-stuffed with tit bits are their bellies to their heads,
 As in a mendicant's basket, all assorted!
 No more along these lines I'll say
 (For it were shame to tell the doings of one's own!),
 2335 But he pronounced in this style remarks not fit to see
 (The fault-finder's eye can see no virtue:

When one's done much dishonourable,
 What care has he for other people's honour?);
 A follower to the elder reported his words
 (If fair you'd have me be, he acted not out of intelligence.
 A bad man faults me behind my back, and lays him down,
 But worse than he's the mate who brings the tale before me;
 One looses an arrow that falls by the wayside:
 No harm it does my person, no trouble gives to me;
 2340 But if you pick it up and bring it to me,
 You surely thrust it in my flank!);
 That man of heart, good-natured, laughed thereat:
 'These are easy words: tell him to speak harder!
 What he's so far said's but a little of my badness,
 But one part in a hundred of what I know myself;
 He on surmise alone ascribed such things to me:
 I for a certainty know myself they are!
 He just this year attached himself to me:
 What knows he of my seventy years of faults?
 2345 Better than myself, none in the world my faults
 Can know – save for my unseen's Knower!
 I've never seen one who thought so kindly,
 Since he thinks these my faults entire;
 If at the Congregation he'll be witness to my sins,
 I fear not Hell, for my affair's well taken care of!
 If one who thinks me ill will tell my faults,
 Tell him to come and take his copy hence!'

Those persons were men upon the Way of God
 Who've been the target for affliction's arrows;
 2350 Be humble when men leave you stripped,
 For men of heart will bear the burden of the impudent:
 If from the dust of men a jug be made,
 Reprovers still may break it with a stone!

TALE 74 *Ṣāliḥ the Aiyūbid and the two disgruntled beggars*

King Ṣāliḥ, one of Syria's princes,
 Would go forth in the early morn, together with a slave;

Around the markets and the lanes he'd wander,
 His face half-covered in the Arab manner;
 A man of insight he, a friend of those in poverty:
 When one has two such qualities, he is a 'goodly king'!
 2355 Two paupers he found, who slept in a mosque,
 Distraught of heart, in mind confounded;
 All that cold night, sleep had not fallen on their eyes,
 While they, chameleon-like, did study on the sun.
 One of the two was saying to the other:
 'On Congregation Day there'll be a show of justice, right enough!
 If these neck-lifting princes,
 Who sport and make merry, gratified, pampered,
 Shall enter Paradise together with the impotent –
 Then I'll not raise my head from out the brickwork of the grave!
 2360 The Topmost Paradise is *our* domain and refuge,
 For the fetters of care lie today on *our* feet;
 From them, your whole life long, what pleasant treatment have you known,
 That you should suffer them hereafter?
 If Ṣālīḥ there, beside the garden-wall,
 Appears, I'll rip his brains out with his shoes!'

When thus the man spoke, and Ṣālīḥ heard him so,
 He judged it not advisable to stay there longer;
 Awhile he went away, until the sun's spring
 From men's eyes had washed away the sleep;
 2365 Then swiftly to those two persons he sent a summons;
 Himself he sat majestically and in dignity seated them,
 Raining down upon them a shower of liberality
 To wash from their persons the dust of low-estate.
 And so, having suffered the cold, the rain, the flood,
 They now sat among that society's illustrious:
 They who, as unclothed beggars, had made day night
 Now scented their clothes above an aloes-burner!
 One of them privately said to the king:
 'O you in whose authority's ear the world is but a ring!
 2370 Those you've approved attain to greatness,
 But what, in slaves like us, could meet with your approval?'
 The emperor for joy at this did blossom like a rose,
 And laughingly rejoined to that poor man:

'I'm not the sort of person, deluded by his followers,
 Who face averts from those in wretched circumstance;
 You too, then, put from out your head your ugly mind towards me,
 For you will otherwise create discord in Paradise!
 I have opened reconciliation's door today:
 Do you not shut it tight tomorrow in my face!
 2375 Take such a way if you'd advance in fortune,
 If you'd be noble take the poor man's hand;
 None plucks the fruit from Tūbā's branch
 Who has not sown today devotion's seed:
 Lacking devotion, seek not for felicity,
 But with the stick of service you may carry off the ball!
 How should you flame as does the lamp,
 When you're as full of self as the lamp-case of water?
 A being gives light to all assembled
 When, candlelike, it has a burning in its breast.

TALE 75 *Kūshyār and his arrogant pupil*

2380 A man there was who dabbled in the stars,
 Yet had a head quite drunk with arrogance;
 He came from afar to visit Kūshyār,
 With a heart that lacked devotion and a head all deluded.
 That wise man against him sewed up tight his eyes,
 And taught him not one syllable.
 But as he in disappointment prepared him to return,
 That learned man, neck-lifting, said to him:
 'No doubt you thought yourself of wisdom full,
 But when a vessel's full, what can it carry more?
 2385 Full of pretension, empty you go hence:
 Come empty, and of Ideas take your fill!
 Sa'di-wise throughout the lands, empty of your own existence,
 Roam – and come back full of knowledge!

TALE 76 *A soft-spoken slave is reprieved*

A slave, for rage, from a king turned hence his head;
 Who ordered one to seek him, but he could not be found.
 When he at length returned from the path of rage and conflict,
 The royal executioner was told to shed his blood;
 Thirsty for blood, the unkindly axeman,
 Put out his sabre-tongue like one who was thirsty.
 2390 I've heard the victim said, from a heart constricted, sore:
 'O God! I grant him pardon of my blood,
 Since ever, in grace and favour and good-name,
 I've realized friends' desires in his advancing fortune!
 Let it not come that for my blood, tomorrow,
 He should be taken – and his enemies rejoice!
 When to the king's ear what he said came home
 (He no more bringing to the boil his pot of rage),
 He gave him many a kiss on head and eye,
 And he advanced to be a lord of standard, drum, and kettle;
 2395 And so, benevolently, from such an awful placement
 Fate brought him to this station.
 This story's purpose is to show soft speech
 Will act as water on the fire of men hot-tempered;
 Be humble, friend, with acrid adversaries,
 For softness blunts a cutting sword:
 Do you not see how, when exposed to sword and arrow,
 Men wear a tunic, hundred-layered, of silk?

TALE 77 *The gnostic who barked like a dog*

From the hovel of a gnostic, one dressed in tatters,
 The bark of a dog reached a certain person's ears;
 2400 He said within his heart: 'Why would a dog be here, then?'
 Entered, and asked where might the righteous pauper be.
 No sign of a dog he saw, fore or aft,
 Saw – save the gnostic – no one other there;
 Embarrassedly, he made to turn away once more,
 For to study this mystery he was shamefaced;

But the gnostic, from within, heard the sound of a footstep,
 And said: 'Hallo! Why stand you at the door? Come in!
 Do not suppose, bright-eyed one mine,
 That hence a dog did cry – myself it was!
 2405 For seeing that He's in the market for helplessness,
 All haughtiness from my head I've put – judgment and wisdom too,
 Many a time howling, doglike, at His door,
 Since none I've seen more wretched than a dog!
 If you'd attain to exaltation's rank,
 From humility's depth alone you'll reach that height;
 This is a Presence where those take the leading place
 Who on themselves a lower estimate have settled;
 When forth a torrent rushes with terror and alarm,
 Down from the heights, my lad, it falls below,
 2410 But when the dew falls wretched, little-noted,
 The heavens bear it lovingly to Capella!

TALE 78 *Why Ḥātim al-Aʿṣam only affected deafness*

A certain school of rhetoric holds to the opinion
 That Ḥātim was deaf: don't you believe it!
 The buzzing of a fly rose up one early morn,
 It having fallen in a spider's web:
 All the latter's languid stillness was a fraud,
 And what the fly thought candy was but fetters;
 The elder looked at this, intent to draw a lesson,
 And said: 'O you who're shackled by desire, hold still!
 2415 Not everywhere is sugar, honey, candy,
 And in some corners, traps and bonds await you!'

One said, from among that circle of judicious folk:
 'O man upon the Way of God, I marvel
 How you could comprehend the crying of the fly
 When it with difficulty reached our ears:
 You who're alert to noises made by flies
 Should not henceforth be called "The Deaf"!
 Smiling, to him said Ḥātim: 'Sharp-witted lad!
 The title "Deaf" is better than to heed vain words!

- 2420 Those who with us in private sit
 Clothe all my faults by draping praises on me;
 And when they cover lowly traits,
 My very existence is abased, my character degraded;
 Therefore I make as if I do not hear,
 That I perchance may be absolved from adulation:
 When those who sit with me take me for deaf and stupid,
 They'll tell whatever I have of good and bad,
 And if I am not pleased to hear what's bad,
 I may withdraw my skirt from bad behaviour!
- 2425 Go not to the well-pit's brink, drawn by praise's rope:
 Rather be, like Ḥātīm, deaf and listen to your faults!
 Felicity he does not seek, nor will he find salvation,
 Who twists aside his neck from Sa'dī's words.

TALE 79 *The mystic and the burglar*

- A venerable man there was in farthest Tabriz,
 One constantly awake, a riser nocturnal;
 One night he saw where a thief his noose
 Had tied and cast it round the corner of a roof;
 The folk he informed and a tumult arose,
 On every side men rose with sticks.
- 2430 Hearing humanity's sound, that one less-than-human
 Could see no place to stay amid the peril;
 At all that 'Have and hold!' a terror struck him,
 And he chose summarily to flee.
 Then, for compassion, the pious man's heart turned wax
 To see the luckless night-thief disappointed;
 All in the dark he came upon him from behind,
 Heading him off another way, and said:
 'Colleague, go not away! I am acquainted with you,
 And as for manhood, I am dust beneath your feet!
- 2435 None have I seen in manhood like you,
 But fighting valour is of two sorts only:
 One to come manfully before your adversary,
 The other to bear your life away from out the conflict!

I am your bondsman, whichever attribute be yours;
 How are you named, for I would serve beneath your name?
 If you judge proper, I (at generosity's behest)
 Will lead you to a place I know of:
 A low-built residence it is, its door firmly locked,
 And I believe the owner of the chattels is away;
 2440 Let's pile some boulders one upon another,
 Then one of us can climb upon the other's shoulders.
 Make do with whatever may come to your hand,
 For that is better than returning empty-handed!
 And so, with encouragement and flattery and craft,
 Towards his own house he drew him on;
 There the youth, night-walking, held his shoulders low,
 And at his word the prudent man climbed upwards;
 Then jackets and turbans, and all the gear he had,
 He let down from above into the other's skirt,
 2445 Raising at length a roar: 'A thief!' he cried.
 'Young men, aid me for recompense, reward!'
 Away from the tumult leapt the villainous thief,
 Going at a run, the pious man's clothes beneath his arm;
 Now the man of good conviction grew heart-rested
 To see that one bewildered his purpose achieve:
 Here was a vile fellow who'd never pitied any,
 Yet he had fair bestowal from a good man's heart:
 Nor should it seem a marvel, in wise men's conduct,
 If they for generosity to bad men do good.
 2450 Bad men live in good men's fortunate advance,
 Albeit they're no fitting company for good!

TALE 80 *A lover has no time for resentment.*

One, like Sa'di, with a heart smooth and simple
 Had fallen in love with a person smooth of face;
 Cruelty he'd bear from his hard-spoken enemy,
 Hurt like the ball from the polo-stick of hardness;
 No wrinkle he'd cast on his brow in resentment,
 Never in hot temper deserting his comrade.

To him one said: 'Are you not, then, ashamed?
 Is it not all a tale of slaps and stones?
 2455 Mean-spirited folk allow themselves to be made fools of,
 Down-trodden men will put up with their enemies:
 You should not pass over an enemy's transgression,
 Lest men should say you have not strength or manhood!
 To him that giddy-headed one, a abandoned,
 An answer gave deserving to be writ in gold:
 'My heart's the house where only lives affection for my comrade:
 That's why no hate of any fits therein!
 How fair spoke Bahlūl, of character auspicious,
 When passing by a quarrel-seeking gnostic:
 2460 'If this pretender truly knew the Friend,
 He'd not engage in fighting with an enemy:
 If of Truth's being he did have report,
 He'd think all creatures nothingness!'

TALE 81 *Luqmān's year of slavery*

I've heard Luqmān was black of hue,
 Cherished not his body, lacked delicacy of limb.
 A certain man thought him his (missing) slave,
 And seeing him downtrodden, set him to do clay-labour;
 Cruelty he knew, putting up with his injustice, violence,
 And in a year put up for him a residence;
 2465 But when the slave who'd gone returned to him,
 The master grew beset with awe before Luqmān:
 He fell at his feet and proffered excuses,
 But Luqmān laughed and said: 'What use excuses?
 My liver's turned to blood all year for your injustice –
 How shall I rid my heart of it within an hour?
 And yet, good man, I will forgive you,
 For your advantage did no harm to me:
 You built your flourishing dormitory,
 While wisdom and knowledge increased in me!
 2470 O fortunate one, I have a bondsman in my household
 To whom I at times assign hard labour;

No more I'll afflict him in hardness of heart,
 When I recall the hardness of clay-labour!
 He who has not borne injustice from the great
 Has no heart-burning for the weak and little;
 If you find the words of rulers hard,
 Be you not, then, severe towards subordinates;
 Well said Bahrām the Shah to his vizier:
 'Deal not hard with those who're subject to us!'

TALE 82 *Junaid and the dog*

- 2475 I've heard that Junaid in San'ā's desert
 Once saw a dog, his hunting-teeth uprooted:
 From having claws with the force to seize lions,
 He'd been reduced to an old fox's impotence;
 And after laying mountain-goats and antelope by the heels,
 He'd now endure kickings from the local sheep!
 Junaid, on seeing him wretched, powerless, galled,
 Gave him a half-share of his own provisions,
 And I've heard that he said, and wept blood the while:
 'Who knows, of us two, which may be the better?
 2480 Today, in outward seeming, I am better than he is,
 But who can tell what Fate may bring down on my head?
 If my foot of faith shall not slip from its place,
 I on my head may place the crown of God's forgiveness;
 But if I remove the garment of (true) knowledge,
 It wants not much to make me less than him,
 For, for all his vile name, the dog when he dies
 Will not be carried off to Hell!
 This is the way, O Sa'dī: men of the Way
 Do not regard themselves with reverence;
 2485 This is their superiority to the Angels,
 That they do not think themselves better than dogs!

TALE 83 *The drunken fiddler and the ascetic*

One, drunken, had a fiddle beneath his arm,
 And broke it one night on a pious man's head;
 When day came, that good and simple man
 Brought that stony-hearted one a fist of silver, saying:
 'Last night you were drunk and not responsible for what you did,
 And so your fiddle and my head were broken,
 But my wound now heals, my alarm's relieved,
 While you'll not recover save by silver!' 2490
 This, then, is why God's friends are at the head:
 Because they take much on their heads from other men!

TALE 84 *The sage of Vakhsh and his critic*

I've heard that in the land of Vakhsh
 A great man in seclusion's corner lived concealed;
 Stripped to Idea he was, no gnostic by the ragged habit only,
 Such as stretch out to men the hand of need;
 Felicity a door to him had opened,
 Although others' doors might be shut in his face.
 A clever speaker, lacking wisdom, took upon himself
 Impudently to say evil of that good man:
 2495 'Beware such imposture, fables and deceit,
 Mere sitting, demonlike, in Solomon's place!
 Such men wash their faces continually like cats,
 The while they lust to hunt the local mice;
 Ascetic exercise they practise for fame's sake and delusion,
 Just as an empty drum's sound travels far!' 2500
 Thus, as he spoke, some people gathered round him,
 Men and women, having their sport of both.
 The wise man of Vakhsh, so I've heard, took to weeping:
 'O Lord! Bestow repentance on this slave of yours;
 But if he speak the truth, O Master Chaste,
 Grant *me* repentance, that I perish not!
 It pleases me to have my critic
 Make known to me my evil disposition.'

If you're what your enemy says, be not annoyed;
 If not, tell him to go for a weigher of wind;
 If a foolish man declares musk fetid,
 You stay composed: *he* speaks distractedly;
 But if the words are uttered about onions,
 Then it is so: no need to make a stink about it!
 2505 No wise man of enlightened mind will take
 From charlatans a spell to bind his enemy's tongue;
 It's not intelligence' way, or that of judgment or good sense,
 That a wise man should buy the trickery of a mountebank;
 He who intelligently sits at his work
 Will bind the tongue of the ill-intentioned when it would attack him;
 Be you so well-conducted that the evil-minded
 May find no scope to speak your imperfections!
 When an enemy's words bear hard upon you,
 See what he faults in you – and do it not!
 2510 None I consider to speak well of me save him
 Who lights up for me my own deficiencies.

TALE 85 *'Ali gracefully accepts correction*

A person took a problem and laid it before 'Ali,
 That he perchance might clarify it for him;
 That prince, foeman-binding, conqueror of realms,
 Spoke him an answer based on knowledge and good-judgment.
 Now, in that company (I've heard) a person
 Spoke out: 'Not so, Abū al-Hasan, my friend!
 The fame-seeking Lion showed no displeasure with him,
 But said: 'If you know better than I, say on!'

2515 So he said what he knew, and said as befitted
 (Old Sol's spring cannot be covered up with mud);
 The emperor of men approved his answer,
 Saying: 'I was in error and he is in the right;
 But One exists, more eloquent and knowledgeable than us both,
 For no knowledge stands superior to the Knowledge that is His!
 Were this, however, the holder of a high position at the present day,
 Assuredly, for pride, he'd pay him no regard:

The chamberlain would thrust him from the court out of doors,
 And he'd be set upon all undeservingly;
 2520 They'd say: 'Henceforth behave not so disgracefully;
 It is not mannerly to speak before the great!
 When dealing with one with notions in his head,
 Cherish no notion that he'll ever hear the truth:
 With knowledge he's disgusted, shamed by exhortation -
 For even rain cannot make tulips grow from rocks!
 If yours are the pearls of virtue's sea, rise up
 And pour them, with admonitions, at the poor man's feet:
 Do you not see that from the dust, low fallen though it be,
 Roses will grow and newly burgeons spring?
 2525 But pour not forth, wise man, your sleeves of pearls
 When you see worthies well-filled with themselves!
 A man in men's eyes will not amount to much
 When making much parade of greatness on his own account:
 Speak not - let others speak a thousand thanks to you;
 But if yourself you say it, look for it not from anyone!

TALE 86 *'Umar stumbles over a beggar'*

I've heard there was a beggar in a narrow place,
 On whose foot 'Umar placed his own;
 The hapless pauper, knowing not who he was
 (For one exasperated knows not enemy from friend),
 2530 Flew at him, saying, 'Are you blind, then?'
 At which the just commander, 'Umar, said to him:
 'Blind I am not, but I did slip
 Unwittingly; pray, remit my sin!
 How even-handed were the great ones of the Faith
 To deal thus with subordinates!
 Much will be made tomorrow of those who cultivate humility,
 While the heads of mighty men hang low for embarrassment;
 If you're afraid of Reckoning Day,
 Remit the slips of those afraid of you;
 2535 Oppress not your subordinates with impunity,
 For over your hand lies a hand likewise!

TALE 87 *A kind man tells how he fares after death*

A man there was, in action kindly, pleasant-natured,
 Speaking kind to those of evil disposition;
 A person saw him in a dream, when he had passed away;
 'Pray tell,' said he, 'how things have gone with you!'
 His mouth he opened, smiling as a rose,
 And gave voice like a nightingale in pleasant tone:
 'No great severity's been shown to me,
 Since I to none did use to be severe!'

TALE 88 *Dhū al-Nūn prays for rain*

- 2540 As I recall, the Nile (that furnisher of draughts unstinting)
 One year dispensed no water upon Egypt.
 A company betook them to the mountains,
 And there for rain began to call with lamentation;
 They wept, but no stream at their weeping
 Would flow, save that of women's tears.
 A person to Dhū al-Nūn gave word about their state,
 Saying: 'Mankind is suffering grievously;
 Pray for these folk in parlous plight,
 For God will not reject the words of one He's accepted!'
- 2545 Now, as I've heard, Dhū al-Nūn then fled to Midian,
 And soon thereafter rain began to pour;
 Word came to Midian after twenty days
 That over them a cloud had wept, black-hearted;
 Swiftly the elder undertook return,
 For catchments now were filled by vernal torrents.
 Later, and privily, a gnostic asked him
 What was the purpose of his going thence; said he:
 'I'd heard that birds and ants and all wild things
 Suffered privation for the deeds of evil men;
- 2550 Over this land at length I pondered,
 But saw no person more confounded than myself;
 Therefore I left, in case for my own wickedness
 The door of Charity might close upon the whole community!'

Would you have excellence? Then gracious be, for excellent ones like these
 Saw none in the whole world as worse than themselves;
 Magnificent you'll be in all men's eyes
 When you don't take yourself for much:
 The great man who accounts himself but little
 Will bear off greatness' prize – here and hereafter too!
 2555 From this dust bin of ours God's servant's purified
 When he becomes dust beneath a lesser person's foot;
 O you who by our dust may pass,
 By the dust of men magnificent, I pray you recollect!
 If Sa'di turns to dust, what matters it to him? –
 Since he in life as well was only dust:
 Helplessly to the dust he gave his body,
 Albeit like wind he whirled around the world;
 And now, ere long, dust will consume him,
 And once more round the world the wind will take him.
 2560 Yet, since there blossomed the rose-garden of Idea,
 No nightingale so pleasant spoke therein as he:
 A strange thing if a nightingale like this should die,
 And have no rose grow on his bones!

Chapter 5 *On Acceptance*

- One night, as I was burning cogitation's oil,
And lighting up therewith the lamp of eloquence,
One of disordered utterance heard my discourse;
He saw naught for it but to say 'Well said!'
Though therein he for malice would insinuate some criticism
(A cry must needs arise where there is pain!):
2565 'His thought is eloquent enough, his vision lofty,
To treat the technicalities of abstinence, wild words, and counsels;
But naught he says of darts and maces, heavy clubs,
Those technicalities that put the finishing touch to others!'
Does he not know we have no mind to warfare?
Else, is the scope for utterance not confined:
I too can draw the sword-blade of the tongue,
Or through all mundane utterance draw the pen;
Come, let us tilt a little in this wise,
Making the foeman's head a *bālīsh*-weight!
- 2570 Felicity lies in the Just One's gift,
Not to be clutched by the forceful man's arm;
If heaven on high will not bestow the empire of good-fortune,
It cannot be roped in by courage;
The ant no hardship for his weakness suffers,
Lions eat not by their claws and force alone.
Since 'gainst the skies our hands cannot be opened wide,
We are obliged to fit their turning;
If life's prescribed for you unto old age,
Serpent will harm you not, nor sword, nor lion;
2575 But when no share of living's left to you,
A healing draught will kill you just like poison:
When Rustam ate the last of his days' ration,
Did not Shaghād reduce his being to the dust?

A comrade I once had in Isfahan,
 A warlike man, a bold adventurer;
 In constant flow were dyed with blood his hand and dagger,
 The foe's heart was, on his account, mere roast-meat on the fire!
 No day I saw him but he'd girded on his quiver,
 With fire a-leaping from his arrow-tips of steel;
 2580 Stout he was of heart, ox-powered to his finger-tips,
 And lions grew bewildered at his fearsome aspect.
 The practice-arrows, at a challenge, he would loose
 So as unfailingly to hit the mark with each;
 Never saw I thorn go into rose
 As did his spear-point into shields thick-covered;
 No warrior's headpiece with his javelin he'd strike
 But helm and head alike he'd mash together!
 As when a sparrow fights on days when locusts swarm,
 He recked not whether sparrows faced him to be killed or men;
 2585 If he had had to charge at Faridūn,
 No licence he'd have given him to draw his sword;
 Panthers cringed before the violence of his paws,
 When he had sunk his claws into the lion's brains!
 He'd seize a seasoned warrior's belt
 And, though he were a mountain, pluck him from his place;
 When his axe smote a warrior wearing mail,
 Through man it passed and struck the saddle hard!
 Neither for manliness nor for humanity,
 Had any heard throughout the world of man to be his second.
 2590 Not for one instant would he loose his hand from me,
 So much did he incline to those of upright disposition!
 But all without warning, travel from that land did carry me away,
 For in those parts was no more daily sustenance for me;
 Fate from Iraq to Syria transported me,
 And pleasant enough I found my dwelling upon that pure soil;
 In brief, some while I there did dwell,
 Afflicted and in comfort, in hope and fear,
 Until at length my cup of Syria was full
 And I was drawn by longing for my home.

By accident it so befell

That I through Iraq chanced to pass once more;
One night, as my head was sunk in anxious meditation,

That paragon's image passed through my heart:

Salt thereupon renewed my ancient lacerations,

For I at that man's hand had eaten salt.

To see him I betook me Isfahan-wards,

Seeking and asking after him by virtue of affection;

That young man, aged, I saw, by time's revolvings,

His poplar now a bow, his Judas-tree turned dyer's weed;

2600

His head, for his hair's snow, was like a hoary mountain,

While water from the snows of age coursed down his face;

Heaven o'er him had gained the hand of power,

Twisting back his manhood's hand-joint;

Foredoom from his head had expelled deluded pride,

And now the head of impotence was rested on his knees.

I said to him: 'O Captain, lion-taker!

What's worn you down this way, as though an aged fox?'

Laughing, he said: 'Why, since the Tatar Wars

I've put from my head my former fighting-spirit:

2605

I saw the land, for lances, like a reed-bed,

The standards caught therein like fire;

Like smoke, I stirred up combat's dust -

But, lacking empire's fortune, of what avail is recklessness?

Such I was that when I made a charge

I with my spear could from a hand remove a ring:

But now that my star would furnish no support,

They now, ringlike, did compass me about!

Eagerly I took the path of flight,

For only ignorant fools will sharpen claws at fate;

2610

How can the cap and coat of mail support you

When your brightly shining star will not?

If victory's key's not in your hand,

You cannot with your arm smash triumph's door.

We band of panther-fellers with the strength of elephants,

From men's heads to the hooves of beasts encased in iron,

No sooner did we see the other force's dust,

Than mail we took for clothing and capped ourselves therewith;

Our Arab horses, as a cloud, we spurred,
 And poured down fine-tipped arrows as though rain!
 2615 All without warning, the two hosts dashed together:
 You might have said that heaven was dashed on earth!
 At the arrows' hail-like raining-down,
 On every hand death's tempest rose!
 To catch the combative warriors, leonine,
 Nooses opened wide their dragon-mouths;
 Earth turned to heaven, so blue the dust,
 While swords and helmets flashed therein like stars;
 When upon the enemy's mounted troops we came,
 Afoot we twisted shield in shield;
 2620 With arrow and spear we parted hair –
 Yet, empire's fortune lacking, we turned our faces thence!
 What force can bring to bear the fist of man's endeavour,
 When the arm of success will lend no support?
 Not that the swords of valiant men were blunt,
 But vengeance from our stars did not come sharply;
 None of our army from the combat came forth,
 Save with a mail-coat weltering in blood;
 And like a hundred grains, together in one ear of wheat,
 We fell – each grain to its appointed hiding-place.
 2625 But then, unmanfully, we cast loose from each other,
 Falling, for all our armour-scales, like fish into a net;
 Some there were whose shafts would not pierce silk,
 While I'd have said their arrows might stitch up anvils!
 Since horoscopic casts from us had turned their faces,
 Our shields were naught against fate's arrows!
 But now hear a telling yet more wonderful,
 To show unfortunated effort cannot avail two barleycorns!

TALE 90 *An unlucky marksman defeated by felt armour*

A man iron-fisted, in Ardabil,
 Could send two-headed arrows through a spade!
 2630 One clad in felt came to do battle with him,
 A youth world-burning, bellicose:

In combat-seeking like to Bahrām Gūr,
 A noose on his shoulder, of wild-ass rawhide.
 When the Ardabīlī saw that man in ragged felt,
 His bow he strung and pulled the string back to his ear;
 Fifty poplar-arrows he loosed upon him,
 Of which not one shaft pierced the felt;
 Indeed, the felt-clad one advanced like Champion Sām,
 Caught him in his noose's crook and carried him away!
 2635 To his own camp he bore him and there, at tent-flap,
 Hand to neck he bound him, as men do bloody thieves;
 All night for honour hurt, and shame, he slept not;
 At early morn, from in the tent, to him spoke an attendant:
 'You who stitch iron with bolts and arrows,
 How fell you captive to one dressed in felt?'
 I've heard he said, and blood he wept the while:
 'Know you not that none can live on doomsday?
 I am a man who, in technique of cut and thrust,
 2640 Might teach to Rustam warfare's customs;
 When my luck's arm was powerfully endowed,
 The thickness of a spade seemed me but felt,
 But now that no advancement's in my fist,
 Felt to my arrows is no less than spades!
 On doomsday the lance will rip the mailcoat,
 Yet will not pass the shirt of one undoomed;
 He at whose nape lies the sword of doom's conquest
 Is naked, multi-layered though his mailcoat be;
 But if luck assists him and fate backs him up,
 A naked man cannot be killed – though with a butcher's cleaver;
 2645 No wise man by endeavour carried off his life from doom:
 No ignoramus died from merely eating something incompatible.

TALE 91 *The doctor 'twas that died*

One night, for pains in his side, a champion could not sleep;
 A physician resident in that locality declared:
 'Inasmuch as he consumes vine-leaves,
 I'll be surprised if he concludes the night;

For better Tatar arrow-heads within the breast
Than the discomfort of incompatible comestibles;
Let but a morsel be contorted in the bowel,
And all the foolish fellow's life will come to naught!
2650 It chanced that night the doctor died:
Since that time forty years have lapsed, and still the champion lives!

TALE 92 *A donkey's skull as a scarecrow*

A rustic's donkey died on him:
Its skull he set up for a mark above his garden-vine;
An elder, experienced, passing by,
Laughingly addressed that cultivator of the plain:
'Suppose not that this jackass (by your father's soul!)
Can fend the evil eye from your plantation;
For he could not fend off the stick from his own head and ears,
And impotent and lacerated did he die!'
2655 What knows the physician to remove a person's suffering,
Since he himself of suffering needs must die?

TALE 93 *One man's loss ...*

I've heard a *dinār* from a penniless man's grasp
Did fall, and much the poor wretch sought it,
But turned away at length the head of desperation;
Another, all unlooked-for, found it.
For ill-luck and good-luck both, the pen
Did move while we were still within the womb;
Daily bread is not consumed by force of fist:
Indeed, the forceful-fisted may more tightly rationed be;
2660 Many a resourceful lad has died in hard estate,
While one resourceless carried off security's own ball!

TALE 94 *A father's punishment must be endured*

An old man belaboured his son with a stick,
 Who said: 'My father, beat me not in innocence!
 'Gainst men's injustice I may cry to you,
 But what recourse when you yourself treat me unjustly?'
 Cry to the Just One, man possessed of sense;
 But, at the Just One's weighty hand, no cry bring forth!

TALE 95 *Keeping up with Bakhtyār*

2665 A man of lofty star there was, his name was Bakhtyār;
 Mightily well-found was he, of capital possessed;
 His house within the beggars' quarter lay,
 His gold like wheat within the bushel-measure;
 Both gold and wealth in that locality were his,
 The rest close-handed, of retrograde condition.
 Now when the poor man sees the rich in comfort,
 His heart by neediness' brand burns more:
 A wife assailed her husband without surcease
 When nightly he before her empty-handed came:
 'None is so out-of-luck, so poor as you,
 And like a wasp you have naught but a sting;
 2670 Learn from our neighbours how true men behave,
 For I, after all, am no whore lightly come-by!
 People have gold and silver, property and gear:
 Why are you not fortunate like them?'
 That lucid-hearted one, all clad in wool,
 A cry sent up, from empty innards like a drum:
 'In nothing do I have the hand of power,
 Try not with your fist to twist the hand of destiny:
 Into my hand free choice was not given
 To make myself as Bakhtyār!'
 2675 How well a pauper elder in the land of Kish
 Said to his ugly-looking consort:
 'Since destiny's hand has fashioned you thus ugly,
 Don't smear upon that ugly face cosmetics!'

Who to good-fortune can attain by force,
 Who by collyrium make a blind eye see?
 The doing of good cannot proceed from those whose blood is bad:
 It is absurd to hope for needlework from dogs!
 Not all the Philosophers of Greece and of Byzantium
 Know how to make honey from *zaqqūm*;
 2680 No wild thing can be expected to turn human:
 The effort of nurture is wasted thereon;
 Of rust a mirror may be cleaned,
 But mirrors are not made from stone;
 Roses will not grow from willow-boughs, try how you may,
 Nor will a negro turn white at the baths!
 Since destiny's poplar-shaft cannot be turned aside,
 Man's only shield must be Acceptance.

TALE 96 *The vulture and the kite*

Thus said a vulture to a kite:
 'No one than I is longer-sighted!'

2685 'This,' the kite said, 'cannot be let pass over:
 Come, what see you upon the plain's horizons?'
 As I've heard tell, a whole day's journey's distance
 He looked down from on high,
 And said: 'I see, if you can but believe it,
 One grain of wheat upon the desert lying!'

The kite for wonder could not wait,
 And headfirst down they plunged together;
 But as the vulture came upon the grain,
 A long toil knotted round him tight:

2690 Little he knew that, as he ate the grain,
 Old fate would cast a snare about his neck!
 (Not every oyster-shell with pearls is pregnant:
 Even the skilful marksman cannot hit the target every time.)
 The kite then said: 'What good to see that grain,
 When for your foeman's snare you had no sight?'
 I've heard he replied, his neck tightly bound:
 'Caution is of no avail 'gainst what is foreordained!'

2695 When fate lifts its hand to have a man's blood,
Destiny shuts up his sharp-sighted eye;
In a stream where none the shores can descry,
Of no avail's the swimmer's confident delusion!

TALE 97 *The humble weaver's apprentice*

How well the brocade-weaver's lad did observe,
When he'd produced phoenixes, elephants, giraffes:
'No picture from my hand emerges
But first my master up above designed it!
Whether yours of bad-estate or good a picture be,
It is delineated by the hand of His ordaining;
A sort of crypto-polytheism it is, no less,
To say: 'Zaid me molested, 'Amr injured me!'
2700 For if behest's own Lord upon you sight bestows,
No more Zaid's picture you will see, nor that of 'Amr!
I think not, though the servant hold his breath,
That God will through his daily portion draw the pen;
I pray the world's Creator give you release victorious,
For if it's He Himself that binds, who then can know how to release?

TALE 98 *The baby-camel to its mother*

A baby-camel once said to its mother,
After they'd journeyed: 'Sleep a while, do!'
Said she: 'Were but the halter in my hand,
None in the camel-train would see me carrying loads!'
2705 Destiny the ship carries whithersoever it will,
Even though the pilot rips his clothes where he stands.
Sa'di, fix not your eye on any person's hand,
For only the Nurturer Himself bestows;
If you're a worshipper of Truth, doors enough will open to you,
But if He drives you hence, no person wants to see you;
If He shall make you fortunate, then raise aloft your head:
If not, despair's own head you may well scratch!

Devotion, sincere in intention, is good,
 But what can derive from a shell without kernel?
 2710 Whether the Magian girdle round your waist, or yet the *darvish* habit –
 What matter, if you wear them for the sake of what men think?
 Make not, as I've told you, parade of your manhood,
 But, once having shown it, be no catamite!
 In the measure of what is, one should make show:
 Yet he who did not show, but was, was never put to shame.
 When o'er a man's head borrowed robes are ripped,
 The old clothes show upon his breast;
 If you are short, then fasten on no stilts,
 For only in children's eyes will you seem tall;
 2715 Copper, silver-coated, there may be,
 But one can spend it only with the uninstructed.
 My soul, put not gilt coating on a farthing,
 For the Well-Advised Changer will take it for naught:
 Those with gold coating will be taken to the Fire,
 And there will appear whether copper they, or gold!

What said (don't you know?) the old gaffer of the mountains
 To a man who would not sleep at nights for ostentation?
 'Go, my friend, and wrestle for sincerity,
 For you'll get no viaticum from men:
 2720 Those who of your doings show approval
 Have so far seen naught but the outward design!
 What can a slave, *hūri*-esque, fetch in value,
 Who under her cloak has a leprous form?
 One cannot enter Paradise with idle tales,
 For there the veil falls back to show your ugly face!

TALE 99 *A child pretends to fast*

I've heard that one not yet of age took to fasting:
 One day, with a hundred tortures, he got as far as lunch-time;
 The usher that day took him not to school,
 Being greatly impressed by the small child's devoutness;

2725 His father kissed him on the eyes, his mother on the head,
 And almonds over his head they scattered, gold likewise!
 Now, when one-half the day had passed him by,
 A burning befell him for the fire in his bowels;
 He said in his heart: 'If I eat a few morsels,
 What can my father or my mother know of what they do not see?'
 Whereupon the boy, looking to father and family alone,
 Ate in secret but publicly finished the fast.
 Who knows likewise, if you're not in the bonds of Truth,
 Whether *you* stand in prayer without ritual washing?
 2730 Any elder more stupid than an infant is,
 If he for mankind's sake is involved in devoutness:
 A prayer is but the key of Hell's own doorway
 When you prolong it in the eyes of men;
 If elsewhere than to Truth your path should go,
 Your prayer-mat will be spread within the Fire!

TALE 100 *The man who fell from the ladder~*

A man of black behaviour tumbled from a ladder;
 In the same breath, I'm told, he gave up the ghost!
 His son for several days to weeping betook him,
 Then began once more to visit his associates;
 2735 But once in a dream he saw him and asked his condition,
 And how he'd survived Gathering and Raising and Interrogation;
 Whereat he answered: 'Son, pray recite to me no stories:
 Straight into Hell I fell from off that ladder!'

One of good conduct without external ceremony
 Is preferable to the man of good-name all rotten within;
 For me, a highwayman noctambulant
 Is better than a pious-shirted libertine!
 When a man endures trouble at other men's doors,
 What reward should God give him at Resurrection Time?
 2740 Look not, my lad, for 'Amr to pay your wages
 When you are working in the house of Zaid!
 I say that only he can reach the Friend,
 On this road, who sets his face towards Him;

Travel the straight road to reach your resting-place:
 You're not on the road for loitering's sake,
 Nor like the ox, his eyes by the oil-presser bound,
 Who trots till nightfall and at night is where he started!
 Whoever from the prayer-niche turns his face aside
 Will have his infidelity attested by the neighbourhood:
 Yet you too have your back to Mecca while in prayer
 Unless you turn the face of need to God.
 When a tree's roots are firmly planted,
 Nuture it: one day it will give a load of fruit;
 But if sincerity's root you have not in the soil,
 None, of this fruit so deprived as you will be;
 Whoever casts his seed upon the face of rocks,
 At harvest-time will not pluck even a barleycorn.
 Make not honour shown you the seat of affectation,
 For such water has but mire beneath it;
 If I am secretly evil, meanly covered with dust,
 What use the water of high esteem upon my doing's face?
 It's easy with bold-faced affectation to sew a habit of patches -
 If you can only foist it off on God!
 What knows mankind who may be in the clothing?
 But the scribe knows what is in the document!
 What will a purse of wind weigh where
 The scales of equity are found, and justice' own register?
 The hypocrite who showed such careful scruples:
 They looked, and lo! he had naught in his purse.
 Outside surfaces are made finer than linings,
 For the one is concealed while the other's in sight:
 With what's in sight, however, the great (in soul) have naught to do,
 And hence they have linings of China-silk!
 If you would have your reputation spread throughout the land,
 Dress up your outer-self and let the inside be but padding!
 Did not Bāyazīd say, albeit in jest:
 'Safer am I with one who disapproves than with my own disciple!'
 Those in authority, and emperors too -
 All are but beggars within this Court:
 No man of Idea sets ambition on a beggar,
 Nor is it meet to seize the hand of one who's fallen.

Surely it's better, if you're pregnant with a pearl,
That like an oyster you should keep your head in!
If the face of your worship be turned towards God,
It's well enough that Gabriel should not see you.
Sa'di's advice will suffice you, my son,
If you'll but heed it like a father's;
But if you'll not hear our words today,
Let's hope that tomorrow you'll not have regrets;
And if a better counsel you must have,
I know not what may befall you when I am gone!

Chapter 6 *On Contentment*

That man knows not God, shows no obedience,
Who with his luck and daily-bread is not content;
Contentment makes men wealthy:
Inform the greedy one of this, who scours the world!
Acquire of rest a measure, you who lack stability,
For herbage will not grow upon a rolling stone.
Cherish not your body, be you a man of judgment and good-sense,
For when you cherish it you kill it;
2770 Wise men are virtue-cherishers,
While the body-cherishers are lean of virtue.
A person can heed humanity's course
Only when he's silenced the lower-self's dog:
Eating and sleeping are but the way of beasts –
Persisting therein is the practice of the unwise.
Happy the fortunate man who, in a nook,
Acquires of knowledge a goodly supply;
Those to whom Truth's secret has been divulged
Will never choose Error in preference thereto;
2775 But when one knows not dark from light,
Demon's aspect, *hūrī* countenance – both are one, the same!
Yourself you've cast into a pit because
You knew not pit from highway.
How shall the young falcon fly to heaven's pinnacle
When to his royal feathers you've tied desire's stone?
But free his skirt from the grasp of concupiscence,
And he'll go right to Sidra of the Ultimate Extreme.
By lessening consumption below one's habit,
One's person may be made angelic-natured;
2780 But how shall a wild thing's course attain to angels?
From wet earth to the heavens none can fly:
First you must practise behaviour that's human,
Then you may think to be angelic-natured!
You're the girth upon a restive colt:
Look lest he twist his head from your authority,

For if he wrest the rein from out your hand,
 Himself he will kill and shed your blood too!
 Eat your provisions, if you be human, in manner measured:
 Full-bellied, are you man or vat?
 2785 Your innards are the place for food, divine remembrance, breath:
 Think you they are for bread alone?
 Within a bag of desire, how fits divine remembrance?
 Puffed-up people draw breath with difficulty!
 Are not the body-cherishers aware
 That the full-bowelled man, of Wisdom is devoid?
 The eyes and the belly can never be filled:
 Better those writhing guts were empty!
 Like Hell they are, which (though with fuel it's sated)
 Still cries aloud: 'Is there yet more to come?'
 2790 The Jesus of you dies for leanness,
 Yet you're involved in cherishing the ass:
 Buy not the world at such a price, you worthless one,
 Nor buy the ass with Jesus' Gospel!
 Do you not see that beasts, both wild and tame,
 Are cast into the snare merely by greed to eat?
 The leopard, which above all wild things lifts its head,
 Falls in the snare for eating's sake – just like a mouse!
 He whose bread and cheese you eat, mouselike –
 Into his snare you'll fall and eat his arrows too!

TALE IOI *The pilgrim's gift returned*

2795 A pilgrim gave me an ivory comb
 (God's mercy on the ways of pilgrims!);
 But then I heard that once he me had called a dog,
 His heart by me in some way being slighted.
 The comb I threw away, and said: 'This bone
 I have no need of; call me no more dog!'

Think not that I, consuming vinegar of my own,
 Will stand in justice from the one possessed of sweetmeats;
 Content yourself, my soul, with but a little,
 That ruler and poor man you may see as one;

2800 Why go before a prince with your requests?
When you have put aside desire, you are a prince yourself!
If you're a worshipper of self, then take your belly for a target;
Likewise, the door of every man's house to be your *qibla*.

TALE 102 *An avaricious man questioned by his little boy*

A man extremely avaricious, so I've heard,
One morn right early went before Khwārizmshāh;
And seeing him, he bent in two in reverence and straightened up again,
Rubbing his face upon the dust, indeed, before he rose.
To him, said his son: 'Papa mine, fame-seeker!
Let me ask you a problem, and tell me the answer:
2805 Did you not say the *qibla* was towards Hijāz?
Why do you pray today in this direction?'

Serve not the lower-self that worships lust,
For every hour it has a different *qibla*;
Brother, set not your hand to do its bidding,
Since anyone who will not comes off scot-free.
Man of good sense, contentment elevates your head:
The head of the avaricious never rises from his shoulder;
Avarice spills out esteem accorded dignity,
Spills out a skirt of pearls to gain two corns of barley:
2810 Since you will drink your fill of the (true) stream's waters,
Why spill esteem's water for the sake of mere snow?
Will you not relinquish your quest for well-being,
Lest you of necessity may make the round of doors?
Go, master, shorten the arm of desire:
What need have you of full-length sleeves?
He who folds up the scroll of avarice
Need never write to any as 'slave and servant'!
Expectancy from every gathering will expel you:
Expel it from yourself, that no one then may you expel.

TALE 103 *A man prefers death to humiliation*

- 2815 A man of heart was befallen by fever,
 And was told: 'Ask what's-his-name for sugar!'
 Said he: 'The bitterness of dying I'd prefer, my boy,
 To bearing the cruelty of a sour face!'
 The intelligent man will not eat sugar from the hand of one
 Who makes a vinegar-face at him for arrogance.
 Go not in search of everything your heart may wish:
 Giving the body power will lessen the spirit's light;
 The Soul Imperative abases man:
 If you are prudent, you'll not hold it dear;
 2820 If you eat all you may desire,
 You'll suffer much that's undesirable from life's vicissitudes;
 Heating up the belly's oven time and time again
 Will lead to trouble on the day when nothing's to be had;
 In straitened days your face will not shed its complexion,
 If you in ample times but keep your entrails strait!
 The gluttonous man must bear his belly's burden,
 And if there's nothing to be had, bears that of care as well;
 The belly's slave you'll often see put out of countenance:
 The belly, to my mind, is better empty than the heart.

TALE 104 *A greedy man falls from a date-palm*

- 2825 What wonder did I bring from Baṣra – do you know?
 A story sweeter than the ripest dates:
 Several were we, in the patched cloaks of the just,
 As we passed by the side of a date-plantation;
 Now one there was among us, an entrails-packer,
 By his gluttony much degraded;
 This wretched fellow girt his loins and climbed a tree,
 And thence he tumbled hard upon his neck!
 (Not every load of dates can be consumed or carried off:
 Ill-fated, 'sack-belly' ate and died!)
 2830 Up came the village-headman: 'Who killed this one?'
 Said I: 'Don't harshly shout at us!

His belly 'twas that pulled his skirt down from the branch!
 The man tight in heart is expansive of gut;
 The belly binds the hand and chains the foot,
 The belly's slave but seldom worships God!
 From head to foot the locust's naught but belly, sure enough –
 And yet the ant, small-bellied, pulls him by the leg!
 Go, procure a pure interior,
 For the belly can only be really filled with earth.

TALE 105 *The lustful gnostic*

- 2835 A Sūfi was dominated by his belly and his genitals,
 And spent two *dinārs* on them both;
 One of his friends in private said to him:
 'What did you do with both those *dinārs*?' He replied:
 'With one from my loins I drove the urge,
 And with the other spread a table for my belly;
 Yet have I acted unworthily, and foolishly too,
 For the one was not filled, nor was the other voided!
 Whether the food be delicate or insipid,
 If you obtain it late, you'll relish it;
 2840 The prudent man upon the pillow lays his head
 Only when sleep compels him in its noose;
 Until you find the scope for speech, say naught:
 When you can't see the field, then keep the ball;
 Go not beyond proportion with a woman:
 Not being mad, wield not the sword against yourself!
 To stimulate concupiscence, no eagerness being present,
 Is but to shed one's blood, one's own, with eagerness.

TALE 106 *A mystic refuses to buy on credit*

- One who had sugar-cane upon a tray
 Hied to left and right in search of customers;
 2845 To a man of heart said he, in a corner of the village:
 'Take it and pay when you are able!'

That wise one, beautifully compounded, gave
An answer fit for engrossing upon the eyes:
'Maybe you'll not be able to wait for me,
But I can do without the sugar-cane!'
Sugar within its cane cannot be sweetness
When bitter demands come after it.

TALE 107 *The Prince of Khotan and the proud ascetic*

2850 To a certain man, of mind enlightened,
The prince of Khotan gave a silken scarf;
For joy like a rose-petal, smiling, he burgeoned,
Donned it, kissed his hand, and said:
'How good to be honoured by Khotan's emperor –
But how much better one's own patched cloak!'
If you are free, you've but to sleep upon the ground:
Kiss not the ground before any for the sake of splendid carpets!

TALE 108 *Stick to your own bread and onions!*

A man for his bread had naught but an onion,
Had no provisions like other people.
To him observed a scatterbrain: 'O down-and-out,
Go, fetch a meal from the public-table!
2855 Ask, and have (good fellow!) no alarm of any,
For the shy man will know short commons.'
And so his cloak he fastened, bent his arm right readily
At which they tore his cloak and broke his arm!
I've heard that he said, and wept blood the while:
'My soul, what remedy for damage self-inflicted?
The man caught by desire is but a seeker of affliction:
At least my table was laid with bread and onions!'
The barley-loaf eaten by my own arm's effort
I'd rather have than finest bread at generous men's tables;
2860 How heart-constricted slept last night that man, unworthy,
Who had his ear alert for others' tables being served!

TALE I 09 *A cat learns contentment*

A cat there was in an old crone's house,
 One knowing days upturned, and ill-conditioned;
 Once to the prince's guest-hall it betook itself,
 And there the rulers' henchmen shot their arrows at it;
 Off, then, it went with blood from bone dripping,
 And said as it ran, in terror of its life:
 'If from the marksmen's power I escape,
 It's me for mice and the old woman's hovell'
 2865 Honey, my soul, 's not worth the bee-sting's wound,
 Better contentment with the syrup that you have.
 The Lord by that servant will not be gratified
 Who with the Lord's apportioning is not satisfied.

TALE I 10 *A solicitous father rebuked by his wife*

An infant having produced some teeth,
 Its father lowered his head in thought:
 'Whence shall I get it bread and provisions?
 Yet it were not manly to leave it without!'
 But when that man, resourceless, spoke thus before his consort,
 See how manfully the woman spoke to him:
 2870 'Be not terrorized by Satan, while it gives up the ghost!
 He Who gives teeth, The Same will give bread;
 The Lord of days, you know, is capable
 Of giving daily bread: consume yourself not so!
 The infant's Limner in the belly
 Likewise prescribes the length of life and daily bread;
 A lord and master, purchasing a slave
 Will keep him: much more the One Who him created!
 Have you not the same trust in the Creator
 As one who's owned towards his lord and master?
 2875 In ancient days, so I've heard tell,
 A stone would turn to silver in the hand of saints;

You will not think such words unreasonable:
 When you're but content, silver and stone are one!
 Inwardly, the infant is innocent of greed,
 And so to a fistful of gold aspires as to dust.
 Inform the pauper who worships rulers
 That the ruler's more wretched than the pauper:
 A beggar can be sated with one *dirham* of silver,
 Faridūn but half-sated with all the realm of the Persians:
 2880 The custody of realm and empire's but affliction,
 The beggar's an emperor, in name only 'beggar';
 The beggar on whose mind lies no bond
 Is better off than is an emperor ungratified;
 The peasant and his spouse sleep pleasantly,
 With a relish that the ruler in his palace never knew:
 Yet whether it be emperor or botcher of tatters,
 When asleep, the night of both is turned to day;
 When the torrent of sleep comes and sweeps men away,
 What difference, whether ruler on the throne or Kurd upon the plain?
 2885 Seeing a wealthy man, his head drunk with magnificence,
 Go and give thanks to God, you of hand constricted:
 You have it not, praise God!, within your hand
 That from your hand arise the injury of any.

TALE I I I *The man who built a modest house*

I've heard that a man of heart, a kindly man,
 Had made a house to match his height;
 To him said one: 'I know you to be able
 To make a better house than this.' 'Enough!' said he,
 'What do I want with raising vaults?
 This is enough for me to leave behind!'

2890 Make your home upon the torrent's path, my lad,
 For such a building none could ever finish;
 Nor is it part of knowledge, reason, judgment,
 That one in a caravan should make his residence upon the road.

For a domain-driver, endowed with grandeur,
The sun was about to sink behind the mountains;
To a holy elder, in those parts, his land he bequeathed,
Having no lieutenant within his own line.

Now when that solitary heard the drum of state,
No more he relished solitude's nook:

2895

Left and right, he took to ranging armies,
Strengthening the hearts of those with heart to fight;
So hard grew his arm, so sharp his claw,
That with battle-seekers to do battle he quested.
Of a people dispersed, a group he once killed,
Yet once more they gathered, in mind and force united;
And so tight in a fortress they confined him
That he ran out of arrows' rain and stones';
To a man well-disposed, he sent someone to say:

2900

'I am in trouble: help me out!
Aid me by your intentions, for swords and arrows
Will not avail in every scuffle!'
The devotee, hearing this, laughed and said:
'Why could not he eat his half-a-loaf and sleep (in peace)?'
Korah, who worshipped affluence, never knew
That in a corner lies the treasure of security;
Perfection lies in the generous man's soul,
So if gold he lack – what detriment, what has he to fear?
But think not, though a base man should become a Korah,
That his mean nature changes hue;

2905

A practiser of generosity may find no bread,
Yet he's of wealthy constitution, all the same;
Manly generosity is earth, and capital the seed:
Give, that the root stay not devoid of branches!
With a God Who makes humanity out of dust,
I'd wonder how He'd let humane behaviour come to naught;
Seek not elevation from putting wealth by,
For stagnant water gives unpleasant smells:
Rather strive to give, for running water
May bring aid from Heaven in its torrent.

2910 If a mean man falls from place and fortune,
 Upright again he'll come but rarely;
 But should you be of precious stock, fret not,
 For time in its course will not bring you to nothing;
 Though a brickbat be fallen onto the roadway,
 Do you not see that none regard it?
 Yet if a speck of gold from the shears' tip
 Falls, men with a candle seek it, carefully.
 Glass may well be produced from stone,
 But what becomes of the mirror, then, beneath the rust?
 2915 Qualities esteemed, and excellent, are required,
 For place and wealth but come and go.

TALE I I 3 *A handsome youth shorn of his locks*

I've heard from elders, sweetly spoken,
 There was once in this city an aged elder,
 Who many kings had seen and cycles of authority,
 For he had started life in 'Amr's time.
 A fresh young fruit, this aged tree did hold,
 Whose beauty kept the city all a-gossip:
 A marvel lay in that heart-stealer's chin-pit,
 For apple has never been known to grow on cypress!
 2920 From his impertinent manners, his sore abrasion of mankind,
 His father judged it glad relief to shave his head;
 With razor, then, that man of life long-standing, short of hope,
 Whitened the young man's head like Moses' hand;
 So that iron-hearted one, sharp-tempered as it was,
 Its tongue's blade loosed to blame the lad with *pari*-cheek;
 But for the hair by which his beauty it diminished,
 Men laid its head forthwith within its belly.
 Like to a lyre, the fair-faced lad's head, for embarrassment,
 Hung down, the while his hair before him fell.
 2925 To one whose mind was wholly given to him
 (All upset by his eyes, heart-binding),
 A man did say: 'You have been tried by cruelty and pain;
 No more, then, loiter round vain melancholy!

Mothlike, turn your back on affection for him,
 For the scissors have killed his beauty's candle!
 Now rose a cry from that firm passion-holder:
 'Soiled-skirted men have feeble loyalty:
 My need was for a lad pleasant-natured, fair of face:
 His father tell, to cast away his hair was but stupidity!
 My very soul is mingled with his in affection,
 Not just my mind dependent on a hair!'

If you have a face that's fair, grieve not,
 For hair, though it fall, will grow again:
 The vine fresh clusters does not give continuously -
 Now it sheds leaves, now fruit it gives;
 Great men, like Sol, may plunge behind a veil,
 While envious plunge in water as though embers,
 Yet the sun emerges from behind the clouds
 In time, while embers in the water die!

Fear not the dark, esteemèd friend,
 For living water may lie therein.
 After commotion, has not the world found rest?
 Did not Sa'di travel till he found his desire?
 Though disappointed, in thought your heart consume not:
 The night is pregnant, brother, with the day!

Chapter 7 *Concerning the World of Edification*

Of propriety I speak, good management and character,
Not of horses and playing-fields or polo-sticks and balls!
You share house with your enemy, the lower-self:
Why, then, be caught in conflict with strangers?
2940 Those who the soul's reins twist aside from what's forbidden
Surpass in manliness both Rustam and Sām too.
With a stick chastise yourself, as though a child:
Beat not the brains of men with heavy maces!
None will have a care for an enemy like you,
When you cannot get the better of even yourself.
A city-state, your bodily existence is – full of good and bad:
The ruler's yourself, with prudence the wise minister;
Clearly the baser sort, neck-elevating,
Within that city are haughtiness and passion and desire;
2945 Acceptance, godliness are men of goodly name, freeborn:
Fancy and lust are highwaymen, cutpurses too –
And if the ruler cares for evil men,
What price the comfort of those who're prudent?
Appetite, greed, hatred, and envy
Are in your veins as blood, as soul within your body,
And if such enemies by you are nurtured,
Their heads they'll turn from your authority and purpose.
Yet fancy and lust have no fight left
When they see the claws of intelligence sharpened:
2950 Do you not see burglars, rabble, and the meaner sort
Frequenting nowhere that the watch frequents?
The chief who never castigates his enemies
Will, likewise, on his enemies' account, not exercise his chieftainship.
Not much in similar vein I'll say:
A word suffices, if one will apply it!

If, mountain-like, you bring your foot beneath your skirt,
Your head will pass beyond the sky in splendour.
Pull up your tongue, man of much knowledge:
No record will stand against the tongueless one tomorrow!

- 2955 Like oysters, those who know the secret's inner jewel
 Open their mouths only on a pearl;
 The man of many words has stuffed-up ears:
 Counsel will not take except in silence;
 If you at every breath desire to speak,
 No sweetness you'll find in anyone's utterance!
 One should not speak when unprepared:
 What's not spread out cannot be cut;
 Those who reflect on what is wrong and right
 Are better than ready-answered chewers of thistle-cud!
- 2960 Speech is perfection in the soul of man:
 Make not yourself deficient by what you say;
 You'll never see the close-mouthed man embarrassed:
 Better a grain of musk than mud piled high!
 Beware the ignorant fool who speaks for ten:
 Speak like the wise man, once and well-matured;
 A hundred arrows you may loose, while every one goes wide:
 Be sensible and cast but one – and that one true!
 Why will a man in secret say
 What turns him pale if it grow public?
- 2965 Indulge before a wall no great detraction:
 Someone behind it may hold his ear attentive.
 Your heart's interior a city of secrets is, tight-closed:
 Watch that none may see the city's gate ajar!
 That's why the wise man sews his mouth up –
 Because he has seen candles burned by tongues.

TALE I I 4 *Takash and his gossiping ghulāms*

- Takash a secret told to his *ghulāms*,
 Enjoining them to tell it to no other;
 A year it took to come from heart to mouth:
 In one day it was spread throughout the world!
- 2970 At this, Takash incontinent his executioner ordered
 To take their heads off with a sword-blade,
 But of that company one spoke up and asked for quarter:
 'Kill not your servants when this fault proceeded from yourself!

When there at first was but a spring, you did not shut it off:
 What use to try, now it's become a torrent?'
 Reveal not to any the secret of your heart,
 For such a one to everyone will surely tell it;
 Entrust your jewels to those who keep the treasury,
 But guard your secrets for yourself!
 2975 Words you've not said are still within your hand,
 But what's been said may get the upper-hand of you;
 Words are a demon, trussed up, in the heart's own pit:
 Let him not loose upon the palate or the tongue!
 Well may one make way for a fierce male-demon,
 But he by trickery cannot be caught again:
 You know that when a demon's left his cage,
 Back again he'll come not, for anyone's incantation.
 A child from Rakhsh the halter may remove,
 Yet not for a hundred Rustams will he come to the lariat!
 2980 Say not that which, should it reach the generality,
 Will bring one person's being to affliction.
 How fair to the ignorant yeoman spoke his wife:
 'Speak with knowledge or do not breathe a word!'
 Say not what you cannot bear to hear,
 For when you've sown barley, wheat you will not reap.
 How well a Brahmin coined this adage:
 'Respect for each person proceeds from himself';
 In overmuch play you should not indulge,
 Lest you your own value thereby may damage.
 2985 If you speak a buse, no blessings you'll hear:
 You only reap what you yourself have sown.
 Speak not, nor step, if you are able,
 Beyond right measure or short of it.
 If you are sour, straightway (and sharp!)
 The world will take the path of flight from you.
 Fall not short-handed, helpless -
 Nor altogether to railing and usurpation either!

A man of goodly habit once there was, a wearer of the ragged habit,
Who silent was, some while, in Egypt;

2990

Wise folk from near and far

Surrounded him like moths, light-seeking.

One night he with himself took thought

How Man is hidden 'neath his tongue:

'If I continue thus to hold my head within me,

How can folk know how knowledgeable I am?'

Whereat he spoke, and enemy and friend both recognized

That he in all Egypt for stupidity surpassed himself;

His audience dispersed, his business turned ill-favoured,

And so he journeyed hence, inscribing on the archway of the mosque:

2995

'If I had seen myself within the mirror,

I'd not in ignorance have torn away the veil;

I brought forth one so ugly from behind that veil

Since I supposed myself to be fair-faced!'

He who little voices, keeps a voice that's keen,

But when you speak and lose your lustre, take to flight!

Man of good-sense, silence for you

Is solemnity, but for the inept a veil to cover all;

If you are learned, make not away with your own dignity:

If ignorant fool, rend not the veil around you.

3000

Show not too soon your heart's own mind,

For you can show it when you will;

But when one's secrets are disclosed,

They cannot by any effort be concealed again;

How well does the pen hide the ruler's secrets,

Speaking only with the knife at its head!

The beasts are silent while Man's the talker,

But better the tongue-tied man than one who's always talking:

One should speak like human beings, sensibly –

Or else, fall silent like the beasts!

3005

The sons of men are known for speech, intelligence:

Be not a stupid prater like the parrot;

By speech a man is better than the cattle,

Yet if to the point you do not speak, it's they who are superior.

TALE I 16 *The man who uttered abuse while fighting*

A man while quarrelling said what was improper,
 And those who stood by tore his collar with their claws;
 He suffered cuffs and sat down, naked, weeping,
 At which one, world-experienced, said: 'O worshipper of self!
 Had you like a rose-bud closed up your mouth,
 Your shirt, like a rose, you had not seen torn!'

3010 The hothead speaks words filled with all extravagance,
 Like a coreless, loudly-vaunting mandoline.
 See you not the tongue is naught but fire,
 Which, with a drop of water, you may quench within a breath?
 Let a man but have his share of virtue:
 That virtue will speak for itself – he need not;
 If you lack pure musk, no need to say so,
 While if you have, it by its smell proclaims itself;
 To swear you have a coin of rarest gold
 What need? The touchstone will surely tell what it is!

3015 Let a thousand of these cavillers declare
 Sa'di to be unworthy and too free a mixer:
 Licence they have to tear my hide,
 Since they have no ability to carry off my brain!

TALE I 17 *'Adud's sick son and the captive nightingale*

'Adud had a son who once suffered sore,
 While patience was remote from the father's own nature;
 To him a pious man, by way of counsel, said:
 'Let go your wild birds from their bonds!'
 And so for the morn-chanting birds he smashed the cages
 (For who'd in bonds remain when prisons smash?),

3020 But kept, upon the archway to the garden-house,
 A celebrated, sweet-toned nightingale.
 The son at early morning hastened to the garden,
 And found that bird alone on the archway to the porch;
 Smiling, he said: 'Nightingale, pleasant-breathed!
 You by your own utterance linger in the cage!'

None has to do with you, so long as you've not spoken;
 But when you have, then be prepared to back it up!
 Take the case of Sa'dī, who tied his tongue up for a while,
 And thus escaped the charge of those who vainly wield their tongues;
 3025 That man embraces ease of heart
 Who stands aloof from men's society;
 Be prudent, publish not the faults of other men:
 Be so concerned with your own faults that others you ignore!
 When idle tales are sung, put not your ears to work:
 If you see one unveiled, then cover up your gaze!

TALE I I 8 *An officious postulant breaks up a party*

I've heard that at a feast of drunken Turks
 A postulant did smash the minstrel's drum and harp;
 Forthwith they plucked him harplike by the hair,
 Those *ghulāms*, and drumlike beat him in the face;
 3030 All night he slept not for pain of stick and buffeting.
 Next day the elder, in instruction, said to him:
 'If you'd not be, as is a drum, torn-faced,
 Cast down your head, my lad, like a harp!'

Dust and turmoil, two persons saw, fighting also –
 Shoes scattering, stones in flight!
 One, as he saw the trouble, broke away, aside;
 One plunged right in – and broke his head!
 None is pleasanter than the self-controller,
 Having naught to do with any man's fair or foul;
 3035 Eyes and ears were put in your head,
 The mouth's the place of utterance, the heart the place of sense,
 That you might distinguish what's down from up –
 Not that you say the one's too short, the other overlong.

TALE I I 9 *Leave embracing couples alone!*

Thus spoke an elder, of good-sense acceptable
 (Pleasantly in the ear sound elders' words):

In India, once, I went up to a hidden nook,
 And what did I see? A black man, long as midwinter-night!
 In his embrace a girl lay, like the moon,
 Into whose lips he'd sunk his teeth;
 3040 (Bilqis' afreet, you'd have said he was:
 In ugliness a very model for the devil!)
 So tightly he'd taken her within his hold
 That you might think 'The day was covered by the night'!
 The 'admonition to good behaviour' seized my skirt:
 Busyboding became a fire and took firm hold of me;
 This way and that, I sought out sticks and stones
 And then cried: 'You who fear not God, lacking good-name and honour!'

And so by railing and abuse, by uproar and deterrent,
 I, dawnlike, parted white from black:
 3045 That baleful cloud from o'er the garden passed,
 That egg appeared from underneath the crow!
 At my incantation the one of demon-aspect leapt away,
 But she of *pari*-figure by the hand now clung to me:
 'Hypocritical prayer-mat spreader, wearer of the *darvish* habit,
 Man of black deeds, world-buyer, seller of the Faith!
 Full many a day my heart's been gone from out my hand
 By reason of this person, my soul on his account in turmoil;
 Now, with my raw *bonne bouche* so nicely cooked,
 You from my palate dash it forth all hot!'

3050 Aloud she cried for justice, called for help:
 'Compassion's overthrown, no mercy's left!
 Are no more young men left to render help,
 To get me justice from a man thus senile,
 Who, at his age, is unashamed
 To touch a woman's veil, and she unknown to him?'
 So did she clamour, held fast to my skirt,
 While, for dishonour, my head within my collar stayed;
 Then, in my mind's ear, my intelligence whispered
 To come forth from my clothes, like garlic peeled!
 3055 Naked, from the woman I ran thence, therefore
 (For better my clothes within her hand than I!);
 Some time thereafter she chanced to pass me by:
 'Know you me?' she said; to her I said: 'Hands off!'

I at your hands forswore
 Ever again to meddle around with interference!
 Such things will not confront a man
 Who sits intelligently at his own business;
 From such a nasty situation, this counsel I've derived:
 Henceforth to treat as unseen what I've seen!
 3060 Restrain your tongue, if you possess intelligence, good-sense:
 Speak as does Sa'di, or silent remain.

TALE I 20 *Denouncing a drunkard leads to involvement.*

Before Dā'ūd Tā'i, a man took his seat and said:
 'I've seen a certain Sūfi, flat-out, drunk,
 His turban and his shirt with vomit stained,
 And a pack of dogs in circle round about him!'
 When that auspicious-natured man this tale had heard,
 He drew his brows together at the speaker
 And for a while grew agitated. Then he said: 'My friend,
 What we need today are compassionate colleagues!
 3065 Go, bring him hence from that abominable plight,
 For it's both by the Law forbidden and a shame upon his cloth;
 Take him upon your back, for drunken men
 Do not hold in their hands the bridle of the Way!'
 At these words, heart-constricted grew the one who listened,
 And sank in thought as might a donkey in the mud:
 Both gall, he lacked, to disregard the order
 And power to take the drunkard on his shoulder;
 He writhed awhile, but saw no remedy,
 Nor any way to turn his head aside from that command.
 3070 At length, his loins he girt and willy-nilly on his shoulder
 Took him, the whole town round him running riot;
 One at him thrust: 'This *darvish* see!
 Hurrah for the pious, pure in faith!
 See these Sūfis, having drunken wine
 And pledged their ragged habits for a bumper!'
 The one he pointed out this way, the other too, and said:
 'This one's hung-over, and that one half-drunk!'

A sharp blade at your neck from an enemy's injustice
 Is better than the citizens in ugly mood, the mob in turmoil;
 3075 He knew affliction, spent a day in torture,
 And in reluctance took him to a place he owned;
 All night he could not sleep for shame, anxiety.
 Next day T'ai, smiling, said:
 'Spill no one's honour, brother, in the neighbourhood,
 That fortune spill not yours throughout the city!'

Evil, concerning people good or bad,
 Speak not, my generous lad, possessed of prudence,
 For you may make a bad man your opponent,
 While if he be good, you yourself do bad.
 3080 Whoever tells you 'Such a one is bad,'
 You'll notice how in his own coat he picks a hole,
 For 'such a one's' deeds require demonstration,
 But this man's evil deed leaps to the eye.
 When to speak ill of men you take a breath,
 Though you speak true, yet you are bad.
 A person in calumny lengthened his tongue,
 At which a wise man, head held high, spoke thus to him:
 'Remind me not of others in evil connection:
 Make me not suspicious on your own account!
 3085 And grant that their dignity be somewhat reduced,
 Yet it will not enhance your own position.'
 Someone once said (I took it for a jest)
 That theft was more appropriate than calumny;
 To him I said: 'Good colleague, of disordered sense,
 My ears find such a tale remarkable:
 What benefit can you see in dishonest conduct,
 That you would rank it higher than calumny?'
 'Surely,' he said, 'thieves show temerity,
 Filling their bellies by the arm of manliness!
 3090 But not so the slanderer, unworthy man,
 Who blackens the record and thereby gets nothing!'

I was once paid a stipend in the Nizāmiya,
 For night and day I lectured and reviewed;
 One day to the professor I spoke: 'O prudent sir!
 Such and such a colleague's jealous of me:
 When in my discourse I do justice to the inner meaning,
 His innards foul are all disturbed!"
 That captain of polite learning heard these words,
 Then flared up sharply: 'How remarkable!
 3095 You could not approve jealousy from a friend,
 But who gave you to understand that calumny was good?
 Though he mean-spiritedly takes the road to Hell,
 You'll get there by this other road!"

TALE 122 *Leave Hajjāj to God!*

A certain person termed Hajjāj 'bloodthirsty,'
 Saying his heart was like a black stone-fragment:
 'No fear has he how mankind sighs for help;
 O God! Wrest justice from him for mankind!"
 An elder, world-experienced, born long since,
 Gave this young lad a piece of old advice:
 3100 'Justice from him, for the wretch that he's oppressed,
 Will be demanded – likewise from others for hating *him*!
 Withhold your hand from him and from his fate,
 For Fate will get the upper-hand of him;
 I want no share in his injustice,
 Nor can I find approval for your calumny!"
 The hapless man's sins may carry him to Hell
 (For he has filled the measure, and the record blackened),
 But others run behind him with their calumny,
 Lest he should go to Hell alone.

TALE 1 2 3 *The pious man who jested with a child*

3105 As I've heard tell, a certain pious man
Once laughed in jesting with a child;
At this, the other pious, dwelling in seclusion,
Fell to picking holes in him;
When, finally, the tale could not remain concealed,
But was reported to that man of insight, he replied:
'Rend not the veil to shame a colleague, sore distracted:
Jesting is not prohibited, but calumny's not allowed!'

TALE 1 2 4 *The pharisaical devotee*

In childhood I conceived desire of fasting,
Not knowing which was left yet, which was right!
3110 A devotee, a local pious man,
Taught me to wash my hands and face:
'Say first "In God's Name!" as practice prescribes;
Second, fix your mind; and third, wash the palms;
Then wash your mouth and nose three times,
Scraping your nostrils with your little finger;
With forefinger, then, massage the front teeth
(For a toothpick's forbidden, after noon, when in fast);
Next dash three handfuls of water on the face,
From where the hair grows on the head down to the chin;
3115 Item, wash both arms up to the elbow-joint,
Saying whatever you know in praise of God, and recollection of Him;
Item, massage your head, then rinse your feet –
And there it is, all finished in the Name of God!
None knows the ritual better than I do:
See you not the village-elder's turned decrepit?
The ancient village-headman heard these words
And lost his temper: 'O foul person, execrated one!
Did you not call it error to use toothpicks while in fast?
But is it right to eat the sons of men when they are dead?
3120 Wash first your mouth from what should not be said:
Then it will be washed free of edibles!'

When a person's name comes up in company,
 Call him by the fairest name and designation;
 If constantly you say that other men are asses,
 Do not suppose they'll speak of you as human!
 So speak of my conduct in the district round about
 That you may say it to my face;
 If by a beholder's eye you're put to shame,
 Is not, O sightless one, the Knower of the Unseen ever present?
 3125 Are you not, then, of your own self ashamed
 That you have disregarded Him but are ashamed by me?

TALE I 25 *A darvish advised to vent his spite on the infidel*

Some knowers of the Way, firm-footed,
 Sat in solitude a while together;
 Then one of their number embarked on calumny,
 Opening the door to mention of a wretched fellow.
 To him one said: 'Colleague of addled dye!
 Have you campaigned against the Franks at any time?'
 And he: 'From out my own four walls,
 I've never in my life set foot!'

3130 At this spoke that *darvish* of candid breath:
 'Never I saw one of such reverted fortune:
 The infidel sits safe from his assault,
 The Muslim can't escape the cruelty of his tongue!
 How well a madman of Marghaz did speak
 A saw to make you bite your teeth into your lips:
 'If I in ugly fashion ever speak of men,
 I'll slander none but my own mother:
 Those who by prudence have been nurtured know
 That by far the best worship's performed by a mother!'

3135 When a companion's gone away, you who possess good-name,
 Two things are forbidden to those who're left behind:
 One to consume his property in vain pursuits,
 The other to speak ill of him.
 Whoever speaks dishonourably of others,
 Do not expect him to speak well of you;

Behind your back, he'll say just what
He said to you concerning others who'd departed;
That man, of all the world, I hold intelligent
Who's busy with himself and heedless of the world.

- 3140 Three persons, so I've heard, may rightly be disparaged,
While if you pass beyond them to a fourth, that's wrong:
One is an emperor approving what is blameworthy,
On whose account you see harm lying on men's hearts;
It is permissible to pass reports of him,
That mankind may be against him on their guard.
Second, no covering spin around the shameless man
Who even rends the veil round his own self;
Preserve him not, good brother, from a pool,
For he to the neck will fall in a pit!
3145 Third, is the man of crooked scale, his nature devious:
Tell all you know of *his* evil deeds.

TALE I 26 *The robber and the Sagzi grocer*

- I've heard that a robber came in from the desert,
Passing through one of Sīstān's gates;
From the local grocer he made a purchase,
Though the poor wretch got no good thereby,
For the grocer robbed him of half-a-farthing;
At this the black-deeded robber raised a roar:
'At night of my own doings I'm sore afraid,
Yet here's one by daylight knows neither fear nor dread of any!
3150 O God! Burn not the nightly prowler in the Fire
While the man of Sīstān sticks folk up by broad day!'

TALE I 27 *The mystic who would rather not know ...*

One to a Šūfi said in all sincerity:
'Know you not what so-and-so says behind your back?'

Said he: 'Brother, silence! Pipe down, do!
 Better not to know what your enemy has said!
 Those who carry an enemy's message
 Are surely enemies worse than he:
 None to a friend will bring an enemy's utterance
 Save him who supports the latter in his enmity!
 3155 No cruelty can my enemy speak to me
 Such as to make my body tremble at the hearing;
 But the worse enemy you, for deigning to say:
 'An enemy thus and thus in secret spoke!
 The tale-bearer refreshes ancient quarrels,
 Enraging the good and peaceable man;
 Flee that companion, while you can,
 Who to a sleeping mischief says 'Arise!';
 A pit of blackness, with a man therein, leg-bound,
 Is better than carrying mischief hither and yon.
 3160 Between two bodies a quarrel's like a fire,
 With the luckless tale-bearer serving as woodman!

TALE 128 *Faridūn and his money-lending vizier*

Faridūn had a minister, one highly regarded,
 Who had enlightened heart and eye far-seeing;
 His first consideration was to please the Truth,
 And then he heeded what the emperor ordered.
 (The ignoble commissioner imposes suffering on mankind
 Ostensibly as managing the realm, replenishing the treasury;
 Yet one who'll not observe the Truth's own aspect,
 The Latter by the emperor will hurt inflict upon him!)
 3165 One went at early morn before the king,
 Saying: 'May you know daily ease, attainment of desire!
 Hear no ulterior motive of me, accept my advice:
 This minister's an enemy to you secretly;
 There's none in the army, of high rank or low,
 Who has not borrowed silver and gold from him
 Against the condition that when the neck-lifting emperor
 Shall die, they'll give him back that gold and silver.

No wish this self-server has to have you live,
 Lest he should not again his cash recover!
 3170 Forthwith upon the intendant, refuge of the realm,
 The emperor looked with chastisement's own eye:
 'You who stand before me in the form of friend,
 Why is your mind malevolent towards me?'
 Kissing the ground before the throne, the minister replied:
 'Since you've asked, I may not now conceal it:
 Emperor of renown, it is my wish
 That all mankind may wish you well;
 Since, should you die, the promise on my silver would fall due,
 For fear of me they wish for your continued life!
 3175 Would you not wish that folk, sincerely and for need alike,
 Wish your head green, your life prolonged?
 Men count the prayers of others as a bonus,
 Serving as a coat of mail before affliction's arrows.'
 What he now said, that prince found acceptable,
 The roses of his face for freshness bloomed again;
 Esteem and rank, as erstwhile held by that intendant,
 Were magnified the one, and raised the other;
 The man malevolent was scolded, castigated,
 Suffering remorse for what he'd said.
 3180 I've never seen one more adrift than the layer of information,
 Nor one of auspice more depressed or fortune more regressive:
 He, out of ignorance and obscurity of mind,
 Will cast disagreement between two friends,
 But if they once again (in peace) rejoice their hearts,
 He lies between them, blind of fortune, put to shame;
 Between two persons, to light a fire
 And burn oneself betwixt is no act of intelligence!
 That man, like Sa'di, will taste the savour of solitude
 Who from the doings of both worlds restrains his tongue;
 3185 But say what you know of profitable words,
 Albeit they should meet with no man's approval,
 For tomorrow the regretful will send up a cry:
 'Alas! Why to the truth would I not give my ear?'

A goodly wife, obedient and pious,
 Will turn a poor man to an emperor;
 Go! Strike upon your door five times
 When you've within your arms a sympathetic helpmeet!
 Though you know grief throughout your day, grieve not
 When she who will relieve your grief lies nightly in your arms;
 3190 When a man's house flourishes and his bedfellow's friendly,
 God's glance in mercy lies upon him;
 Let a wife be modest and fair-faced too -
 Her husband's in heaven at sight of her,
 But that man's taken from this world his heart's desire
 Whose heart's ease is single-hearted with him;
 So long as she be pious and pleasantly spoken,
 To beauty or ugliness have no regard:
 A pleasant-mannered wife's more soothing than one fair,
 For sociability will cover up her faults;
 3195 Before one *pari*-countenanced, but ugly-dispositioned,
 The wife of demon aspect, pleasant-natured, will carry off the ball:
 Vinegar, from her husband's hand, she'll take like sweetmeats,
 But no sweets will be eaten by her whose face is vinegar-smeared!
 A wife well-wishing is heart's ease, no less,
 But as for the one who's bad - God grant refuge!
 A parrot, with a crow for close companion,
 Takes any occasion to quit the cage:
 Set forth at a venture into the world,
 Or else on wretchedness set your heart;
 3200 To walk with nothing on the feet is better than tight shoes,
 And travel's afflictions are better than quarrels in the home;
 Better caught up within the judge's prison
 Than staying at home with a brow that's twisted into knots!
 A journey's a festival to that lord-and-master
 Whose ugly spouse remains in her abode.
 Close up on any abode the door of happiness
 Whence loudly rises the shouting of a wife;
 Beat the wife who's always on her way to market:
 Or else, wifelike, you yourself may sit at home;
 3205 If a wife to her husband will not give ear,
 Then place her collyrium-coloured drawers upon the man!

In courting a wife uniting ignorance with untruthfulness,
 No wife you court, but rather calamity to yourself;
 Where confidence is breached in the matter of a barley-measure,
 Wash your hands completely as regards the corn-bin.
 The Truth on His servant has invoked sheer good
 When to him his wife is true, both heart and hand,
 But when the wife smiles in the face of a stranger,
 Tell that man to boast of his manhood no more!
 3210 When boldly to the fried meats a wife puts her hand,
 Go place your fist freely in her man's face;
 Let the eyes of a wife be blind to strangers:
 When she leaves her house, let it be for the tomb;
 When you see your wife not steadfast in one place,
 No calm you'll find then from prudence or good judgment:
 Flee from her hand to the crocodile's mouth –
 Better to die than live in shame!
 Cover her face from the stranger's eye,
 But if she will not hear, then which is wife, which husband?
 3215 A goodly wife, of pleasant nature, is a trouble and a burden,
 But utterly let go the ugly, ill-assorted one.
 How aptly two persons spoke the following words
 (They being quite confounded at the hands of their wives):
 Said one: 'May none possess an evil wife!';
 The other: 'May no wives be in the world at all!'
 Take a new wife, friend, with every new spring,
 For last year's calendar serves no purpose!
 Seeing a man caught up with his wife,
 Make no attack upon him, Sa'di, strike him not:
 3220 You too will see cruelty, bear a burden,
 If you once spend the small hours in her embrace

A young man, of his mate's discordance
 Made moan to an elder, and said:
 'A heavy load, at this overbearing adversary's hand
 I bear, as though a nether millstone.'
 'Your heart,' said that worthy, 'on hardship set,
 For none at fortitude should be ashamed:

At night you are the upper stone, you rascal, you!
Why should you not be the nether by day?'
If you've derived pleasure from a rose-bush,
It's only fair you bear the burden of its thorns;
When of a tree you constantly eat the fruit,
Bear with it when you suffer its pricks likewise!

When beyond ten a boy's years have passed,
Bid him sit away from strangers:
Fire should not be set to cotton,
For in the batting of an eye your house will be burned down.
If you would have your name endure,
Teach your son prudence and good-judgment;
If he lack breeding and good-judgment amply measured,
You'll die and none will be left after you!
Many a day in hardship will be spent
By the lad whose father educates him gently;
Bring him up prudent, abstinent:
If you love him, spoil him not;
While he's still little, scold him and instruct:
Lead him to good by promises, from evil out of fear.
Yet to the novice kind words, commendation, and applause
Are preferable to a master's reproaches and threats.
Teach him you rear to work with his hands,
Even though, Korah-like, you have your hands on treasure;
Rely not on the affluence that is yours,
For it may be that wealth will not abide on hand;
The purse that silver and gold contains comes to an end,
But the craftsman's purse is never void;
How do you know that time's revolving
Will not whirl him about the lands in exile?
But when to a craft he has an access,
How should he stretch necessity's hand to any?
Know you not whence Sa'di found all he desired?
Not by traversing deserts, cleaving seas:
When small, he received cuffs from those who were big,
So when he grew big God gave him serenity!

Whoever bows his neck to take commands
 Will ere long give commands himself;
 That child who a teacher's cruelty
 Never knows, will surely know the cruelty of fortune.
 Yet treat your son kindly, bring him comfort,
 That his eye linger not on others' hands (in hope):
 3245 Whoever will not for his children care,
 Others will care for them, abusing him;
 Keep him protected from evil associates,
 Lest they make him luckless and lost like themselves.

TALE I 29 *A beardless youth refuses to join the revellers*

One night there was a party in my neighbourhood,
 Where all sorts of people were assembled;
 And as the minstrel's note rang out around,
 The lovers' whoops rose up to heaven's vault.
 There was a youth of *pari*-countenance, by me beloved,
 To whom I said: 'Come, pretty toy of mine!
 3250 Why will you not join these good companions,
 And light our feasting like a candle?'
 Whereat I heard the slender-statured lad, of silvery body,
 Saying to himself as he went on his way:
 'Having no whiskers in my hand like men,
 To sit before men thus – it were not manly.'
 Ask for none with blacker record than that catamite
 Whose face grows black before he has a downy cheek:
 From such a one, thus lacking in respect of self, a man should flee,
 For his unmanliness will shed men's honour.
 3255 Where there's a son who sits among the Qalandars,
 Tell the father he may wash his hands of any good for him;
 Grieve not for his destruction, ruin:
 Better that one disowned should die before his father!

The house-uprooting witness to beauty will make a desolation for you:
 Go, cause your house to flourish with a wife;

A man should not indulge his fancy with a rose
 Who has a different nightingale at every dawning;
 While if at every gathering he makes himself a candle,
 Don't hang around him longer like a moth!
 3260 A goodly wife, of pleasant temper, well decked out –
 How should she resemble an ignorant upstart-youth?
 On her, as on a rose-bud, breathe the breath of loyal affection,
 For roselike at a smile she'll fall upon your neck;
 Not so, that twisted child, all flippant in his beauty,
 Whom even stones can't break – as though he were bdellium;
 See him not as heart-enchancing, like the *hūr* of Paradise,
 For he on the reverse side is ugly as a ghoul;
 Though you may kiss his feet, he'll give you no regard:
 Though you be dust before him, no gratitude he'll show you.
 3265 Empty your head of brains, of coin your hands,
 If you would set your mind on other people's children:
 On other people's children look not to evil purpose,
 Lest your own child thereby come to corruption.

TALE 130 *A merchant learns to leave boys alone*

Once in this city it came to my ears
 That a certain merchant had purchased a slave
 And on his 'apple' nocturnally laid hands,
 For he was silvery-chinned and mind-enchancing;
 Whatever he could grasp, that *pari*-countenanced one
 3270 Smashed wrathfully upon his master's pate and brain
 (Not everywhere you see a heart-enchancing line
 Can you aspire to put it in your book!);
 On this, taking God and His Prophet to witness,
 The man vowed never again to meddle in such matters.
 It chanced that same week he had to go a journey,
 Sore in heart, with bound-up head and lacerated face;
 Now as he came within a mile or two of Kāzīrūn,
 He faced a towering stony tract,
 And asked the name of this redoubt
 (Whoever lives will see many wonders!);

3275 To him replied a fellow-traveller in the caravan:
 'Know you not, then, the Turks' Tight Corner?'
 So heavily did hearing this name afflict him,
 You might have said he'd caught sight of an enemy;
 Harshly he shouted to his black retainer:
 'Ride no further, ass! Fling down our baggage!
 I cannot have a barleycorn of intellect or knowledge
 If I go once again through the Turks' tight corner!'
 Close the door, infidel, on the lower-self's lust,
 But if a lover you must be, then take your medicine and bind your head!
 3280 When you would educate a slave,
 Bring him up in awe of you, that you may profit by him,
 For if his lord shall bite his teeth into his lip,
 He for himself will cook up notions to be the master!
 A lad is needed to be a drawer of water, a caster of bricks:
 A slave reared tenderly will prove a pugilist.

A certain class are wont to sit with pleasant boys,
 Claiming to be pure-dealers, men of insight;
 Take it from me, worn out by many days:
 The fasting man at table eats regret;
 3285 The sheep eats date-stones, but only because
 Locks and bonds lie on the date-bales;
 The oil-presser's ox has his head in the straw
 Because his rope's too short to reach the rape-seed.

TALE I 3 I *A demented lover reproved by Hippocrates*

A man saw a form, of beauty possessed,
 And by love's frenzy his state was quite transformed;
 So much sweat did the poor wretch cast
 As dew upon May foliage is found!
 Hippocrates, out riding, chanced to pass him by
 And asked what had befallen him to make him thus;
 3290 Said one: 'He's a devout and pious man,
 From whose hand fault has never come.

Day and night he goes amid the deserts and the mountains,
Fleeing society, wearied of mankind,
For a mind-enchanted's stolen away his heart,
And his vision's foot is sunk deep in the mud.
Yet when folk's reproof reaches his ear,
He weeps: "How long must you reprove? Pray, silence!

Say not, if I make moan, I have not reason,
For my cries from good cause are not remote:

It's not this design that steals my heart from my own hand,
He, rather, steals my heart Who fashioned the design!'"'
Hearing which words, that man experienced in affairs,
Aged, well-instructed, mature of judgment,
Said: "Though he may have repute for good,
What you say would not go with everyone:
The Limner's indeed was this selfsame design,
Which ravished away the crazy man's heart;
But why did not a day-old infant carry off his sense,
For who, seeing handiwork, cares whether fully-grown or tiny?

He who's concerned with truth sees just the same in camels
As in the fair-faced ones of China and Chigil!"

A covering, my every line is in this book,
Draped o'er the cheek of a heart-enchanted:
Ideas there are, beneath the letters black,
As one beloved 'neath the veil, or moon within the mist;
There's no room for boredom within Sa'di's pages,
Since he behind the veil so much of beauty has.

As for me, whose very words illuminate assemblies
(For, like fire, they have the power to light and burn),

I grieve not at the spasms of my foemen,
Since they're but fevered with this Persian fire!

If in the world there's one who has escaped the world,
He's one who's shut his door against mankind upon himself;
But none escapes the hand of cruel tongues,
Be he a self-displayer or a worshipper of the Truth,
And though like an angel you fly through the sky,
Some suspicious fellow will still hang on your skirt;

With strenuous effort the Tigris can be bounded,
 But the malevolent man's tongue can never be bound.
 3310 Seated in unison, the soiled-skirted say:
 "This abstinence is deadening, that a mere bait for bread!"
 Yet never turn your face aside from serving the Truth,
 Never mind if men hold you of no account:
 If with His servant the Holy God be satisfied,
 What matters it that these be not?
 He who's malevolent to men is of truth unaware:
 From the turmoil of his character he's no access to the Truth.
 The reason why such folk have never come to any place
 Is that the first step they took was in pursuit of error.
 3315 Two persons to one dictum may apply their ear,
 While being as far apart as devil and angel are:
 One takes advice, the other umbrage takes
 And from carping to advice refuses to pass.
 As for the languisher in an obscure corner,
 What can he perceive from the world-revealing goblet?
 Yet think you not, though you be lion or fox,
 That you'll escape from such by manliness or trickery;
 Let but a person choose the nook of solitude,
 Having no great liking for society,
 3320 And they'll reproach him with: 'Hypocrisy and fraud!
 He flees from men as does a demon!'
 Or if he's smiling-faced and mixes easily,
 They'll reckon him not chaste or abstinent;
 A rich man by backbiting they will flay,
 Saying: 'If there's a Pharaoh in this world it's he!';
 Yet if one destitute should weep hot tears,
 They'll call him 'luck-inverted, murky-dayed.'
 Let but fortune's favourite lose his footing,
 And they will reckon it a blessing, grace of God:
 3325 'How long could such position, arrogance endure?
 Unpleasantness must follow what is pleasant!'
 Again, if one tight-handed, slender of resource,
 Is raised in station by felicity,
 They grind their teeth in poisonous hatred of him
 And say: 'This worthless age but cherishes those who're base!'

Should they see you have affairs in hand,
 They count you covetous, a worshipper of the world;
 Yet if you hold highmindedness' hands from work,
 They call you 'practitioner of beggary, a diner-out on others.'
 3330 If you're a speaker, you're 'a drum with nonsense filled,'
 If silent, 'a picture on a bathhouse tile.'
 The patiently forbearing they'll not call 'men,'
 Saying: 'Such wretches will not lift their heads for fear!';
 But if one's head be filled with fearsome manly fury,
 They flee from him and cry: 'What madness here!'
 They'll fault one if he eat but little,
 Saying: 'Perhaps his property will go to keep another!';
 Yet if his food be delicate and fine,
 They call him 'belly-slave' and 'body-worshipper.'
 3335 Let one possessed of property live without great show
 (For garnish is scandal to men of discernment),
 They'll smite him hurtfully with tongues like swords:
 'Even to himself the luckless fellow grudges gold!'
 Again, if he shall build a palace or portico all painted,
 Or make for his own body an elegant robe,
 His life at his attackers' hands he hazards
 When they charge that he decorates himself as though a woman.
 If a pious man has done no travelling,
 Those who have will not call him 'a man':
 3340 'He who's never left his wife's embrace,
 How shall he have merit, judgment, skill?';
 Yet they will lacerate likewise the one who's seen the world:
 'A drifter, he - his luck's all in reverse;
 If he had any part or share of forward-going fortune,
 Fate would not drive him thus from town to town!'
 Short-sighted men denounce the bachelor,
 That earth alone trembles at his lying down and rising;
 Yet if he take a wife they say forthright:
 'He's fallen in up to his neck, just like a donkey in the mud!'
 3345 No ugly face escapes the cruelty of men,
 No beauty's witness escapes from un-men, ugly-spoken.
 I once possessed a slave in Egypt,
 Who for embarrassment would cast his eyes down on his breast;

At which a person said: 'This lad lacks all intelligence and sense;
 Box his ears to teach him better!
 So one night I shouted at him roughly,
 But the same man said: 'He's killed the poor wretch with his cruelty!
 If anger one day wrests you from your place,
 They'll call you 'deranged' and 'cloudy of judgment';
 3350 While if to someone you should show forbearance,
 They'll say: 'He hasn't much of self-respect.'
 They counsel to the liberal man: 'Enough!
 Lest tomorrow your hands go back and forth!';
 But if he grows content and self-preserving,
 He's bound to fall foul of some folk's aspersions:
 'Such a mean fellow will die like his father,
 Letting go wealth and bearing off regret!
 Who's able to sit in the nook of security?
 Even the Prophet did not escape men's vileness;
 3355 Though God has no like, associate or mate,
 You've heard what the Christian says of Him?
 No man finds escape from the hands of others,
 And he who's caught has no recourse but to endure.

TALE 132 *The preacher with a speech-defect*

A man there once was, meritorious, learned,
 Brisk and manly in exhortation;
 Good name was his and he a man of heart, Truth-worshipping.
 With the line on his cheek far pleasanter than one of script.
 He suffered, however, from a defect of the tongue,
 Whereby he'd not enunciate the consonants at true value:
 3360 Powerful he was in rhetoric, in grammar sprightly,
 But could not speak one letter of the alphabet correctly.
 I to a man of heart once said in this regard:
 'So and so has no teeth in front!'
 Whereat in black rage at me he flared up, red-faced:
 'Speak no more nonsense of this kind, I pray!
 In him you've seen the one fault that he has,
 But closed intelligence' eye upon so many virtues!'

Hear for a certainty from me that on the Day of Certainty
 Those who take the good view will not see evil.
 3365 When a man has virtue, learning, and good judgment –
 Though the foot of his innocence may slip from place,
 Countenance not the tiniest injustice against him:
 What have the great ones said? 'Take that part which is clarified!'
 Thorns and roses come together, man of good sense;
 But why tied up 'mid thorns? Tie a bouquet of roses, rather!
 He in whose composition is an ugly streak
 Sees in a peacock only ugly feet;
 Clarity you must acquire, you with your troubled face,
 For the clouded mirror no face reveals;
 3370 Seek the path whereby you may escape the Punishment,
 Not some particle on which to put your finger!
 O man of little worth, put not the faults of others forward,
 Lest this should stitch your eyes up to your own!
 Why should I take to task the man soiled-skirted,
 Knowing within myself my own is not unsullied?
 You may not be severe on others
 When you by ingenuity alone can justify yourself;
 When evil displeases you, do it not upon your own account:
 Then you may tell your neighbour not to do it.
 3375 Be I a recognizer of the Truth or a self-displayer,
 My exterior's held towards you, my interior to God;
 When I've decked my outer self in modesty,
 You've no concern with what's awry in me, or straight;
 Whether my behaviour's good or reprehensible,
 God knows me better secretly than you.
 Whether I am good or bad, be silent, you:
 I am myself the porter of profit and of loss;
 Punish that man for evil deeds
 Who looks to you for good's reward!
 3380 As for good deeds by those who judge aright,
 God enters up a tenfold credit;
 You too (for a wonder!), wherever a virtue
 You may see, pass by ten faults therefor;
 Wind not a single fault upon your finger,
 While letting a world of virtue go for nothing!

So the enemy, looking on Sa'di's faults
Disgustedly (while all corrupt within),
Has no ear for a hundred elegant points,
But when he sees a laggard line he sends aloft a cry!
The sole reason for this is that that self-admirer
Has had his eye of kind regard gouged out by envy:
Did not the Creator's handiwork compound mankind
Both black and white, and fair and ugly too?
Not every eye and eyebrow that you see is goodly:
Eat the pistachio-kernel, but throw away the shell.

Chapter 8 *On Gratitude for Good Estate*

Breath I cannot draw to thank the Friend,
For I consider no thanks worthy of Him;
A gift from Him, is every hair upon my body,
But how shall I thank Him for every hair?
3390 Praise to the Lord, Bestower of all,
Who made His servant to exist from nothingness!
Whose is the power to describe His benevolence,
Since attributes are swallowed up within His nature?
The wonder He, Who out of slime creates a person,
Bestowing mind and wisdom, sense and heart!
From the loins of your father till grey hairs are ended,
Behold what honour, out of Unseen, He has given you!
Since pure He created you, stay prudent and pure,
For it is shame to go impure to earth;
3395 Cast off continually the mirror's dust-deposit,
For it will take no polish should it absorb rust;
In the beginning, were you not a spermal drop?
But now, if you would be a man, put egotism from your head;
When by exertion you attract your daily bread,
Rely not on the strength of your own arm:
Server of self, why will you not see the Truth,
Since it is He still Who sets the hand to gathering?
When by your striving some good is produced,
Know it to be by Truth's aid, not by your own exertion;
3400 None by his own fist alone has carried off the ball:
Render thank-offering to the Lord of aid;
Not for one step do you subsist as of yourself:
Assistance from the Unseen, breath by breath, arrives!
Were you not an infant, your tongue tied from ranting?
Yet daily bread came, in the womb, from the navel,
And when the cord was cut, and the supply together,
Your hand then hung upon the mother's breast;
When one in foreign parts must suffer pain at fortune's hand,
Water from his own town he's given as medicine:

3405 So one within the belly found his nurture
 And from the stomach's conduit drew his food,
 While now the two breasts that are his heart's desire
 Are (as it were) two springs which issue from his place of nurturing.
 The well-beloved mother's lap and bosom
 Are Paradise, her breasts a stream of milk therein;
 A lofty tree she is, life-nourishing,
 The child a delicate fruit upon it;
 Are not the bosom's veins one with the heart's interior?
 Thus, if you consider well, milk is the heart's blood.
 3410 And while the child its teeth like stings sinks in the mother's blood,
 Affection is compounded in her for her own bloodsucker;
 But, having made his arm strong, his teeth to grow sturdy,
 The nurse expels the nipple from his lips with aloe,
 And so sharply the aloe quenches his thirst for milk
 That he the sweet breasts forgets entire.
 You too, who're but a child upon repentance' road,
 May by bitter suffering have your sins forgotten!

TALE I 33 *A mother reproaches a wayward son*

A youth from his mother's good judgment turned his head aside
 And burned her suffering heart with fire;
 3415 Wretched, she set his cradle down before him;
 'Weak in affection,' she cried, 'forgetful of old ties!
 Were you not tearful and helpless and tiny
 When I for your sake could not sleep, nights on end?
 Had you not in the cradle naught of strength or circumstance –
 Not even the power to drive flies from yourself?
 Once you were one to suffer from a single fly,
 You who today lead men in stalwart force!
 But in the tomb's own depth you to a state will come again
 Where you from your self cannot repel an ant!
 3420 How shall the eye light up again its lamp
 When the worm of the grave's eaten up the brain's tallow?
 When you see one whose eyes are veiled,
 Not knowing, as he walks, the highway from the pit,

You may give thanks you are endowed with sight -
 If you do not, you too have your eyes veiled.
 No teacher can instruct in understanding and good judgment,
 For it is God Who blends this quality within your nature;
 And if He refuses you a truth-perceiving heart,
 Truth in your ear will seem the very eye of falsehood.
 3425 See how one finger from so many joints,
 With craftsmanship divine, He casts together:
 Confusion of mind it is, therefore, and foolishness
 To point a finger at a particle of His handiwork.
 Reflect, in order that Man may walk,
 How many bones He links and joins!
 Without the motions of the ankle, knee, and foot
 None from his place can take a step;
 Again, it is not hard for Man to make prostration,
 Since in his back he has no vertebra all in one piece:
 3430 Two-hundred vertebrae He's made to lie the one within the other -
 He Who's fashioned a ball of clay like you;
 O you of temperament acceptable! The veins upon your body
 Are as three-hundred sixty rivers on an earth;
 Sight's in your head, and judgment, thought, discretion,
 The limbs made precious by the heart, the heart by wisdom;
 The beasts are fallen low upon their face,
 While you like *alif* ride high on your legs:
 Their heads hang down to take their food,
 But you in dignity bring your food before your head;
 3435 With such pre-eminence it becomes you not
 To lower your head in aught save in obedience;
 By His own grace He's given you grain, not straw,
 Nor put your head to grass as with the grazers.
 Yet with this heart-endearing form that's yours
 Be not beguiled, but take a goodly course as well;
 A straight road is what's needed, not straight stature,
 For the unbeliever too, in form, is just as we!
 As to the One Who gave you eyes and mouth and ears,
 If you're intelligent, to thwart Him you'll not strive:
 3440 Granted, you may pound an enemy with a stone,
 But make no war (whatever you do) in ignorance against the Friend!

Men of wise nature, thankful for favour,
Fasten God's grace with gratitude's nail.

TALE I 34 *The Greek sage and the prince with the dislocated neck*

A king's son fell from a splendid black horse,
And in his neck a vertebra dislocated;
Elephant-like, his neck sank on his body,
His head not revolving till his trunk did likewise;
At which the physicians were left all perplexed –
All save one philosopher from Ionian lands.
3445 *He twisted back his head and the nerves were righted*
(The prince, but for him, had become paralysed;
And yet, so I've heard, he forgot his endeavour,
Silencing his tongue against fit consideration!);
When once again he came before the ruler,
That man unworthy would show him no regard;
The head of the wise man then sank down for shame,
And I've heard that he said softly as he was going thence:
'Had I not yesterday twisted his neck,
He'd not twist his face today from me!'
3450 By the hand of a slave he sent thither a seed,
With orders to place it upon the royal censer
(The messenger came before the prince
And did what his master had told him to do);
The prince at the smoke thereof let forth a sneeze –
And neck and head became as they had been!
Bearing apologies, men hastened in the footsteps of that man,
Searching much but little finding.
Twist not your neck awry from giving thanks unto your Benefactor,
Lest at the End you raise your head in vain!

3455 A certain person boxed a child's ears severely,
Saying: 'O you of clownish judgment, of fortune in reverse!
An axe I gave you to break up firewood,
But I never told you to hack out the mosque-wall!'

The tongue was given for gratitude and thanks:
The man who knows what's due will wield it not for slander.
The ear is a passage for Koran, good-counsel:
Strive not to hear calumny or what is false;
The two eyes are good for following the Creator's fashioning,
But lower them before your brother's fault, or the friend's!

3460 Night is for your comfort, day likewise,
The bright moon and the world-illuminating sun;
Retainer-like, on your account the heavens
Ever spread out the carpet of the spring;
Though wind and snow there be, or rain and mist,
Though thunder plays polo and lightning wields swords –
All are subservient functionaries,
Who nourish seed for you within the earth!
If you suffer thirst, still seethe not sorely,
For the Carrier in the clouds will bring you water on His shoulder;
3465 And from the soil He brings the colour and scent of sustenance,
A showplace for the eye, and brain, and palate;
Honey He gives you from the bees, and manna from the air,
Fresh dates He gives you from the palm, and date-stones by the heap:
The palm-binders all must gnaw their hands,
Confounded that none such a palm has ever bound!
Sun and moon and Pleiades are all for your sake,
Serving as lamps in the roof of your dwelling;
From thorns He's brought you roses, from the bladder musk,
Gold from the mineworking, fresh leaves from dry wood.
3470 With His own hand He delineated eye and eyebrow,
Not being able to leave His own to others;
Mighty is He, Who cherishes the delicate
Cherishes thus with all shades of graces!
With soul one must speak, breath upon breath,
For thanking Him is not the tongue's work only:
O God! My heart to blood has turned, my eye is sore,
Seeing (as I do) Your grace exceeds my saying;
Not wild and tame, I say, nor ant and fish alone –
Even the angels' host upon the pinnacle of Heaven

3475 Have spoken but a little thanks as yet to You,
Uttering one only in ten-thousand thousands:
Go, Sa'di, wash your hands, your register, of this,
And start not out upon the road that has no end!

None knows the value of the day of happiness
Until a day befalls to suffer hardship;
A poor man's winter in a year of dearth –
How easy seems it to the one possessing property!
The sound man who never a while lay down and groaned
Never spoke thanks to his Lord for health.

3480 If manfully and sharp of foot you walk,
Then stay awhile in gratitude with those who're halt;
The young man should bear with the one who's old, decrepit:
The powerful fellow show compassion to the powerless;
What know the Oxus-dwellers of water's value?
Ask those who're stranded in the sun!
And the Arab who by the Tigris squats –
What cares he for those who're thirsty in Zarūd?
That person recognizes fitness' worth
Who for a while's been helpless, fused in fever!
3485 How should the murky night seem long to you,
As you from one side, softly, to the other roll?
Think of the one who falls and rises, fevered –
He in affliction knows the night's full length!
The worthy burgess may wake at the sound of the drum,
But what does he know how the watchman's night has passed?

TALE I 35 *Tughrul and the Indian guard*

I've heard that Tughrul, one night in autumn,
Passed by an Indian keeping watch
Who, at the downpour of snow and rain and flood,
Had fallen to shivering like Canopus.
3490 Tughrul's heart, for compassion, began to seethe on his account,
And he said: 'Come! Put on my fur-lined tunic!

Wait for but a moment at the roof's verge
 Till I send it out by a *ghulām*'s hand.'
 While this was in train a zephyr wafted thither,
 And the emperor slipped within his portico.
 Now in his retinue he had a lad of *pari*-countenance
 To whom his nature was somewhat inclined:
 To look upon this Turk so greatly pleased him
 That he the wretched Indian quite forgot;
 3495 Through the latter's ears the fur-lined tunic passed,
 But (luckless as he was) did not fall on his shoulders!
 Now he had not the cold's affliction only,
 But the heavens' injustice added to his wait in expectation.
 Behold how the ruler heedlessly slept,
 And what his staff-wielding captain said next morn:
 'No doubt you forgot this fortunate fellow
 When your hand lay within the bondsman's bosom?
 Your night goes by in pleasure, making merry:
 What do you know how goes the night for us?'
 3500 The caravaneer, his head sunk in the cooking-pot,
 What cares he for those with feet sunk in the sand?
 Good master, heave your craft to on the water,
 For the water has passed over some poor devils' heads!
 Halt awhile, you brisk young men,
 For in the caravan are feeble elders;
 You who sleep pleasantly within the caravan-litter,
 The camel's halter in the driver's grasp –
 What to you are plain and mountain, rocks and sand?
 Ask of those who've fallen by the wayside how things stand!
 3505 You by a mountain-figured dromedary are borne along:
 What do you know how goes the one on foot?
 Those who sleep in homes with hearts at ease –
 What do they know of the state of one whose belly's hungry?

TALE I 36 *Some are more 'tight-handed' than others*

A man by the watch had had his hands bound,
 And spent the whole night distraught and hurt of heart;

Now all amid the murky-coloured night it reached his ear
That a person was groaning at being tight-handed;
The wretched thief, at hearing this, spoke up:
3510 'How long will you groan at your helpless state? Pipe down!
Go, tight-handed one, give thanks to God
That your hands by the watch are not bound tight!'
Make not much moan of indigence
When you see one more indigent than yourself.

TALE I 37 *The pauper and his rawhide shirt*

One bare in body had borrowed a *dirham*
To make his body a rawhide garment;
But then he groaned: 'O horoscope beyond control!
Within this rawhide undershirt I cook for very heat!'
Now when that half-baked fellow in his trouble came to boil,
One from the prison-dungeon called to him: 'Pipe down!
3515 Raw fool, give thanks to God
That you're not rope-raw, hand and foot, like us!'

TALE I 38 *A devotee mistaken for a Jew*

A man passed by a pious one
Who struck him as having the look of a Jew;
A heavy cuff he brought down on the nape of him,
Whereat the *darvish* offered him the shirt he wore;
Embarrassed, he then said: 'What happened was in error;
Pray forgive me, but what cause for gifts?'
Said he: 'In gratitude (and I bear you no malice)
That I am not that which you took me for!'
3520 One of goodly conduct, outwardly unceremonious,
Is better than one of good name, all rotten within;
In my esteem a highwayman, nocturnal,
Is better than a lewd fellow, piously shirted!

One left by the wayside was weeping aloud:
'Who is more wretched than I in this desert?'
To him a man who'd seen the world: 'Now, like a sensible fellow,
If you're a man, just listen to these words of mine:
Go and give thanks that, while you're not upon a donkey,
You are, after all, no donkey but a human!'

TALE 139 *The lawyer and the drunkard*

3525 A lawyer by a man passed by who'd fallen down in drink,
And grew deluded at his own chaste ways;
In arrogance he paid him no attention,
At which the young man raised his head: 'O elder!
Go, give thanks if you're in grace,
For disappointment comes of haughtiness!
Laugh not at seeing one in fetters,
Lest you – all unaware – fall into them yourself!
Is it not, then, within the possibility of supposition
That you tomorrow may fall down drunk like me?'
3530 Heaven marked you down to go to mosque:
Do not revile another in his temple;
Muslim, bind your hands in gratitude
That He bound not the Magian girdle round your waist!
Not all go of themselves in search of Him,
Being dragged by force and carried by the Friend's own favour;
Behold whence destiny has journeyed:
Blindness it is, to lean upon aught else.

The Creator has compounded a remedy in honey,
But not so as to overpower Fate;
3535 Honey restores the temperament of the living,
But for the pain of dying has no cure:
One at his last, whose spirit from his body
Has come forth – what can avail him nectar in the mouth?
Or when a man a steel mace takes upon the brain,
How shall another say: 'Rub sandal on his pain!'

While you are able, flee from danger,
 And sharpen not your claws at destiny.
 So long as the innards accept food and drink,
 The body stays fresh-faced and unspoilt in form,
 3540 But this house utterly in ruin falls
 When nature and nourishment do not accord together;
 Your temperament is wet and dry, and hot and cold:
 Man's nature's compounded from these four entire;
 Yet when one of other gains the upper-hand,
 It breaks the just balance of Nature's equilibrium;
 If the breath's cold wind does not pass freely,
 The fervour of the stomach makes the soul cry aloud,
 While if the stomach's pot seethes not the nourishment,
 The delicate body's function's underdone!
 3545 Yet men of recognition hang not their hearts on these,
 For they will not forever in accord remain:
 Consider not the body's power comes from eating -
 It is the Truth's own grace that gives you nourishment;
 By truth of Him! If eye on blade and knife
 You place, you will not honour His true claim of gratitude;
 When you your face upon the ground in service place,
 Speak praise to God, have no eye to yourself;
 The ritual prayers and attitudes are but a sort of beggary,
 And the beggar may not be deluded with pride;
 3550 Granted, a service you have rendered:
 Have you not constantly enjoyed His feudal benefice?

First He did place the purpose in the heart,
 And then this servant placed his head upon the threshold.
 If from the Truth no aid to goodness come,
 How shall a good from His servant reach another?
 Why do you consider what the tongue affirms?
 Consider, rather, Who it was gave speech unto the tongue!
 Man's eye to knowledge is the gate,
 Opened wide to heaven and to earth:
 3555 How would you understand what's down or up,
 Did He not open this gateway before you?

Head and hand, from nothing into being, He brought forth,
 And in the one placed liberality, obeisance in the other;
 Else, how would liberality proceed from mere hands?
 And from the head itself obeisance could not possibly proceed.
 In wisdom He gave tongue, and ears created,
 That they might be the keys to the coffer of the heart,
 For if the tongue did not take up its tale,
 How of the heart's secrets would any have report?
 3560 Or, but for the efforts of the ear's own spies,
 How would report reach reason's ruler?
 To me He gave the singer's utterance, sweet,
 To you the hearing and perception of the one who knows;
 Constantly these two, like chamberlains, are at the doorway,
 Carrying reports from ruler to ruler.
 Do you suppose your good deeds of yourself?
 Look at the doorway whence His aid proceeds:
 The gardener to the emperor's portico may bear
 A first-fruit rose – but only from the emperor's own garden!

TALE 140 *The idol of Somnath*

3565 An ivory idol I saw in Somnath,
 Encrusted as Manāt in pagan days;
 Its form the sculptor so had fashioned
 That no form fairer could be fancied;
 From every region caravans would make their way
 To gain sight of that form without a spirit:
 The rajahs of China and Cbigil did seek
 Good-faith from that stone-hearted idol (as with Sa'di!).
 And the wielders of tongues from every place went
 To humble themselves before that tongueless one.
 3570 The inwardness of this I failed to fathom:
 Why should what lives serve what is inorganic?
 And so of a Magian, with whom I was close
 (One well-spoken, my room-mate and companion),
 I mildly asked: 'O Brahmin!
 At the doings in this locality I am amazed!

These folk are bemused by this impotent image
 And fettered fast within the pit of error:
 His hand has no power, his foot cannot walk,
 And if you cast him down, he'll not rise up again;
 3575 See you not his eyes are amber?
 It's a mistake to seek good-faith from those with stony eyes!
 That friend at what I said became my enemy;
 In rage, like fire he grew and seized upon me;
 To the Magians then he made report, the elders of the convent,
 And in that company no kind face I saw further;
 Those *Pāzand*-chanting *gabrs* fell on me
 As dogs might on a bone!
 (Since that crooked road was straight to them,
 The straight road in their eyes seemed crooked:
 3580 A man, though he be wise, possessed of heart,
 Is an ignorant fool to those without knowledge!)
 I, like a drowning man, was at a loss what I should do,
 And saw no way outside prevarication
 (When you see an ignorant oaf on vengeance bent,
 Safety lies in giving way, compliance!);
 The leading Brahmin I lauded aloud:
 'O elder, exegete of *Zand*, *Avesta*!
 I too take pleasure in the sculpture of this idol,
 For it has pleasing shape, a heart-attracting stature;
 3585 Its form appears to me as quite prodigious,
 And yet I have no knowledge of its inner-meaning,
 Being a wayfarer, newly at this stage arrived,
 A stranger, scarcely knowing bad from good,
 You know (who are the queen upon this gaming-board,
 And counsellor to the prince of this locality)
 What inner-meaning lies within this icon's form
 (Among whose servants I'm the first);
 Devotion in blind faith may lead astray:
 Happy the traveller who has awareness!
 3590 The Brahmin for joy lit up his face;
 Accepting, he said: 'You speak what is acceptable!
 Your questions are rightly couched, your action fair:
 He who seeks a guide will reach the wayside halt!

Like you, I too have much in travel wandered,
 And idols I have seen who knew naught of themselves!
 This one, however, every morning, where he stands,
 Raises up his hands to God, the Justice-Bringer:
 If you so wish, stay here this night,
 And tomorrow this mystery will be displayed for you.'
 3595 And so I spent the night there, as the elder ordered
 (Like Bizhan, prisoner in affliction's pit!):
 That was a night as long as Resurrection Day,
 The Magians about me, unpurified, at their prayers;
 Those priests had never fallen foul of water,
 Their armpits stank like carrion in the sun;
 (Doubtless, a major sin I had committed,
 To bear so painful punishment that night!)
 At all events, all night I lay afflicted in sorrow's fetters,
 One hand upon my heart, the other raised in supplication,
 3600 When suddenly the drummer beat his signal-drum,
 And from the Brahmins' courtyard crew a cock;
 Night's black-robed preacher, uncontested,
 Drew forth from out his sheath the sword of day;
 The fire of morning fell on tinder,
 And in one breath a world was all inflamed;
 You might have said that in the march of Zanzibar
 Had suddenly emerged a Tatar from his corner of concealment!
 Those Magians, with their judgment all corrupt, unwashed of face,
 Entered the monastery from home and plain and byway;
 3605 None, whether man or woman, in the city stayed,
 Not room was left within that idol-house to stick a needle.
 Sore with rage and drunk with sleep I was,
 When suddenly that effigy raised its hands!
 In unison, a cry ascended from them all, so that
 You might have said the sea began to seethe.
 Now, when the idol-house was once more empty of that concourse,
 The Brahmin, laughing, looked at me:
 'I know there can remain to you no further doubt;
 Truth has been demonstrated: error is no more!'
 3610 Seeing that ignorant folly in him was firmly fixed,
 And ludicrous fancies well secured within him,

I dared not further speak of Truth,
 For truth must be concealed from those in error
 (When you see one who has the upper-hand stout-handed,
 There's nothing manly in smashing your fist against him):
 Awhile I played the hypocrite and wept,
 As though I felt remorse for that which I had said.
 The infidels' hearts were moved by my weeping
 (No wonder if a stone by floods be turned!);
 3615 They ran to me to do me service,
 Taking my arm respectfully;
 And now I went to speak excuse before that ivory person,
 On his gold-beaten throne set on a teaken platform;
 That idolkin I gave a kiss upon the hand
 (Curses be on him, and upon the idol-server!).
 An infidel I became myself, in blind acceptance, for some days,
 Became a Brahmin in the stations of the *Zand*,
 But when I saw I had become secure within the convent,
 For joy I could not fit myself within the earth!
 3620 The convent-gate I firmly shut one night,
 And scorpion-like I ran to left and right;
 I looked beneath the platform and above,
 And finally saw a curtain crowned with gold;
 Behind the curtain sat a Metropolitan who worshipped fire,
 On constant duty, with a cord's end in his hand;
 Forthwith, things being thus, I plainly realized
 (Like David, before whom iron turned to wax)
 That of necessity, when he tugged the cord,
 The icon raised its hands to heaven!
 3625 At sight of me the Brahmin was discomfited
 (A sure disgrace, to have the cat out of the bag!);
 He rushed away, and I upon his heels,
 And down into a pit I cast him,
 For I knew that if he remained alive,
 He'd try to have my blood,
 Looking with favour on my destruction,
 Lest I should publicize his secret!
 (Having report of a malefactor's doings,
 Remove his power when you first become aware,

- 3630 For if you leave alive that one who wants for virtue,
 He'll will that you yourself should live no longer;
 And though he place his head in service on your doorstep,
 If he but gain the upper-hand, your own head he'll cut off;
 Place not your foot in the deceiver's footprints:
 When you have been and seen, give him no quarter!)
 So with a stone, stone-dead I killed that foul fellow,
 For tales no more are heard from one who's dead;
 But, seeing I had roused a tumult,
 I left that land and fled:
- 3635 (When to a reed-bed you set fire,
 If you have any sense you'll be on guard for lions;
 Kill not the young of the man-biting serpent,
 But if you do, stay not a moment longer in her house;
 And, having overset a wasps' nest,
 Flee from the spot where you're in hot water!
 Loose not your arrows at one who's nimbler than yourself,
 Or if they land, then seize your skirt within your teeth;
 No other counsel lies in Sa'di's pages:
 If you dig out a wall's foundations, stand by it no longer!) –
- 3640 After that general resurrection, I finally came to India,
 And thence by way of Yemen to Hijāz,
 But for all the bitterness that befell me,
 My mouth was not sweetened before today,
 When sheltered by Bū Bakr-i Sa'd's advancing fortune and support
 (The like of whom no mother's borne, or yet will bear!):
 From the tyranny of heaven, I came seeking justice,
 Came to this shade-spreading shelter;
 I pray, a faithful servant, for this reign's prosperity:
 O God! Securely keep this shade in place!
- 3645 A salve he placed upon me, not as the hurt befitted,
 But as befitting his own honouring and grace;
 How shall I discharge my gratitude for such graciousness,
 Even though in servitude my head become a foot?
 At all events, while finding ease to follow on those bondages,
 These counsels still are in my ear:
 First, that whenever the hand of need
 I raise in the court of the Knower of Secrets,

There comes to my mind that Chinese puppet
 To cast dust in the eyes of my own self-regard,
 3650 For I realize that the hand I've raised
 I've lifted up through no force of my own:
 Not even men of heart all by themselves pull up their hands.
 But by the Unseen the thread's end is pulled;
 The door to goodness and obedience lies open, but
 Not everyone is capable of good deeds,
 There being this impediment - that in the audience-chamber
 None may go save by the order of the Emperor Himself!
 Capacity's key is not in any person's hand:
 God, and He alone, is Absolutely Able;
 3655 So you, my man, who trot along the road that's straight -
 The credit is not yours, it is the Lord's:
 Since in the Unseen World He laid for you a goodly disposition,
 No ugly dealing from your nature now proceeds:
 Sweetness from bees was manifested
 By that same One Who poison created in the snake.
 When He wills to desolate your realm,
 He first distracts a population by you;
 And if He have forgiveness' gift in store for you,
 He sends through you an ease upon that people!
 3660 Be not presumptuous upon the road of straightness:
 Your hand was taken, and *then* you rose!
 Words are of profit, if you will but hear:
 True men you'll reach, if on the way you travel;
 A station you will find, if way is given to you,
 Where they will place your napkin too on glory's table;
 Yet it will not be proper for you that you eat alone:
 Be mindful of the *darvish*, down and out;
 Send after me, I pray you, one compassionate thought,
 For in what I myself have done I put no trust!

Chapter 9 *On Repentance and the Right Course*

3665 Come, you whose life has gone to seventy years:
Were you asleep, then, when it went off on the wind?
For staying, all provision you've prepared,
While giving no concern to plans for going!
On Resurrection Day, when trade is done in Paradise' azure,
Stations will be allotted by goodly deeds:
Goods, in the measure that you bring, you'll take away,
And if you're penniless, you'll take away mere shamefacedness,
For the tighter the market's stuffed with wares,
The more distraught his heart whose hand is void!
3670 Wanting but five from fifty *dirhams*,
Your heart is lacerated by the fist of grief:
Now, then, that through your hands have slipped full fifty years,
Make the most of the few days remaining.
If the wretched dead had but a tongue,
They'd shout aloud and cry in lamentation:
'O you who live! Since it is possible for you to speak,
Close not your lips, as do the dead, against recalling God!
Seeing that our days passed in heedlessness,
Put to good use (for Heaven's sake!) the few breaths that you have!'

TALE 141 *The old man and the gay youths*

3675 One night in youth, when we enjoyed all blessings,
A few of us youths together sat,
Chanting like nightingales, fresh-faced as roses,
Kicking up an uproar in the district, in our impudence.
An elder who had seen the world, sitting apart from us
(By heavens' revolutions, his hair's night turned to day),
Had shut his mouth to speech as tightly as a hazel-nut,
Having not lips, as we, pistachio-like for smiles!
To him a youth, who said: 'Old man!
Why sit in pain in the nook of regret?

3680 Raise up your head awhile from the neckband of grief,
 And "sway," in ease of heart, with us who're young!
 Stricken in years, his head he raised from its concealment
 And spoke an answer (how well-turned, behold!):
 'When on the rose-garden blows the eastern breeze,
 "Swaying" befits the youthful tree;
 Wheat, while it is young and green, will also "sway,"
 But breaks when it to yellowness attains;
 When in spring the musky willow sighs upon the wind,
 The aging tree will shed its dried-up leaves.
 3685 Me, it becomes not with the young to "sway,"
 For on my cheek the morn of age has blown;
 The puissant falcon that's confined within me
 Threatens from breath to breath to wrest away the thread's end!
 Yours is the turn to sit now at this board,
 For we have washed our hands of all enjoyment more;
 When dust, for seniority, has settled on your head.
 Look not again for youthful pleasure:
 Snow's now rained down upon my raven plumage -
 I may not, as a nightingale, survey the garden at my ease;
 3690 The elegant peacock can display his splendour,
 But what would you want of a clipped-winged falcon?
 My grain has harvested but sparsely,
 But herbage new now gives forth for you all;
 Freshness passed long since from our rose-garden:
 Who will bind posies when they're withered?
 My reliance (by a father's soul!) is on my staff:
 Wrong it would be, to lean on life further!
 The young man may surely spring upon his feet,
 While elders carry pleas for help within their hands;
 3695 Behold, my pink-faced rose is pure yellow,
 Declining with the yellowing of the sun.
 When an unfinished infant cooks up fancies,
 It's not so foul as in a half-baked elder:
 I as a child should weep
 For shame of sins - not live in childishness!
 Luqmān said well: 'To live not at all
 Is better than to live for years in error';

3700 Keeping your booth's door shut from earliest morn
Is better than losing both profit and capital.
While the young man's bringing a black head to white bloom,
Blackness bears off the wretched elder to the tomb!

TALE 142 *A physician prescribes spiritual medicine*

A man worn in years came before a physician,
Near to death, to judge by his groaning:
'Man of good judgment, place your hand upon my vein,
For my foot no more will rise from its place,
And so my figure double-bent does seem
That you might say I've quite sunk in the mud!'
To him the doctor said: 'Snatch from the world your hands,
That so your feet may leave the mud at Resurrection!'
3705 Seek not the sprightliness of youth from those who're old,
For running water never to its conduit comes again;
Though in your youth you struck out, hand and foot,
Show sense and judgment now that you are old;
When the cycle of your life's passed forty,
Strike out no more with hand and foot, for the water's passed your head;
Sprightliness began to shy away from me
When first my evening whitened unto early dawn;
Passion must now be put out of your head,
For passion's turn to play is over;
3710 How shall my heart be freshened by herbage,
With herbage about to blossom from my clay?
Rejoicing in idle fancy, passion,
We passed o'er many a person's dust,
And persons yet in the World Unseen
Will come and pass o'er ours.
Alas for that time that nourished the spirit,
Which passed over us like Yemeni lightning!
Racking my brains over how to dress and what to eat,
I never found time to take care for the Faith:
3715 Alas that we concerned ourselves with vanity,
Remote and heedless in respect of Truth!

How well the teacher to the child did say:
'The day's gone by, and we've accomplished nothing!'

Come, man of prudence, well endowed with sense:
If you are sensible, give ear to me;
High heaven you'll bring beneath your foot,
If you apply what Sa'di counsels.
Young man, today take the road of obedience,
For youthfulness tomorrow will not be shown by one who's old;
3720 Yours is the carefree heart, now, body's power:
Spacious, the arena: strike the ball!
Fate has robbed me of those days
Whose every day a Night of Power was;
I did not recognize the value of that day,
But now I realize I gambled it away.
How the old donkey struggles underneath his load:
Keep going while you're mounted on a steed, wind-footed!
Tight though one binds a broken jar,
It will not fetch a sound one's price,
3725 But now that through carelessness it's fallen from your hand,
There's no road but to bind it up again;
Who told you to cast yourself into the Oxus?
But having fallen in, strike out, both hands and feet!
Heedlessly, you've let your pure water go:
What else to do now but to purify yourself with dust?
Though from the nimble in the race, the prize
You did not take – still, falling, rising, run!
And sharply though the wind-footed go,
Rise up from sitting, you – handless and footless as you be!

TALE I 43 *Sa'di chastised by a camel-driver*

3730 Sleep one night, in the desert of Faid,
Held down my trotting foot in fetters;
Up came a camel-driver, fearsome and resentful,
And struck me on the head with a camel-bridle: 'Rise!

Have you set your heart on dying when we're gone,
 That you will not rise at the sound of the bells?
 I too, like you, have pleasant thoughts of sleep,
 But there before us lies a desert!
 If from sweet sleep, when they shout 'We're away!'

3735 You fail to rise – how, then, will you get under way?
 The leader has beaten loud the camel's drum,
 The caravan's van has reached the wayside station:
 Happy those prudent ones, of luck auspicious,
 Who ready their baggage before the tattoo!
 But when those sleeping on the way raise up their heads,
 They see no trace of those who've gone ahead;
 That wayfarer takes the lead who early rises:
 What use awakening when they've all moved on?
 If in springtime one broadcasts barley,
 How shall wheat be taken at time of harvest?

3740 Now is the time to be awake, you slug-a-bed:
 What use, when death brings you from sleep?
 When hoariness comes down upon the face of youth,
 Your night's late on – prise free your eyes of sleep:
 All hope of life I prised loose on that day
 When white into my blackness fell.
 Alas! Dear life has passed,
 And these few breaths remaining will pass too:
 What passed in things unright has passed,
 And if you seize not these, they too are past.

3745 Now is the time of seeding, if you'd nurture,
 Having a hope to bear home harvest.
 Go not tight-handed to Resurrection City,
 For there's no point in sitting in regret;
 Having intelligence' eye, make all arrangements for the tomb
 Now, when your eye's not known the ravennings of the ant!
 My son, with capital a profit may be made,
 But what profit him who eats up all his capital?
 Strive now while the water's only passed your waist,
 Not when the flood's passed high above your head;

3750 Now, while you still have eyes, rain down a tear,
 And bring your amends while a tongue is in your mouth:

The spirit will not be in the body always,
Nor ever in the mouth revolve the tongue;
Now must you speak amends for your shortcoming,
Not when the rational soul can speak no more for sleep.
Hear today the words of those who know,
For fearsomely Nakir will question you tomorrow!
Make the most of this most precious breath,
For the cage without the bird is nothing worth;
3755 Waste not your life in hurt and hocus-pocus:
Opportunity comes rarely, and time is a sword.

TALE 144 *A mourner rebuked*

Fate cut the vein of a living man's life,
And at his death another rent his garments at the breast;
To which an onlooker, sharp-witted, said,
As the cries and lamentation reached his ear:
On your account the dead man would, upon himself,
Had he still hands, rip up his winding-sheet,
To say: "Thus much, in care and pain for me, writhe not,
For I have packed my gear but a few days in advance of you!
3760 Have you, then, forgotten your own death to come,
That my death should have left you impotent and sore distressed?"
When one who seeks the truth pours soil upon a corpse,
His heart not for the latter burns, but for himself!
At parting with your baby, who went into earth,
Why moan – for pure it both came and went?
Pure, you too came: stay upon your guard and pure,
For it is shame to go impure into the earth;
Now is the time to fetter this bird by the foot,
Not when it's snatched the thread's end from your hand!
3765 Often you've sat in the place of another,
And another will sit in your place one day;
Be you a champion, a wielder of the sword,
Only a winding-sheet you'll take away with you.
The wild-ass, though he break the lasso-cord,
Is hobbled just the same when he sticks in the sand:

3770 You too so long will have the hand of power
As your foot sinks not in the sandbank of the grave!
Set not your heart on this place, whelmed with years,
For domes are things on which no walnuts settle;
Since yestreen's gone, and you've not yet laid hands upon tomorrow,
Count but upon this one breath that you have.

TALE I 45 *Jamshid and the silk winding-sheet*

3775 A favourite of Jam's went down to death,
And wormlike he made him a winding-sheet of silk.
After some days he went into the mausoleum,
To weep on him in heated lamentation,
But as he saw his satin cere-cloth all putrescent,
He in reflection spoke thus to himself:
'I plucked it from the worm by force,
But the worms of the tomb have plucked it back from him!
This is a garden where no cypress rose up high
Without the wind of doom has plucked it by the roots;
Never has destiny designed a beauty, Joseph-like,
But the fish of the tomb have swallowed it like Jonah!
Two lines, one day, made roast meat of my liver
As they were recited to the rebeck's tune:
'Alas! Without us many a day
The rose grows and the spring will blow;
Many a month in summer, winter, spring,
Will come while we are dust and brick bats!'

TALE I 46 *The ascetic and the brick of gold*

3780 A pious man, of Truth-serving habit,
Once had a golden bar fall in his hand;
His prudent head it so bemused
That blackest passion darkened his bright heart.
In thought he lay all night, how this treasure and this wealth
Could not lie open to decline so long as he might live:

'The figure of infirmity, no more in supplication
 To any man I need to bend and straighten!
 A house I will build me, with footings of marble,
 Its roofbeams all of undressed aloes-wood;
 3785 With a private chamber for my friends,
 Its door to face an inner-garden.
 I'm worn out with sewing one patch on another,
 And the trivet's heat has burned my eyes and brain;
 Henceforth subordinates may cook my food for me,
 While I in comfort will cultivate the spirit;
 This felt in hard times served me for a mattress,
 Whereas I now may go and spread the finest carpets!
 His fancies made him feeble, folly-hued,
 And Cancer sank its claws into his brain;
 3790 Leisure he had no longer for converse secretly with God,
 For food or sleep, or recitation of the prayers.
 Into the desert he now ventured, drunken his head with dubious devices,
 No more abiding to sit in one place;
 A person by a grave was kneading clay,
 Purposing to produce therefrom mud-bricks;
 The elder fell awhile into consideration:
 'O my short-visioned soul, take counsel!
 Why bind your heart on this golden brick,
 When bricks one day they'll make from your own clay?
 3795 Not just so wide the mouth in appetite is open
 That its greed may be stilled by but one morsel;
 From this brick, worthless one, withhold your hand:
 With one brick none can dam the Oxus!
 Heedless, you, in thought of profit and of wealth,
 While life's own capital is trampled underfoot;
 Fancy's dust sewed up your eye in heedlessness,
 The hot wind of appetite burned up your life's sowing;
 Cleanse from your eye the collyrium of heedlessness,
 For tomorrow in the eye of earth *you*'ll become collyrium-dust!'

3800 Between two persons there lay enmity and war,
 Their heads for pride regarding one another as though leopards;
 So loth were they to look on each other
 That the sky would lie tight upon them both!
 Doom on the head of one brought down its army,
 And days of pleasure came to an end for him;
 At which the one who wished him ill felt glad within.
 After some while he passed by his tomb:
 The resting-chamber of the tomb he saw all mortared up,
 As he had once seen his abode gold-plated;
 3805 Swaggering, to his pillow he advanced,
 Saying to himself the while, his lips all wide for smiles:
 'Happy the tranquil state of him who lies,
 After an enemy's death, within a friend's embrace!
 No need to weep for the death of that person
 Who lives, though but a day, beyond his enemy's death!'

Moved then by hostility, with the arm of force,
 He tore loose a panel from his late foe's grave;
 The crownly head he saw now, sunken low,
 The two world-seeing eyes all stuffed with earth;
 3810 The presence physical a captive in the prison of the tomb,
 The body food for worms, by ants despoiled;
 His bones with dust were stuffed as tight
 As ivory collyrium-box with tutty-powder;
 His full-moon, by the revolution of the sky, had now become a crescent,
 His cypress-stature by the tyranny of time was turned to toothpick;
 As for his palms, his forceful finger-spread -
 Ligament by ligament, the days had parted them!
 Now such compassion for the dead welled from his heart
 That on his dust, for weeping, he compounded clay;
 3815 Remorse he felt for what he'd done, for his own nature foul,
 And on the stonework of the tomb he ordered that there be inscribed:
 'Rejoice not at the death of any man,
 For time will not leave you long after him!'
 A prudent gnostic, these words hearing,
 Wailed aloud: 'All-powerful Maker!

I'd wonder if You should show this one no mercy,
 Since even his enemy plaintively bewept him!
 So will our body also be one day
 That over it our enemies' hearts with sorrow burn;
 3820 Compassion on me, perchance, into the Friend's own heart will enter
 When He sees that my enemy forgives me.
 The head's condition, late or soon, will reach a point
 Where you may say it never did have eyes:
 An axe, one day, into a heap of earth I struck,
 When to my ear there came a painful plaint:
 'Beware, as you're a man! I pray you, gentler be,
 For here are eyes and ears, a face, a head!'

TALE I 48 *The dusty-faced leader of the caravan*

One night I fell asleep while purposing to travel,
 And set forth, early in the morn, to overtake a caravan,
 3825 When there arose a fearful wind and dust,
 That made the world dark in men's eyes;
 The guide of our convoy had a daughter living with him,
 Who with her kerchief scoured her father's face of dust,
 At which he said to her: 'O favourite countenance mine,
 Who in affection for me hold your heart disturbed!
 The dust that will one day settle in these eyes is not in such amount
 That you with a kerchief may clean it off again!'
 So long will breezes pass across the earth
 That they will carry every atom of us to a different place;
 3830 Like a wayward mount, your skittish lower-self
 Bears you at a gallop to the slope of the grave,
 Till suddenly doom will snap your stirrup-strap,
 And you no more the reins can snatch back from the precipice!

Do you realize, you cage of bones,
 That your soul is a bird whose name is 'breath'?
 But when a bird leaves the cage and snaps its bonds,
 The quarry never more returns for all your effort.

3835 Hold fast your opportunity, for the world is but a breath,
 Though a breath to the wise man is better than a world:
 Alexander (who over a whole world had sway),
 In that moment when he passed and let the world go,
 Could not contrive that others take a world
 While giving him a moment's respite!
 So men have gone, each reaping what he's sown,
 Leaving behind him nothing but a fair name, or a foul.
 Why do we set our hearts upon this convoy-station? -
 Our companions have left, and we are on the road;
 When we are gone, these selfsame roses the garden will give,
 And friends will sit together;
 3840 Tie not your heart to this heart-easing world,
 For it sat with none whose heart it did not pluck.
 Though a man lays him down in the dustbin of the vault,
 The Resurrection from his hair will shake the dust;
 Lift up your head now from heedlessness' collar,
 That it stay not tomorrow hanging in regret.
 Do you not, when entering Shiraz City,
 Wash your head and body from the dust of travel?
 You, therefore, being dusty with sin, and soon
 About to travel to a city strange,
 3845 Let flow a stream from the springs of your eyes
 And wash away whatever filth you have!

TALE I 49 *Sa'di, as a child, is cheated of a ring*

I'm put in mind of the days of my father
 (May mercy's rain befall him every moment!),
 How he bought me, when small, a slate and a notebook,
 Bought for me also a signet-ring of gold;
 But a 'customer' made away, in no time at all,
 With the ring from my hand for one date!
 Since a small child does not know a ring's value,
 You for a sweetmeat may take it from him;
 3850 Nor have you, either, known the value of your life,
 For you in sweet pleasure have thrown it away.

At Resurrection, when the good men reach the heights,
 Rising from loam's abyss up to the Pleiades,
 Your own head will stay hanging forward for shame,
 As your deeds gather round you all together!
 Brother, know shame at the work of evil men,
 Or you will be ashamed before the good;
 On the day when we're asked about actions and words,
 The bodies of the Steadfast Seers will tremble in terror:
 3855 Where the Prophets themselves know consternation,
 Come, what say you in excuse of your own sins?
 Women who bear devotion by free choice
 Will outstrip men who lack for piety:
 Are you not, then, ashamed for your manhood
 That women find more acceptance than yourself?
 Women, for excuses well determined,
 From devotion may refrain at certain times:
 But you, without excuse, sit on one side as though a woman;
 Go, less than woman, prate not of your manhood!
 3860 But what skill in tongue have I, then, after all?
 Thus spoke 'Unşurî, Emperor of the Word
 (To me have no regard, I conjure you:
 See what said my predecessors!):
 'If from a straight course you diverge, bent it then must be:
 What man can it be who is less than a woman?'
 Softly reared in merry-making, take the lower-self,
 And you will take an enemy made strong by passing days:
 A wolf-cub, once, a man spent time in rearing,
 The which, when reared, its master tore in pieces;
 3865 As he lay on his side, for giving up his ghost,
 One of ready speech approached him and said:
 'When so nicely you nurture your enemy,
 Know you not you must take hurt from him?'
 Did not the Devil make a charge against us,
 Saying: 'Naught but bad works shall come from such as these!'
 Alas for all the evils in our lower-self! -
 I fear the Devil's charge may yet prove right;
 Yet since the Accursed took pleasure to overwhelm us,
 God cast him out for our sake alone;

3870 How, then, shall we raise our heads from the shame and disgrace
Of being at peace with him, but with the Truth at war?
Rarely will the Friend look towards you
If your own face towards the enemy's is turned;
If you would have a friend whose fruits you may enjoy,
You must not carry out the enemy's commands;
He accepts as proper, estrangement from his friend
Who chooses an enemy to be his fellow-tenant:
Know you not the Friend will seldom set foot within
If he should see an enemy's in your abode?
3875 What would you buy, then, with your black silver,
When from love of Joseph you've cut off your heart?

A certain man had quarrelled with an emperor,
Who to his enemy delivered him: 'Shed his blood!'
The captive, in that vengeance-seeker's hands,
Would say every moment in burning lamentation:
'Had I not vexed my friend against me,
Should I be suffering cruelty at my enemy's hand?'
(Many a time an enemy's injustice has torn the skin
Of the companion who made his friend annoyed at him.)
3880 As one who has intelligence, turn not from the Friend,
For thus can the enemy cast no glance upon you;
Become one-hearted, one in utterance with the Friend,
So that the enemy's root be altogether from the base plucked up;
I think it not fair to have a foul name
For pleasing the enemy by vexing the Friend!

TALE I 50 *The cheat who cursed the Devil*

A man ate up men's wealth by devilish deception,
But cursed the Devil when he rose from table;
To him thus once, upon a road, the Devil spoke:
'An idiot like you I've never seen!
3885 My friend, you were at piping peace with me:
Why have you raised your neck to give me battle?'

Woe's in what's ordered by the foul fiend,
For an angel's hand will note it down against you;
Think you it right, all in your ignorant folly, shamelessness,
That the Pure Ones should note down your impurity?
Devise some way, seek to make peace,
Urge on an intercessor, speak your excuse!
Not one instant's grace will be conceded
When in time's round your measure has been filled;
3890 And if to any effect you lack capacity's hand,
Raise up your hands in lamentation like the helpless;
If, indeed, beyond all bounds your evil's gone,
It would come well for you to say 'My evil's gone!';
Advance when you see open reconciliation's door,
For the door of repentance may suddenly come to!
My son, go not beneath sin's burden,
For a porter grows weak when on a journey;
In the wake of good men you should hasten,
For whoever seeks this felicity will find it,
3895 But when behind a sordid fiend you follow,
I know not how you'll reach the righteous!
For him, the Prophet is an intercessor,
Who follows the highway of the Prophet's Law.

One stained with mud took the road to the mosque,
Being quite dazed by his inverted fortune;
A person drove him thence, shouting: 'God rot your hands!
Go not stained-skirted to a pure place!'
At this I felt a pity in my heart,
For since the Topmost Paradise is pure and joyous,
3900 That is the place of the pure, the hopeful—
And what business there have those who're mudstained with rebellion?
That man takes Paradise who brings obedience:
He who'd have cash must bring the merchandise!
Wash your skirt, this instant, from the dust of degradation,
For the conduit may suddenly be closed higher up;
Say not good fortune's bird has leaped from your shackle
While you still have its thread's end in your hand,

And if it's late, then step out briskly on the way,
 Since 'well-done' takes no harm from late arrival:
 3905 Doom has not yet bound down your hand of supplication,
 So raise up your hands in the court of the Just One.
 Sleep not, sweet-sleeping sinner, rise!
 Shed tears in asking pardon for your sins;
 If, by statute of necessity, honour's water must be shed,
 Then let it be upon the dust of this locality,
 While if you have no tears, produce an intercessor,
 One whose honour flows more amply than your own:
 If God drives me forcibly hence from His doorway,
 I'll bring as intercessors the souls of the great ones.

TALE 151 *Young Sa'di parted from his father in a holiday-crowd*

3910 Often am I minded, from the days of my childhood,
 How once I went out with my father on a festival;
 In fun I grew preoccupied with all the folk about,
 Losing touch with my father in the popular confusion;
 In terror and bewilderment I raised up a cry,
 When suddenly my father boxed my ears:
 'You bold-eyed child, how many times, now,
 Have I told you not to lose hold of my skirt?'
 A tiny child cannot walk out alone,
 For it is difficult to take a way not seen;
 3915 You too, poor friend, are but a child upon endeavour's way:
 Go, seize the skirts of those who know the way!
 Sit not together with men of mean condition,
 Or if you do, then wash your hands of dignified bearing;
 Hook your claw within the stirrup-strap of the pure ones,
 For the gnostic has no shame to be a mendicant!
 In strength, disciples are less than children,
 While their elders are as a wall, reinforced:
 Learn how to walk from that tiny child
 Who to the wall's support has recourse.
 3920 He from the chain of the impious makes his escape
 Who sits within the pious' ring:

Seize on this ring, if you have any need,
 For even the ruler cannot avoid this door!
 Go, be (as Sa'di) a picker of gleanings,
 That so you may gather a harvest of knowledge.
 Come, you dwellers in the Sanctuary of Friendship
 (Who tomorrow will sit at the Table of Sanctity),
 Turn not your faces from the beggar-horde,
 For no liberal man drives the sponger away!
 Now is the time with wisdom to keep company,
 For tomorrow no way of return will be left.

TALE 152 *The drunkard who burned his harvest*

A certain man had heaped the grain of August
 And thereby eased his mind of care for winter;
 One night, when drunk, he lit a fire,
 The luckless fool, and burned the harvest up entire;
 Next day he sat down picking gleanings,
 For not one corn was left to him of all his harvest;
 When the poor fellow, in this way at a loss, men saw,
 One to a lad he'd reared spoke thus:
 'If you'd not care to be so dark of days,
 Burn not your harvest in a fit of madness!
 But if your life's gone from your hand in evil-doing,
 You are as one who's set fire to your harvest;
 It's nothing but a scandal to have to hoard up gleanings
 After burning up one's own harvest-store;
 My life, be sure to sow the seed of Faith and justice,
 And give not a good name's harvest to the wind!'

When one of fortune retrograde into bondage falls,
 Those who are fortunate take counsel therefrom;
 Pound on forgiveness' door before the punishment falls due,
 For once beneath the bastinado, there's no use in crying;
 Raise up your head from the collar of heedlessness,
 Lest it remain tomorrow on your bosom in embarrassment.

A man was given, heart and soul, to an improper practice,
 When by him one of goodly presence passed;
 His face all sweating in embarrassment, down he sat
 And said: 'How embarrassed I feel before our local venerable!'

The clear-minded elder heard these words,
 Was roused at him and said: 'Young man!
 3940 Are you not, then, of your own self ashamed
 That in Truth's presence you before me are ashamed?'
 On account of no other will you know ease:
 Go, to the Truth alone observe respect;
 Show the same shame before your Lord
 As you feel with your neighbours and your relatives!

Zulaikhā, drunk with the wine of love,
 Hung by the hand on Joseph's skirts;
 So had she yielded to appetite's demon
 That she had fallen on him like a wolf.

3945 Now, that Egyptian lady had a marble idol
 To which she was devoted, morn and evening,
 And at that moment she covered up its face and head,
 Lest it should have an ugly view of what went forward;
 Grief-stained, Joseph in a corner sat,
 Hands upon head against the tyranny of lower-self;
 Zulaikhā now kissed his two hands and feet;
 'Weakling in your promises, insubordinate, come on!
 Draw not your face to frown in anvil-heartedness!
 Scatter not this moment sweet in sourness!'

3950 At this, down his countenance a stream from out his eyes began to flow:
 'Desist, seek not impurity from me!
 You before a stone became ashamed:
 Let me feel shame before the Pure Lord Himself!
 Though you be penitent, what profit to your hand can come
 When you have dissipated your whole life's capital?

In quest of pink faces, men drink wine -
 But derive yellow-facedness therefrom in the end!
 Make your submission apologetically today,
 For tomorrow you'll have no scope for speech left.
 3955 The cat, polluting a place that's pure,
 Will cover it with earth because it finds this foul:
 But you, who're free of all concern for what's improper -
 Do you not fear that eyes may fall thereon?
 Consider the case of the slave, filled with sin,
 Who from his master many times has run away:
 If he returns in all sincerity and humble need,
 He'll not again be put in chains and bondage,
 When vindictive, quarrel only with a person
 Whom you can do without or flee from!
 3960 Now is the moment to make account of all your workings,
 Not at the time when the books are opened for inspection:
 Though a man evil does, still does he not
 If he be grieved himself therefor before the Resurrection;
 While by sighs most mirrors are darkened,
 Yet the heart's own mirror is brightened thereby;
 Take fear this instant for your sins,
 That fear you may not know, on Resurrection Day, of any person.

TALE 155 *Sa'di and the Abyssinian criminals*

I came, a stranger, among the black multitudes of Abyssinia,
 My heart of time carefree, happy my head with pleasure;
 3965 And then, upon the way, I saw a lofty gaol-house,
 With several poor wretches therein lying fettered.
 Instantly I made shift to continue my journey,
 Taking to the desert like a bird from a cage,
 When up spoke one: "These men in fetters are night-prowlers,
 Who will not take counsel or listen to truth!"
 When no wrong has come to any by your hand,
 What's it to you if the provost seize upon the world entire?
 If the excise-man has practised no deception,
 He'll not worry over the commissioners' inspection;

3970

But if deceit should lie beneath your spotless reputation,
 Your tongue will not be bold to make a reckoning.
 None will take prisoner the man of good name:
 Fear God, and do not fear the prince!
 When I perform acceptable service,
 I have no concern for the ill-advised enemy;
 If, as befits a servant, man shows zeal,
 The Lord esteems him dearly,
 But if he shows dull judgment in his servitude,
 He'll fall from high office to caring for donkeys!
 Put your foot forward and you'll surpass angels,
 But if you hang back, you're less than a beast.

3975

TALE I 56 *The man struck with a sceptre*

3980

A man with a sceptre was struck, by a notable of Dāmghān,
 At which his clamour rose up like a drum-roll;
 All night for restlessness he could not sleep;
 A pious man who passed him said:
 'Had you by night to the provost carried your hot concern,
 Sin had not carried off his honour in the daytime!'
 On Congregation Day no man will grow embarrassed
 Who's nightly carried his heart's concern before the court of God;
 If you be prudent, ask the Just One
 On penitence' night to shorten the day of sin!
 Now, if you purpose peace, what fear have you?
 The Generous One will close no door on those who seek forgiveness:
 Since generously He's brought you from nothingness to being,
 It were a wonder if you fall and He take not your hand!
 If you're a servant, raise the hands of needy supplication,
 And if ashamed, rain down the water of regret:
 To this door no forgiveness-seeker came
 Whose sins were not washed by remorse's freshet;
 God pours not that man's honour forth
 Whose tears pour forth his sins in plenty.

3985

In San'a' town I lost a child:
 How can I say what thereupon passed through my mind?
 (A sapling over thirty years becomes a tree,
 Yet one rough wind removes it by the roots;
 No wonder that roses should bloom upon the earth
 When so many, rose-membered, are asleep therein!)
 I said within my heart: 'O die! You shame of men!
 The child goes pure, while the old man's stained.'
 In a black passion, all deranged to see his form,
 I threw down the stone from on his resting-place;
 And then for terror, in that dark and narrow place,
 My state was all frenzied, and turned my complexion!
 When from that upset I returned to my senses,
 To my ear there came, from the child, my darling:
 'If panic overcomes you from a place that's dark,
 Be sensible and enter with a light!'
 If you would illumine grave's night like day,
 Light up, from here on, the lamp of activity;
 The labourer's body trembles as with fever,
 In case his palm should give no fresh, moist dates,
 And yet some people, greedy for much, suppose
 That they'll bear a harvest with no wheat scattered!
 He the fruit will eat, Sa'di, who planted the roots:
 He'll bear the harvest who planted a seed.

Chapter 10 *On Close Communion: In Conclusion*

Come, let us lift up our hands from our hearts,
For tomorrow they cannot be raised from the clay!
In autumn's season do you not see the tree,
Left leafless by the harshness of the cold,
4000 Raise up the vacant hands of need –
To turn not back once more, of mercy vacant-handed?
(Suppose not, from the Door that never closes,
That any, raising hands, will turn in hopelessness!)
Destiny gives it a glorious vestment,
And God's decree puts fruit within its sleeve.
All bring obedience, but the wretched bring their need:
Come to the Court of Him Who cares for wretches;
Like naked branches, let us raise our hands,
For leafless we can sit no more.
4005 Lord! Look on us in liberality,
For though from Your servants crime did first emerge,
Yet sin comes from the abject servant in the dust
In hope of pardon from his Lord!
O Generous! We're nourished by Your provender,
Habituated to Your favour and Your grace,
And the beggar who generosity sees, and grace and care,
Never again will turn from following the bestower!
Since in this world You've made us mighty,
We look to have the same from You within the next world also;
4010 Might and abasement, You alone confer:
The one You've made mighty by none is abased;
God! By your might! Abase not me,
Make me not shamefaced by sin's degradation!
Give not one like myself authority over me:
Better I suffer punishment from Your own hand:
In the whole wide world no evil's worse than this –
To suffer injustice from one like oneself;
Sufficient to me my shame before Your face:
Make me not also ashamed before others!

4015 If from You a shadow falls upon my head,
 Heaven itself will become my least footstool;
 If You bestow a crown, it elevates my head:
 So lift me up that none can cast me down!
 My body still trembles when recalling
 The secret communion of one crazed, within the Sanctuary,
 For thus he spoke in frantic melancholy:
 'O God, forgive me! Hold me not in degradation!';
 And again to the Truth he would say with much moan:
 'Cast me not down, for none will take my hand;
 4020 Call me in Your grace, drive me not from Your door:
 No threshold has my head as resting-place but Yours!
 You know our wretched and helpless state:
 No match for the Soul Imperative are we;
 That restive self in no such way will gallop
 That reason may seize it by the bridle;
 Who can prevail against the lower-self and Satan?
 Battle with leopards is not offered by ants!
 Show me a way (by those who're on Your Way!),
 Give me asylum from such enemies as these!
 4025 O God! By the very essence of Your Godhood!
 By all Your Attributes, without resemblance or similitude!
 By the pilgrims' cry 'All present!' before the Sanctuary House!
 By the one buried at Yathrib (peace be on him!)!
 By the swordsmen's cry 'God's greater!'
 (They who reckon warriors as women!)
 By the devotions of elders all arrayed!
 By young men's sincerity, newly sprung!
 In that one instant's turmoil (when we die)
 Come to our help against the infamy of saying "Two!";
 4030 And we may hope of those who are obedient
 That they will intercede for those who're not;
 By those who're pure! Keep me far from stain;
 And if I've slipped, hold me excused!
 By elders, their backs bent double in devotion,
 Their eyes for shame of sin upon their insteps!
 Bind not my eye from the face of felicity,
 Nor bind my tongue at the time of witness;

4035 Keep the lamp of certainty above my path,
 And keep my hand short in evil-doing;
 Turn away my eyes from what should not be seen,
 Give me no hand to do what's unacceptable!
 I am a mote upon Your air: hold still:
 Existence, nothingness, to me are one within the dark;
 One ray from Your sun's grace suffices me,
 For none, save in Your rays, will see me!
 Look on the evil man, and he's a better person:
 One glance from the emperor suffices a beggar.
 If You take me in equity and justice
 I'll groan, for Your grace promised otherwise.
 4040 God! Drive me not in degradation from Your door,
 For of no other door I can conceive as open to me;
 And while some days, for ignorant folly, I've been absent,
 Now I've come back, shut not the door to in my face!
 How excuse the scandal of soiled-skirtedness,
 Save by pleading incapacity? 'O You of independent means!
 Take not poor me for my sin's crime:
 The independent one, upon the poor, compassion shows!'

4045 Why should I weep for the weakness of my state?
 Though I am weak, yet my asylum's strong.
 O God! Our obligation heedlessly we've broken:
 How can endeavour's hand bring force to bear on destiny?
 What can be wrought by our contriving hand?
 This point's alone enough excuse for our shortcomings.
 All I have done, You have brought down in ruins:
 What power has self against the Godhead?
 Not I it is who turn my head from Your authority:
 It's Your authority itself that runs above my head!

TALE 158 *No one can help his looks*

4050 A man somewhat black, by a certain person was called ugly,
 But gave him an answer to leave him perplexed:
 'I myself made not the form I have,
 That you should blame me for having done ill!

If I am ugly faced, what business have you with me?
 I, after all, of foul and fair am not the Limner!
 Than that which You inscribed upon my head of old,
 I've done not less or more, O You Who for Your servants care!
 You are the Knower that I am not able:
 With You the Capable, Absolute – who, then, am I?
 If You show me the way, I may attain to good;
 But if You lose me, I can go no further.
 4055 If the world's Creator lends no support,
 How shall His servant practise virtuous abstinence?
 How well said the *darvish*, in every way short-handed,
 Who repented at night and relapsed before morn:
 'If He confers repentance, soundly it endures,
 But our undertaking's inconstant and feeble!'

By Truth of You! Sew up my eye against what's false;
 By Light of You! Burn me not tomorrow with the Fire!
 My face in my wretchedness has gone into the dust:
 The grit of my sins has gone up to the heavens;
 4060 Rain down, for once, you cloud of compassion,
 For dust cannot remain where rain is.
 Because of crime, I have no place within this realm,
 And yet there's no way to another kingdom.
 You know the inner mind of those whose tongues are tied,
 You lay a salve on those whose hearts are wounded.

TALE I 59 *An idol-worshipper favoured by God*

A Magian had closed his door to the world,
 And girt his loins to serve an idol;
 After some years, that man (of cult rejected)
 Was confronted by destiny with a hard condition,
 4065 And at the idol's feet, in hope of benefit,
 The poor fellow wallowed in the monastery dust:
 'O icon! I languish helpless, take me by the hand!
 My soul despairs, take pity on my body!
 Often in service to him he would cry
 That his affairs in no wise would be ordered;

(How should an idol settle matters of moment,
 Not being able to drive flies from its person?)
 At length, becoming roused: 'Shackled by the foot to error,
 How many years in vain I served you!
 4070 Realize the serious matter I propose,
 Or I will ask it of the Cherisher!'

At which, while yet his face from that polluted idol bore the dust,
 Great God, the Pure One, realized his desire.
 A man discerning of realities by this was distressed
 (His lucid serenity becoming clouded):
 'An erring fool, despicable, a worshipper of vanity,
 His head yet drunk with the wine of the temple,
 His heart unwashed of infidelity, his hands of treachery -
 And yet God realized the desire that he sought?'

4075 Into this problem his thoughts sank down,
 When a message came to the ear of his heart:
 'Before the idol, that elder of deficient intellect
 Spoke often, yet his words were not accepted;
 If likewise from Our court he be rejected,
 What's then the difference between idol and Eternal?'

To the Eternal, you must bind your heart, my friend,
 For all persons else are more impotent than idols;
 It cannot be, if you your head place at this Door,
 That the hand of your need will come back vacant;
 4080 O God! We come, short-falling in our labour:
 Vacant of hand we come, yet hopeful!

TALE 160 *The drunkard in the mosque*

I've heard that a drunkard, heated with liquor,
 Ran into the sanctuary of a mosque,
 And cried upon Generosity's own threshold:
 'Lord! Take me to the Highest Paradise!'

Him, by the collar the muezzin seized: 'Out!
 Unintelligent and godless both! No dogs within the mosque!
 What have you done worthy, that you ask for Heaven?
 Kindness would not befit your ugly face!'

4085 So spoke the elder, and the drunkard wept:
 'Drunk as I am, keep your hands from me, master!
 Are you amazed at the Cherisher's graciousness,
 That one who has sinned should still be hopeful?
 You, I do not ask to accept my excuses:
 Repentance' door is open, and the Truth holds out a hand!'
 Faced with the Generous One's grace, I am ashamed
 To call my sins grave before His pardon of them.
 He who by old age has been tripped over
 Will not rise up again unless you take his hand;
 4090 Such an old man, fallen down, am I:
 God! Take me, in Your grace, by the hand!
 I ask not that You give me greatness and position,
 But that You forgive my helplessness and sin;
 The companion who sees me stumble somewhat
 Makes me notorious for lack of good sense;
 You it is Who sees, while we fear one another:
 You are the coverer with a veil, we the renders of it;
 Men raise a shout at what's external:
 You see within the veil, yet cover us therewith!
 4095 When servants in their ignorance rebel,
 Masters strike out the whole transaction:
 If You, in the measure of Your liberality, forgive our crimes,
 Not a single sinner will be left in existence;
 But if You wax wrathful to the sin's extent -
 Then send us straight to Hell, and ask not for the scales!
 If You give me a hand, I'll reach somewhere,
 But if You cast me down, then none will take me up;
 Who will do me violence if You give support?
 Who will take me captive if You give release?
 4100 Two parties there'll be at Congregation Time:
 I know not to which I'll be admitted;
 A wonder, if my road be to the right,
 For nothing but deviousness has come from my hand!
 And yet, at times, my heart gives hope
 That the Truth will be embarrassed before my white hairs:
 Still, I would wonder at His shame of me,
 Who of myself do not feel shame!

Joseph, who so much affliction saw and bondage –
 When his rule ran and his rank rose high,
 4105 Did he not forgive the sins of Jacob's house?
 (A goodly form will hold an inner-meaning.)
 For their evil doings he placed them not in chains,
 Rejecting not their 'paltry merchandise':
 We too look constantly to Your graciousness:
 O Mighty! Forgive this wareless one;
 None's to be seen with a record blacker than mine,
 For I have no acceptable deeds to offer –
 Merely my trust in Your support,
 My hope in Your forgiveness:
 4110 No wares I've brought but hope:
 O God! Let me not cease to hope for pardon!

Translator's Notes

- 13 The two existences: this world and the next, i.e. the whole of created being.
- 14 The hide of earth: wealthy Muslims would sometimes give a public feast, served on finely tanned skins: these were both elegant and easier to clean later than carpets.
- 16 God is unique, bearing no relation, exclusive or inclusive, to anything other; nor does He have need of any created being. A fundamental Islamic affirmation, both Koranic and philosophical.
- 18 The *Simurgh* is a monstrous bird of Persian legend, a sort of roc, which often figures in mystical allegories; *Qāf*, in popular Islamic belief, is a world-encircling mountain-range. If the *Simurgh* is 'on *Qāf*,' he is at the ends of the earth – but still within God's purview.
- 23 The Friend is Abraham: in popular Islamic belief, when Nimrod cast Abraham into the flames, God caused the fire to become a rose-garden. Those carried to hellfire from beside the Nile are Pharaoh's forces, suddenly drowned in the Red Sea while pursuing the Israelites.
- 24 There may here be an element of theological subtlety, couched in terms of the chancery: God's general mandate is one of beneficence, but He sometimes sees fit to endorse a specific decree of punishment.
- 33 A reference to Koran 3:4: 'He is the one who forms you in the womb as He wills.'
- 34-5 Several Koranic passages (78:6-7, 31:9, and 16:15) tell of Creation in these terms. The rest of this part of the exordium is a most skilful interweaving of several themes and figures by which the Koran, the Philosophers, and the Islamic mystics all stress God's absolute eternity, unicity, omnipotence, independence, providence, and so on – as well as His unattainability and incomprehensibility from Man's point of view.
- 36-9 A nice association of creation at the rarest levels and the commonest! The notion that pearls are made from rain- or dew-drops is found in many early writers.
- 43 In traditional Islamic belief, Creation will be annihilated immediately prior to the Resurrection and the Judgment.
- 51 *Sahbān*, a proverbial figure for eloquence in Arabic. *Subhān* is a common pious ejaculation, often rendered by 'Praise be!' or 'Glory be!': in practice, as here, it is often tantamount to using the name of God itself.

- 52 A reference to a Tradition in which the Prophet is represented as crying out in ecstatic despair: 'I cannot number the praises due to You! ...'
- 53 Cast away one's shield: a figure for flight, even surrender. One cannot attain the Ultimate by outright assault; one may come near it by indirect approaches, but (as the following lines suggest) one's last state may in such case be worse than one's first! This is the mystic's classic impertinence: with God one cannot win.
- 57 Korah: a proverbial figure for wealth and avarice, foolishly envied by the multitude. In the Old Testament, see Numbers 16:1; New Testament, Jude 11; more relevant are the Koranic passages 40:24f., 29:38, and 28:76ff.
- 61 Am I not: 'Am I not your Lord?', the question by which God instituted His compact with Man (see Koran 7:171). Most of the time Man is not honouring this obligation, but in special moments of exaltation he feels moved to do so.
- 65-8 The capitalized terms all refer to the Prophet Muḥammad viewed under one or another of the aspects elaborated by later Islam. Sa'di, as an orthodox Muslim, reaffirms the limits of reason and the dangers of mystical experience, a dilemma to be resolved only by modelling oneself on the Prophet.
- 69a Gabriel's Alighting Place: for orthodox Muslims the Prophet was merely (if that is the right word) the recipient of God's revelation by Gabriel's intermediacy.
- 70 The Prophet has special functions at the Last Judgment. It will be noticed how often the idea of intercession occurs throughout this Encomium.
- 71 The original Interlocutor (of God) is Moses: whereas he confronted God on Mt Sinai, Muḥammad was himself carried up to Heaven on the Night of the Ascent (see a typical version of this controversial episode, beginning line 78 below). With the Light of Muḥammad, we enter an uncertain world of shifting and elusive concepts, mystical, neo-Platonic, often characteristic of extreme Shi'ite Islam.
- 72 The four physical epithets applied in the second hemistich are stereotyped, though (by the shift of one dot in Arabic) 'fragrant' is often read as 'smiling.' The 'mark' was a miraculous seal of prophecy on the Prophet's back, having the physical appearance of a mole.
- 73 'Orphan' could refer to Muḥammad's natural state, or to his 'uniqueness as a creature' (in the eyes of some Muslims). Uncreated: orthodox Islam regards the prototype of the Koran as eternally with God.
- 74-5 Miracles popularly attributed to the Prophet in the tenth year of his

mission, and at his birth respectively. The name Chosroes (Kisrā) is applied generally to the pre-Islamic rulers of Persia.

- 76 *Lā*: the general particle of negation in Arabic; used here as the evocative first word (in Arabic) of the basic Muslim profession of faith: There is *no* god but God! *Lāt* and *'Uzzā*: two female deities of pre-Islamic Arabia of particular abhorrence. One word-play not visible in the English turns on the name of the second, literally Most Glorious.
- 77 Cancelled: the orthodox view is that Islam is a purified restatement of Judaism and Christianity.
- 78-83 See note 71 above. Muḥammad, mounted on the supernatural steed Burāq, is likened to a royal huntsman galloping forth into the desert, with 'proximity' to God as his quarry. His companion, Gabriel, can go no further than the miraculous tree of the Seventh Heaven, Sidra, which marks the boundary for angels. Muḥammad, designated by his official title, then mocks and reproaches Gabriel, also officially designated, as in an old hunting-poem where the courtiers are no match for the prince.
- 86-90 The terms Companions and Followers usually denote respectively all those who knew Muḥammad and the generation following them: here the sense would seem to be his four most important Companions, who succeeded him, in the order given, as the Four Orthodox Caliphs (A.D. 632-60). The key-designation of each is not without significance: the ripe wisdom and humility of the first is followed by the vigorous expansionist policy of the second, and the pious vigils of the third. Only 'Alī, mounted on his mule, is (paradoxically) endowed with a royal and necessarily Persian aura; and this strangely Shi'ite note (in the mouth of one reputedly Sunnite) is emphasized twice more by reference to the descendants of 'Alī by Fāṭima (the Prophet's daughter) and to the Apostle's Family (which technically means the same thing).
- 91-7 Once again, the mystical cult of Muḥammad (cf. notes 71 and 73), as the first emanation from God, is to the fore: apart from all mankind, above all the angels, that for the sake of which all else was created. Though this is far from being deification, it is an attitude suspect to orthodox Islam, which saw in it a neo-Platonic importation. 'But for you ...' are the opening words of a celebrated mystical Tradition, in which God makes Muḥammad the sole reason for creating the heavens. *Tā-Hā* and *Yā-Sīn* (i.e. T-H and Y-S) are the cryptic titles of Sūras 20 and 36 of the Koran respectively, two chapters of particularly great beauty, which deal at length with the prophetic mission and hint at Muḥammad's unique status.

- 103 Fragrant gardens: an obvious allusion to the book's own most common title. Though it apparently means literally 'garden of fragrance,' the word *būstān* is usually taken to refer to cultivations of some practical value, kitchen-gardens or orchards, from which one might bring some small, but useful gift to friends. The considerable mixing of metaphors in the next ten lines or so (gardens, loaf-sugar, pavilions, gates, and pearls) is not regarded as a blemish in Persian style.
- 106 Outward form; import: the material form and the inner reality, stock contrasts in such literature. 'Take note of' is an attempt to render the Persian ambiguity: both 'put on paper' and 'prize highly'; a third implication, of 'carry in paper' (i.e. a possible glancing allusion to the highly prized sugar-loaf), I have not been able to render satisfactorily.
- 107 Doors: throughout the next seven lines or so, there is a constant pun on the dual sense of the Arabic word *bāb*, 'gateway' and 'chapter,' which is even carried over to the Persian word *dar*. Many of the chapter-titles themselves contain key-words in Islamic ethical writing.
- 108 The human, social virtues are rooted in the basic theological one of Justice; and this ambivalence is carried into the next category, where the benefactor becomes a functional dispenser of God's boons and thereby renders his own thanks.
- 110 Mystical rapture, not earthly love, presumably: i.e. the apparently natural stories should be understood otherwise.
- 111 Three closely linked virtues: Acceptance is happy submission to God's will.
- 112 Edification (cf. line 107) is education either in the strictly professional sense or in the broader connotation of upbringing along accepted lines. 'Good-estate' may refer equally to this world or the next.
- 113 Close Communion: intimate prayer.
- 114-15 This interesting passage sets the date of completion in the Islamic year 655, between the Feast at the end of Ramaḍān and the Feast of Sacrifices, i.e. somewhere between October 13 and December 20, 1257. Moreover, the word used for 'auspicious' can refer to the second intercalary day of the old Iranian calendar, which might have fallen (practice varied in different parts of Persia) on or about November 21. 'Pearl' could be read (once again, cf. note 107) as 'door,' but this is only a sight-play, the pronunciation being different.
- 116 Lustre: this word also means 'substance; jewel, pearl.'
- 122 Refers to a somewhat unorthodox Tradition on God's all-embracing forgiveness at the Resurrection.

- 128-9 Title: ruler of Fārs, more or less at the pleasure of the Mongols, from A.D. 1226 to 1260.
- 131 Carried off the ball: a frequently occurring figure, taken from the old Persian style of polo.
- 132 It is proper that I should date my work by his reign, just as the Prophet (according to Tradition) fixed his birth by reference to the era of the great Sasanid Nūshīrwān the Just. Sa'dī leaves us typically in some doubt as to who is honouring whom! At the same time, his precedent is ingenious, and nicely flatters Persian pride – again, a typical touch.
- 133 'Umar: cf. note 86-90.
- 136 A line in Arabic, playing on various Koranic passages, particularly 22:27-30. The court of Fārs is compared to Mecca, the latter thronged with pilgrims seeking spiritual refreshment, the former with those desiring simply justice and a generally better way of life.
- 142 What's up with that?: the Persian and the English match exactly; there is an obvious pun on 'falling' and 'rising.'
- 146 Farīdūn: a legendary Persian hero, captor of the cruel Ḍahhāk or Zohak.
- 148 Zāl was Rustam's father. In Persian legend he is preternaturally white-haired, and thus stands as a figure for old-age. The line means that justice is so even as to give the old an equal chance with the young and strong.
- 156-7 In the various Persian formulations of the Alexander Legend, one of the hero's feats was to imprison the giants Gog and Magog (thought to stand for fierce tribes from Central Asia) behind a great rampart. (See also Koran 18:93-7.) The allusion is particularly apt here inasmuch as the 'Gog of heathendom' bought off by Abū Bakr of Shiraz is the Mongol Chingiz Khan.
- 161 Can this be a hint of the forthcoming composition of Sa'dī's *Gulistān*, where further eulogies are offered?
- 175 Just as God has already allowed a worthy son to succeed an excellent father, so (Sa'dī hopes) He will help the grandson to carry on the tradition.
- 179 The sea (and almost any water) is the stock figure for generosity; likewise the Pleiades for loftiness.
- 189-90 The break I have introduced here corresponds to Graf's beginning chapter 1 at this point. Furūghī carries the text straight on, but there is clearly a transition at this place from father back to son, and also a sudden change of tone, not altogether common in poetry of this kind.
- 193 A tree in leaf and blossom is likened to a vigorous man in whom age is a mark of maturity, not of decrepitude.

- 196-7 An apparent allusion to extravagant figures employed by the panegyrist Zahir-i Fāryābi (d. A.D. 1201), a court-poet to the Atabeg rulers of Iraq.
- 208-9 The apparently simple language of these and subsequent lines in fact includes a number of technical terms for Islamic mystics and mystical practice.
- 211 In popular Islamic belief, King Solomon had a ring which gave him dominion over the beasts and other elements of creation. A tangled complex of Jewish legends, old Persian beliefs, and Koranic accounts is given mystical interpretation by the Šūfis.
- 218 See note 132. Hurmuz notoriously failed to follow his father's counsel. Cf. note 239.
- 225 See note 122, and the line itself. This anachronistic foreshadowing of Islamic attitudes in ancient Iran is typical of most of the Persian poets.
- 231 A typical equestrian figure. The moral is that of *noblesse oblige*: the humble are restricted in their opportunities for virtue, so less is expected of them; the ruler has the responsibilities of freedom.
- 239 Khusrau: probably Khusrau Parvīz, under whom (A.D. 591-628) Sasanian Persia reached a final high-point of splendour. The son whom he addresses had a very short reign of less than a year. Cf. note 218. My break here agrees with Graf rather than Furūghī (cf. note 189-90). See also note 274.
- 244 Smoke ... hearts: a common figure for grief.
- 253-5 The situation envisaged is not merely that of cruelty, but of extortion by revenue-agents. 'A drubbing' could also be read as 'his wealth,' with the possible sense that the ruler should not simply content himself with confiscation of the ill-gotten gains.
- 257 A good example of Sa'di's multi-purpose illustration: ostensibly, the merchant is propitiating murderous robbers, but the moral of the remark in this context is that when robbers show daring and courage, it is evidence that the army is inefficient.
- 268 Ṣan'ā': capital of the Yemen. *Slavonia* is a generalized term for the Slavic northlands.
- 274 For Khusrau, see note 239. The retainer Shāpūr introduced him to the beautiful Shirin.
- 278 When the poor man agrees to serve you, he will bring you no revenue but abundant trouble. It should go without saying that all the 'offices' mentioned in this section have fiscal importance.

- 296 In mediaeval Islam, as in many other cultures, pious endowments were often made in bequests for educational, medical, and religious purposes, and also (as here) to assist the needy traveller.
- 298 The words in question open the introductory *sūra* of the Koran, which is commonly recited over the sick, the dying, and the recently dead.
- 300 Recite: presumably a licence for 'cause others to recite' the same laudatory obituaries over your tomb as over the tombs of the great heroes of old.
- 309 Badakhshān: a famous centre for precious stones in the mediaeval Islamic world, and still to some extent today: now situated in the Soviet Republic of Tajikistan. The phrase 'Badakhshān ruby' often referred poetically to the lips of a beloved.
- 310 Oman Sea: a common name for the Indian Ocean.
- 311 Persians: *tājīk*, i.e. neither Arab nor Turk.
- 313 'Leaves' and 'provisions' are identical in Persian.
- 314 Tinder-rag: naturally the least serviceable rag of all for use as clothing. The play on 'burning' is pretty obvious: it may, however, be as well to suggest that, as commonly in such verse, he was burning with mystical love and insight. He was, in fact, a mendicant dervish.
- 324 The second hemistich runs literally: 'But ruins I did see, ruined!' The term 'ruins' is common in mediaeval Persian poetry to designate a tavern - possibly because nefarious activities tended naturally to be conducted in decayed and deserted areas.
- 326 The man's jewelled remarks are compared to the pearls ceremonially scattered by a rich man from his skirt as public bounty; this, despite his actual poverty! In a similar gesture, sleeves (the mediaeval equivalent of pockets) are also thrown wide; but here the gesture conveys immediately nothing more concrete than the prince's admiration and astonishment.
- 328 The word rendered 'stock' also means 'pearl,' a continuation of a subordinate theme, if only allusively and evocatively. Cf. note 116.
- 329 While telling of his life, he so won the king's favour as to displace all the assembled courtiers in his esteem.
- 334 When a practising judge hands down careful decisions, the later theologians and canon-lawyers will regard him highly.
- 335 A common image from archery.
- 336 The biblical Joseph, as viewed in the Koran and in Islamic legend, a stock figure for physical beauty, virtue, and highmindedness. The moral is that even he did not achieve supreme office all at once. In different manuscripts, the length of time needed is often considerably longer.

- 343 There is a pun in the original which I have been able to reproduce to some extent, profiting by the dual sense of 'tittle' as in 'tittle tattle' and 'tittle or jot.' The subsequent puns are more obvious.
- 349 *Hūr*: houri, a virgin of the Muslim paradise. *Pari*: a sort of Persian nymph.
- 351 Box-trees, cypresses, etc. are commonly taken as figures of tall and slender stature.
- 354 Smooth-faced ones: young boys, rather than girls, in most Persian poetry.
- 356 I take this line to mean that if he had regarded the situation more realistically, things would have gone better for him. However, other texts than Furūghī's displace it to a few lines earlier, taking it to mean (the tense is ambiguous) that he felt happy whenever he looked at them.
- 367-9 The plays and antitheses are fairly obvious. Persian uses the same word for 'criticism,' 'petty,' 'bit,' and 'kindling.'
- 372 'Lot' is literally 'arrow,' often used for drawing lots, and hence a suitable figure for 'luck, fortune.' I am not, however, sure of having understood this line aright.
- 379 See note 349. 'All unseen' is literally 'under the lip,' which often means *sotto voce*.
- 381 Presumably the man looked at the slave again and again, with the same result. The general sense is: once you let the eye rove unchastely or immoderately, you will never be able to practise continence and moderation again. The rendering 'drowsical' is traditional (literally 'demanding water'), but diabetic might be more appropriate.
- 388 Khusrāu: originally an old Persian royal title, almost a proper name. Commonly used in poetry for a ruler. Cf. notes 74-5 and 239.
- 393 A standard gesture, often seen in Persian miniatures illustrating dramatic themes: commonly signifying annoyance, regret, or amazement.
- 400 Cf. notes 349 and 351.
- 402 Bed-time tale: literally 'evening story.' Doubly appropriate here, since apart from its association with dreams and the night-sky by moonlight, it also means a 'moon-shadow.'
- 405-6 Since the Devil was instrumental in Man's eviction from Paradise, it is only natural that Man should have a hateful conception of him. 'Pen' (or 'reed') is symbolic of all writing and painting: though too much should not be made of 'palm,' such instruments traditionally were held rather differently than the Western pen.
- 410 Watchman: a mediaeval Islamic official responsible for morals and for the good ordering of markets and business.

- 411 Good calligraphy depends initially on a well-cut nib. The word for 'nib' also means 'speech, utterance, letter of the alphabet,' and it reappears in 'quibblers,' literally 'utterance-seizer,' 'letter-grabber,' or even 'nib-picker'!
- 424 While the military and defensive imagery is obviously to the fore, there is a possible sight-play on 'pearls' (as it appears in the text) and the word *diram* (a common Persian form of *dirham*, the standard silver coin)
- 429 Pillars of the State: the great office-holders present at the Court.
- 430 The quasi-legal language hangs on the common use of the word 'witness' (or perhaps a homonym) to designate a handsome person.
- 432 Biting the back of the hand as a stock figure for regret is often depicted in Persian miniatures (cf. note 326).
- 437-43 This passage of panegyric harks back to the notes on lines 128-31, but there are several more-developed features. First, attention should be drawn to the protective associations of shade and shadow (with absolutely no suggestion of the sinister at all) in Persian poetry, and in Islamic poetry generally. Next, we have the interlinked images of the Tree of Paradise and the solar cycle, with overtones of journeying. Then the idea of shade is attached to the phoenix (*humā*), the bird pre-eminently associated with royalty and good-fortune. Finally, three words for 'fortune' are used (*bakht*, *daulat*, *iqbāl*), of which two, the second and the third respectively, have strong associations with 'empire, dynasty' and 'advancement.' In the latter case, there is an apparent paradox: it is as though one were saying to a traveller (this notion returns), 'If you want to get on, come sit in the shade!'
- 451-2 The Law is the Islamic religious sanction (*shar'*); a *fatvā* is a judicial ruling handed down by a *mufī*.
- 467 See note 388.
- 470 The robe in question (*hulla*) is not only elaborate in style but a physical impediment in battle.
- 483-4 Jamshīd, the outstanding figure in the first great legendary dynasty of Iran; credited with the invention of all the major arts and crafts of civilization, and often popularly identified with Solomon. Punished for his arrogance by Zohak the Syrian, who was in turn put down by Farīdūn (cf. notes 146 and 211). I have tried to preserve some of the nuances of the Persian: 'drawing breath' can refer to the respite of a weary traveller and also to the mere state of being alive; 'to go on' is both to continue a journey and to pass away; while 'closing the eyes' resumes the motif of respite and also reinforces the idea of death. There are some nice paradoxes here!

- 487 Broken to your skirt-hem: broken in spirit, distraught, and also making a ritual, physical act of submission.
- 488-9 Probably Darius the First is intended, but Alexander's adversary is at least a possibility. The 'blessed kin' is the true royal stock of Persia, the 'blessed faith' that of Zoroaster. This is a constantly recurring atavistic tribute, even after centuries of Islam!
- 492 Tūr, or Tūrān, is the malevolent twin of Iran, the land held properly by the Turks, and a source of constant trouble. The domination of this area, ostensibly in self-defence, was a classic theme of Persian history until recent times. Nowadays, it all lies in the Soviet Union.
- 507 The old traveller speaks, no doubt, from life!
- 510 If you speak only with an eye to your own advantage, your book will be vapid as the expunged page of a record.
- 512 Gateway: the Portal of Heaven.
- 515 *Haram*: the women's quarters, where the head of the house would sleep, and which would tend to be cool and secluded. The second hemistich has overtones of remarks consigning people to Hell!
- 517 Men of discernment: this type of 'exclusive,' esoteric label is very common in Islamic writings. The allusion is often to mystic initiates. The ruler referred to is also known as 'Umar II (717-20), one of the few 'good' Umayyads, and a stock figure for piety and asceticism. See note 544 below.
- 526 The appearance of hot wax running down a candle is a favourite subject of Persian imagery. Cf. also notes 244 and 314.
- 533 Atabeg: a family title. Cf. note 128-9, and note 542 below.
- 534-41 A fairly comprehensive parcel of Persian poetic imagery. The underlying figure is the comparison of the effect of the beloved on the lover to an outbreak of civil strife: hence, a sleepy beloved is as much to be wished as civil peace. For 'cypress,' cf. note 351, and in general see note 354. The narcissus is practically a synonym for 'eye': I have tried to have the best of both worlds. 'Ruby sweet' refers to the lips: the cupbearer and the beloved were usually identical. 'Enlightened of breath' certainly has a mystical connotation: in some ways, it is more Indian than Persian. See also line 547.
- 542 These are ancestors of the ruling family. See note 533 above.
- 544 'A man of heart' is a stereotyped name for a mystic, as in 517 above. Here he is clearly the true mystic, warning against outward shows of asceticism.
- 546 For 'empire' see note 437-43.
- 548 'Cassocks' and the 'habit' of line 552 render common terms for the garments worn by *darvishes*.

- 551 'Breath' could be rendered also 'pride, hot air.' The point of the remark in the second hemistich is that the word 'breath' in Persian (*dam*) is an incomplete form, so to speak, of the word 'foot' (*qadam*).
- 553 *Rūm* is usually Byzantium, and this story might be taken to shed an interesting light on its gradual decline over a much longer period than the West has often tended to allow.
- 563 See notes 388 and 483-4. Jam is a common abbreviation for Jamshīd.
- 568 See notes 517 and 544.
- 570 Court: here a judicial and administrative court. The expression *divān nihādan* means literally something like 'to lay down the register.'
- 571 Court of Truth: here God's Throne-Room.
- 573 See note 432.
- 575-7 Outer Syria: the northern border with Asia Minor. It may be, given the hermit's name as 'God-lover,' that the reference is (however casually and at several hands' remove) to Theophilus, Bishop of Antioch (d. A.D. 190). Several puns, both in the passages preceding these lines and subsequently, have had to be omitted.
- 579-80 The clean-gambling gnostic is the mystic who gambles all clean away for love of God, albeit there is an obvious overtone of fairplay. Begging is, properly considered, a self-discipline, not an exhibition of greed and idleness. The 'soul' is, as so often, the lower self.
- 617 See note 244.
- 618 See note 313.
- 619 For 'garden' see note 103.
- 625 See again note 244. The point of the second hemistich is either that men are dead and lament no longer, or that their cries do not reach Heaven to any effect.
- 628 Learned man: literally 'lawyer' (*faqih*). Possibly the term is used to suggest his quick and trenchant retort.
- 636 Once again, see note 244.
- 640 The first hemistich is more or less obvious, bearing in mind the archaic 'bowels of compassion'; the second is usually explained by reference to the comfort a starving man may derive from tightly binding his stomach with a hard object upon it. 'Who will harden his heart when he sees others starving?'
- 642 The man who truly cares for others is so distressed by their suffering that he is virtually as sorely afflicted as they are.

- 645 There is a pun here, one of which the poet is especially fond, between his own pen-name and words like 'felicity' deriving from the same root.
- 647 See note 388.
- 650 Congregation Day: the Day of Resurrection. The word 'body,' which also carries in Persian the connotation 'person' as in Scottish speech, is peculiarly fitting here, since orthodox Islam looks to a physical resurrection.
- 651 See, once again, note 388.
- 653 Good men are careful not to offend God, for He is most likely to vent His displeasure through an unjust ruler.
- 656 Probably no worldly reverse is intended, the sense being rather that 'If you rule badly while alive, you will have to beg God for mercy after death.'
- 676 See note 128-9.
- 680 See note 57.
- 694 Outset of creation: literally 'the *k* of *kun*,' the latter being the imperative form of the Arabic verb 'to be, become,' by which *fiat* Islam has God initiate creation. In other words, this man was doomed to disaster from the very beginning. The original gains extra point from the fact that the Persian word for 'do,' in the second hemistich, is also *kun*.
- 702 If you are humbled after death, the beggar who now reaches out for your hem in supplication may be in a position himself to lay violent hands upon you.
- 705 Clear-hearted: see notes 517 and 544. For 'carried ... away,' see note 131.
- 708 Men of heart: see, again, note 544 in particular.
- 711 End: in Persian the word is identical with 'head,' hence part of the force of the second hemistich.
- 714 Fate: *ajal*, a word of richly ominous association in Islam.
- 718 The name of the central Iranian town of Kirman is indistinguishable in Persian from the word for 'worms.'
- 721 While I have given this figure a zodiacal cast, I am not sure that I have understood the full import involved. The scorpion itself is a byword for venomous power in Islamic literature (cf. *Encyclopaedia of Islam* article on '*aqrab*').
- 722 The word for 'gem' also itself means 'nature, substance, stock.' Cf. notes 116 and 328.
- 739 The reference is of course to wells, the same word often being used in Persian for both 'pit' and 'well.'
- 742 While the *zaqqūm* can refer to one or other fruitless growths in the natural

- order, it commonly denotes a bitter tree to be found in Hell. Cf. Koran 37:60, 44:43, 56:52.
- 744 Hajjāj b. Yūsuf: a colourful and ferocious administrator under the Umayyad dynasty, died ca. A.D. 714. The execution-mat was often of greased leather: its function was not only to keep the ground clean, but also to transport the remains of the victim.
- 751 Šūfī man: too much should not be made of this term here.
- 757-8 Cf. note 244. The liver is as much the seat of the emotions, in such poetry, as is the heart. Indeed, the latter is often associated with insight and mystical experience (cf. e.g. note 544).
- 759 Iblīs: one of several names for Satan.
- 760 The *tabu* notion of concealing both the forbidden and the venerated is fairly commonplace. Apart from religious associations of various kinds, it also centres in Islam on women especially. The word rendered 'shame' could also be rendered 'honour,' but the sense is essentially the same.
- 761 While lion-men in one sense clearly suggests bravery (like 'men of heart,' cf. note 544), it also can be used (once again, like the latter) in reference to mystics.
- 770 Sickness of the thread: a sort of worm-disease. The word-play here is a not uncommon one in Persian.
- 772 When the king is mated (Persian *māt* means 'at a loss, paralysed') he is of less value than a pawn (Persian 'foot-soldier') still in action. Persian chess in Sa'di's time was substantially the same as our own.
- 774 See notes 534-41 and 551. Cf. also lines 776 and 778.
- 775 See note 705.
- 778 See note 774 above.
- 790 *Rak'a*: a standard division of the ritual prayers in Islam. The term has been used somewhat differently in various contexts of time and place.
- 793 Valuable birds were often prevented from flying away by some sort of very light tether. It will be noticed that I have been able, throughout this tale, to reproduce most of the several puns on the word 'thread.'
- 800-1 Cf. note 211. Solomon's miraculous daily passage upon the winds is contrasted with the end to which he came, though he *par excellence* came to that end famed for his wisdom and justice. 'To go upon the wind' is a common figure in Persian poetry for 'to come to nothing.'
- 802 Cf. note 131.
- 804 Fate: see note 714.

- 806 See note 432. The word rendered 'failure' (*faut*) also has connotations of death.
- 813 Soul-fusing mattress: death-bed.
- 818 Qizil Arslān (see line 196 and corresponding note): one of the Atabeg rulers of Iraq and Ādharbaijān, who reigned from A.D. 1185 to 1191. Alvand is the general name of a mountain-group just south of Hamadan; it rises to close on 12,000 feet.
- 832 For Kistrā see note 74-5. *Jam* is the abbreviated form of the name Jamshīd, one of the greatest of the rulers of early Persian legend: it was he who ultimately provoked the tyranny of Zohak (cf. note 483-4). 'Crazed' means, of course, beside oneself with divine inspiration. Cf. line 837.
- 834 Korah: see note 57.
- 835 The great Seljuk ruler Alp Arslān died in A.D. 1073 and was succeeded by his son Malikshāh.
- 836 The target: the word *āmāji-gāh* has the literal sense of 'butt,' but also connotes the royal throne (as the target of men's glances) and the world (as the goal of men's aspirations). There may also be an allusion to Alp Arslān's death as the result of his missing a violent enemy with his arrows.
- 837 For 'prudent madman,' see remark in note 832 above.
- 840 'Brings to a head' (in the sense of 'conclude, terminate') and 'lifts his head' are virtually identical in Persian. The word for 'era' (*ahd*) also means 'contract, undertaking': in this sense it echoes its own use in the previous line in a compound I have rendered 'fickle.'
- 843 In some communities, though not universally, the office of village headman revolved annually.
- 844 Kai-Qubād: one of the early rulers of the more or less legendary Kayānī line, the house supported by the hero Rustam. This tale is not included in many mss: Graf includes it in his edition (with minor variations from the present version), but not in his translation.
- 858 Ghūr: an area centring on the town of the same name between Herat and Kandahar, in the present-day state of Afghanistan. For some half-century before Sa'dī's birth and during the early years of his life, it was ruled by a dynasty commonly called 'Ghurid' or 'Ghorid.' They were overthrown in 1215, shortly before the Mongol invasions. In this tale I have followed Furūghī, who is in substantial agreement with Graf; however, in his notes and his German translation, the latter carries a somewhat different and clearly inferior version of the same story.

- 861 The traditional oriental rooftop is, of course, flat and lends itself to a great variety of domestic activity, such as sleeping and cooking.
- 875-6 It is a commonplace of Islamic literature, and particularly of Persian poetry, that bad practice results from bad theory, i.e. erroneous religious principles. Khidr is an 'uncanonical' Islamic prophet (some identify him with Elias or St George), variously associated with Moses, Alexander the Great, and the Fountain of Life (see *Encyclopaedia of Islam* and similar reference works). The incident referred to is recounted in the Koran, 18:60-80.
- 886 Still-born foetus: so I read the word *bār*, which also simply means 'burden.' Graf has *mār*, 'serpent,' which would be equally good.
- 897 Foul filth: in some mss 'foul luck,' an easy metathesis in Persian, but the real issue here is the peasant's abuse, not his lack of hospitality.
- 899 Donkey trappings: literally 'donkey legs,' a coarse term (though very apposite here) often itself connoting abuse.
- 904 When it's time to die one must accept the fact.
- 915-16 Making his soul ...: i.e. holding out his own life in the face of destiny as boldly as one would a shield. The 'pen' reference is, of course, to the necessity to cut a new nib periodically, when the old one grows too blunt for easy writing. Cf. note 411.
- 919 See note 326. The 'neckband' or 'collar' was ample enough to allow one to sink the head within it while pondering, and hence it is often rendered by 'bosom.' Together with the sleeves, it also served as a sort of pocket.
- 929 Ma'mūn: one of the most famous of the Abbasid caliphs, a son of Hārūn al-Rashīd. His reign in Baghdad (813-33 A.D.) is sometimes characterized as the most brilliant twenty years in all the history of Islamic civilization. The comparison of feminine beauty with the moon is in respect of brightness, not necessarily whiteness or roundness!
- 931 I.e. men were a sacrifice to her beauty. The word rendered 'lovers' ('*azizān*') could also denote 'strong men,' and this would also be appropriate here.
- 932 Bow of Quzah: a term, variously explained, for a type of solar penumbra. The term 'devotee-deceiving,' of course, implies that no man, however ascetic, was proof against her attractions.
- 933 See note 349
- 938 Breath by breath: both literally and in the sense of 'gradually.'
- 939 The captain of good-fortune: one who rules under favourable auspices.
- 941 Knowers of nature: a literal rendering of a word that nowadays would mean 'physicist, natural scientist.'
- 943 Nymph-ascpected: see again note 349.

- 947 Scammony: a plant extract used as a drastic purgative.
- 950 The word used for 'knowledge' (*ma'rifat*) has strong overtones of mystical import. Cf., as before, notes 517 and 544.
- 958 Khusrau: see note 388.
- 963 For 'empire' (*daulat*) cf. note 437-43. For 'smoke ... hearts' see note 244.
- 985 When, as here, things speak for themselves, this is referred to in Arabic or Persian as 'the tongue of situation' (*lisān al-hāl* or *lisān-i hāl*). Hence the reference to the 'mouth's state' (*hāl*) after death in the following line.
- 986 Sugar; heart's blood: figures commonly opposed to denote comfort and joy on the one hand and distress on the other.
- 988 Set aside its gear: packed up its baggage for departure, a very common type of expression.
- 990-1 'Slave' carries here also the more general sense of 'slave of God,' i.e. mankind in general. The 'altered state' is, of course, death.
- 992-7 These lines are clearly addressed to a ruler in expectation of reward, particularly at the end, where the poet's 'pearls' of wisdom and diction are both vaunted and at the same time suggested to be in need of gold for company. The advice touching the need of dual concern for spiritual and temporal welfare both is standard in Persian literature: thence it has had its effect on Islamic literature in general.
- 1003 Friend: such 'familiarity' with the Deity is found virtually nowhere in Islam outside the language of the mystics, to whom the speaker (or Sa'di himself) may be taken to belong.
- 1004 Truth: as in English, often synonymous with 'God.' A few lines further on, I no longer capitalize the word.
- 1007 Khusrau: see again note 388.
- 1014 See note 131.
- 1021 Spikes: the reference is to spiked balls used as anti-cavalry weapons in the Middle Ages. The technical term is 'caltrop' or 'crowfoot.'
- 1023 Rustam, the superhuman hero of ancient Iran, was once craftily caught by the demon Akwān, whom he eventually slew. But even an occasional reverse of this kind was as nothing in comparison with his long, patient, and ultimately victorious struggle with another legendary Iranian hero, Isfandiyār. The Matthew Arnold poem of *Sohrab and Rustum* touches on only a tiny, if poignant, part of the Rustam cycle.
- 1026 To tie knots in the brow: to frown, wax angry. The sense, then, is that loss of temper can never yield as great an advantage as keeping a friend.
- 1031 The hand fails: the word 'hand' has many connotations and overtones in

- Persian (chiefly associated with the idea of 'power') that cannot always be adequately conveyed in English.
- 1034 Congregation Time: the Resurrection (cf. line 70). See note 650.
- 1037 Raise dust tame their mettlesome, but mischievous natures by hard usage.
- 1044 Cf. note 800-1.
- 1050 Afrāsiyāb: the great archetype Turkic leader in the Persian national epic, sworn enemy of the Iranian way of life.
- 1053 Cast down your standard: the equivalent of sounding a cease-fire. Such advice is common in Persian moralistic verse, and combines compassion with prudence.
- 1058-9 Some texts have 'his rank should *not* be advanced' – a trifling difference in the Persian text, and hence a very common case of confusion. It should be mentioned, too, that the word rendered 'hardihood' (*tahauvur*) often has a pejorative overtone. As usual, with Sa'di, one could make good sense either way!
- 1065 The soldier commonly risks his own head, a professional hazard beyond the ordinary. 'Head-risker' (*sarbāz*) has become the ordinary Persian word for 'soldier.'
- 1067 Only a consideration of spacing (not always a very important one in the Arabo-Persian script) distinguishes the originals of 'conflict' and 'case in low condition' respectively. The following lines contain several minor word-plays, both impossible to translate and unworthy of comment.
- 1086 Gurgin: a champion of ancient Iranian legend, allegedly contemporary with Rustam (see note 1023). I take the second hemistich to mean something like 'as he accepted (or imposed) the obligation to fight for right belief.' However, Graf's text has the in some ways more plausible *qirbān* ('bow-case') for *fīrmān* ('brief'), which would suggest that the word I have rendered as 'Faith' (*kish*) should be given one of its other senses, viz. 'quiver.' The lesson is, of course, one of noblesse oblige in the sphere of military leadership.
- 1094 For 'ball' see note 131; for 'fortune' (*daulat*) cf. note 437-43.
- 1097 The 'cupbearer' (*sāqī*) is usually conceived as a handsome youth with whom the ruler is infatuated.
- 1098 For 'good-estate' (*daulat*), see once again note 437-43.
- 1100 Verse of Reconciliation: Koran 4:127.
- 1105-6 'Short-handed' and 'long-handed' respectively connote in Persian 'incapacitated' and 'predatory.'

- 1108 By 'management's sword' is meant 'the weapon of policy.' Cf. line 108 and the title of this chapter.
- 1109 Shirt ... prison: 'he will find life pressing heavily upon him at every turn.'
- 1115 See once again note 131. The expression 'contest-ground' is intended to reproduce the ambiguity of the Persian *maidān*, i.e. a battlefield or a pitch for playing polo.
- 1120 Sa'di may here speak with feeling, as one often alleged to have been a prisoner of the Crusaders!
- 1138 See note 1108 above.
- 1141 Bahman was the son of Isfandiyār, who invaded Rustam's homeland of Zābulistān (roughly in modern Afghanistan) to avenge his father's death (see note 1023).
- 1148 For Faridūn see note 146.
- 1149-50 What may be regarded as a popular piece of neo-Platonism is integrated, at the ethical and personal level, within the framework of Islam. Cf. note 106.
- 1156 See note 1094 above.
- 1158 Cf. note 393. Graf's text clearly takes the negative (doubly reinforced in *Furūghī*) as another word for 'put', i.e. the advice is to live without solicitude for one's own material possessions in order to avoid the double regret of having neither enjoyed them nor used them to purchase benedictions from the grateful poor. Either reading can be justified according as the line terminates one argument or opens another.
- 1168 Graf's text has for 'bear his burden' the (in Persian minutely different) reading 'bring him back' (i.e. to calmer courses). Though attractive, this might well be incorrect.
- 1172-3 These lines are supplied from Graf, since their absence seems to rob 1174 of most of its force.
- 1176 For 'fortunate noble' most Sa'di scholars have understood 'a noble of Khujand,' interpreting this as a reference to Khujanda, a small town some 150 miles east-northeast of Samarqand on the Jaxartes. This town is sometimes referred to by the geographers in favourable terms, and it is clear that the story gains its point from the fact that the poor man received into Heaven for his kindness is to be envied by even the most fortunate of living men. But since the word *khujand* is well attested in the sense of 'fortunate,' there seems no reason to drag in an unlikely reference to a remote and obscure place, and that in a somewhat uncommon form. Another interpretation might be the proper name Šadr-i Khujand, a prominent Shāfi'ite judge of Isfahan, put to death in 592/1196; but the connection seems obscure.

- 1180 The word 'revolution' is here used in its literal sense of 'vicissitude.'
- 1183 Generosity was often suspect in Islam as a virtue extolled by both the pagan Arabs and the Greek philosophers: here it is fully integrated within Islamic orthodoxy. The word rendered 'Holy Messengers' is the Persian *paighambarān*: several such terms are in common use in reference to Muḥammad and earlier Prophets (cf. line 1197 below), as also is the 'rest in peace!' formula in line 1190.
- 1184 Friend: Abraham is commonly spoken of, especially in mystical literature, by the unique title 'Friend of God.' The term recurs ironically in line 1199. The valley mentioned in line 1186 may well be meant as Hebron, where Abraham's tomb is shown.
- 1189 There is a pun on 'apple' (lit. 'little man') and 'courtesy' (lit. 'manliness').
- 1193 All important undertakings in Islam should be prefaced by this formula, which accordingly serves as a grace before meals.
- 1196-7 The old man was a Zoroastrian, whom the Muslims often dismissed as 'fire-worshippers' or 'infidels' (*gabr*, whence our, and the French, Guebre and the Levantine *giaour*).
- 1204 See note 451-2.
- 1206 See note 544.
- 1207 Generally speaking, the *dirham* (cf. Greek *drachma*) was the standard silver coin of mediaeval Islam, as against the *dīnār* (cf. Latin *denarius*), the great gold token. A 'maund' has come into English through the British occupation of India: the original Persian *man(n)* is a sizable weight, varying in different districts and contexts from about seven pounds to about one hundredweight!
- 1211 Faith's Register is presumably the Koran, of which the creditor knows not a letter. The semi-declinable nouns are one of the elementary topics of Arabic grammar: once again, the man is seen to lack one of the basic pillars of Islam, a decent enough knowledge of Arabic to understand the Koran. There is also a pun in the latter instance, since the root of the Arabic word for 'semi-declinables' (SRF) also has connotations of 'expenditure.'
- 1212 Sol: this renders the somewhat overworked poetic word for 'sun' (*khūr*). While Sa'dī clearly puts a would-be colourful style into the cadger's mouth, his use of this particular word may be for nothing more than metrical purposes.
- 1214 See notes 326 and 919.
- 1217 Abū Zaid: a celebrated confidence-man of mediaeval Arabic literature, the central figure in the *Maqāmāt* of Harīrī (d. A.D. 1122). Most commentators

have taken the chess imagery too literally: all that is meant here is that this rogue could have shown even the masters of the game (of chicanery) a thing or two.

- 1223 Men of heart: see again note 544.
- 1225 The physical charms here listed are the basic stock in trade of many Islamic poets (and Sa'di himself can use them when he wishes as well as anyone!).
- 1226 See note 1207 above and also note 544. The text of this tale varies in many details in the different recensions.
- 1233-6 This little tale within a tale, and that in lines 1237-8, are not always easy to circumscribe with certainty in view of the original's lack of punctuation and quotation marks (to say nothing of 'quotes within quotes'!). Sa'di is much given to them, and they are often (as here) psychologically very apt as put into the mouth of a busybody full of instances. The son's courteous reproof of his father and the prosaic reference to the economics of village-life are typical Sa'di touches. See also line 1258 onwards.
- 1243 Sakhr: a genie who stole for a fateful while Solomon's magic ring (see note 211). As remarked in note 1226 above, the text of this tale has not remained altogether intact, and one cannot help wondering whether Sa'di would have come so near to repeating this idea in line 1245.
- 1245 See previous note. The White Devil was one of Rustam's noted adversaries (cf. note 1023), overcome only after a series of veritable Labours of Hercules.
- 1258 See note 1233-6 above. Conspicuous consumption, like complimenting a man on his happiness and good estate, is sometimes held to invite the operation of the evil eye: not so, where the spirit is righteous and humble. A pun in this line will of course be obvious. For 'man of perfect vision' cf. note 517.
- 1260 Pipe down: this renders the word (Furūghī alone has this line) *bi-khuft*, a possible, but irregular and 'vulgar' imperative of the itself not altogether common form *khuftan*, 'to go to sleep, lie down'; alternatively, it might be treated as an emphatic past of the same verb, i.e. 'at which he (viz. the extoller) promptly shut up.'
- 1263 Men of certainty: cf. notes 517 and 544.
- 1264 The mystical elders (*shaiḥs*) allowed no relaxation in their devotional zeal, sensing as they did their own unworthiness and their dependence on God.
- 1265 Party-recitations (*maqāmāt*): a literary form particularly appropriate to, and favoured by, mystical gatherings. Thus, Furūghī; Graf has merely *maqālāt*, 'sayings, discourses.' 'True men' is merely 'men' in the original,

but the connotation is clearly mystical in such a context. Shihāb al-Dīn Suhrawardī (d. 1234 A.D.), one of the most eminent of the mediaeval Muslim mystics; some doubt attaches to Sa'dī's claim to have been his disciple, and (apparently) to have made a sea-voyage with him, for the poet is a great name-dropper!

- 1268 The Koran has many such verses.
- 1271 For 'fortune's ball' see note 1094: he who sacrifices himself for the good of others will gain ultimate felicity.
- 1278 For 'men of Truth' (i.e. of God) cf. note 1263, etc.
- 1279 For 'Alī and the interesting relevance of the tone of this remark, see note 86-90.
- 1280 On the Hijāz Road: on the way to perform the Pilgrimage at Mecca (and possibly also to visit Medina). The *rak'a* (see again in line 1287) is a division of the formal prayers. See also note 790.
- 1286 Titbit: *nuzl*, the minor relishes or *hors d'œuvres* offered to guests in advance (or possibly in lieu) of a full-scale meal. There is at least one untranslatable pun here (between this word and that rendered as 'way-stage'). Note the somewhat ironic courtesy of address, both here and in the next tale.
- 1297 The word for 'brightness' (*ṣafā*) also connotes 'clarity,' 'lucidity,' and so on, as with something filtered and strained; at the same time, the word rendered by 'distinguished' (*tamīz* or *tamyīz*) carries associations of separating out the clean from the impure.
- 1304 For *dirhams* see note 1207.
- 1310 'Lightsome breezes' (*ṣabā*), a common poetic cliché, denotes the easterly zephyrs blowing in the early morning or as harbingers of the equinox. This therefore means either next morning, or at the beginning of the next season, i.e. at next quarter-day, so to speak.
- 1313-14 These two lines hark back in ironic contrast to 1303-4.
- 1316 For 'blessed-breathed' cf. the last part of note 534-41. It is possible, despite the pious man's right to such address, that there is an element of irony involved here.
- 1325 This apparently means that Muhammad (or possibly some other prophet) proclaimed that succouring a thirsty dog could alone suffice in God's eyes to wipe out all a man's sins. How much more, then ...! God appears in the next few lines under two other titles.
- 1329 Though you lack the means to refresh the pilgrim on his journey, at least light him to the shrine: if you cannot help in one way (particularly by spectacular means), try another.

- 1330 A quintal, by any assessment, is a large weight of 100 pounds or more; a carat is, of course, a fine jeweller's weight.
- 1334 The sense would seem to be that if you corrupt a slave's character when he cannot but obey you, he will remain corrupt if he ever attains high office and can suit himself. The more plausible idea of not injuring a slave lest he retaliate when in power does not seem to me consonant with the construction of the original. This latter notion, however, comes out clearly in the next few lines.
- 1343 For *dinārs* see note 1207. The stinginess is, as it were, topped off by the anger: piety enjoins that a refusal to a beggar should be mild and apologetic.
- 1346 This line is balanced by line 1355.
- 1348 Mercury presides especially over intelligence and the calligraphic art: all that the line means here, of course, is that things looked black for him.
- 1349 He lost his goods, his beasts of burden, his very wearing apparel.
- 1353 He found all his pleasure in relieving others' needs.
- 1357 The tears on the edge of his cheeks were like an explanatory note on the margins of a book.
- 1369 Shibli: a state-official and scholar, who later became a mystical disciple of Junaid and of the tragic Ḥallāj. After the latter's death his neurotic eccentricities and exaggerations became notorious, and the obsessional concern of this story would not be uncharacteristic – albeit Sa'di turns it to his own good account. He died in Baghdad at a great age in A.D. 946.
- 1374 Firdausi: Persia's greatest epic poet, author of the *Shāhnāma* ('Book of Kings'), who died ca. A.D. 1020. For many Persians he still embodies pride of race and tradition (hence 'of pure birth'): Sa'di also has him die in the odour of sanctity, though his wholehearted adherence to Islam has sometimes been doubted. His poem is richly garnished with compassionate moral sentiments.
- 1379 The moth-candle motif is a favourite one in Persian literature, the moth usually representing the hopelessly enamoured and self-immolating lover (or mystic) and the candle standing for the cruel and impassive beloved (or God). Here, however, is probably nothing so involved: Sa'di pictures the candle as being publicly burned at evening gatherings as a punishment for its treatment of the moth. Cf. note 526.
- 1380 The second hemistich may refer (but probably does not) to God as the ultimate Avenger. Cf. the next note.

- 1384 Supporter: I have taken this to refer to God as the principle of good. It might also mean 'a good(-natured) friend.'
- 1395 Cheetahs were long used in the East as hunting animals. I know of no evidence that they were 'broken in' on cheese, but the word is too clear and bold to be merely casual or arbitrary. Cf. end of next note.
- 1398 Poor fellow: Sa'di is notoriously loose in his use of the word *darrish* (cf. note 751). Disturbed in complexion: the latter word is used in its original sense of 'constitution, make-up' as well as that of 'colour' - i.e. he was quite perplexed! One wonders why Ša'di, the experienced traveller, has a lion eating jackals instead of some more likely beast whose name would fit the metre (e.g. gazelle: *ghazāl* for *shaghāl*): cf. previous note.
- 1403 Cf. note 919. In the second hemistich 'down' corresponds to the Persian *zi-ghaib*, 'from the Unseen (World).'
- 1406 As usual in these tales, this line alone would seem to constitute the mysterious pronouncement; but it would be possible to regard the next two or three lines as also included therein rather than as a mere general exhortation by the poet.
- 1410 A reference to the Last Judgment is obvious in the second hemistich.
- 1411 A paraphrase of an activist aphorism sometimes attributed to the Prophet. The second hemistich sees the eunuch or catamite as living off of real men's labours.
- 1412-14 For 'pauper,' see note 1398 above. In line 1414, 'brain' and 'kernel' render the same word in Persian: the meaning of the second hemistich is that stingy men will ultimately lack everything.
- 1415 Both abodes: this world and the next.
- 1416 Of cleanly soil sprung: of good background (cf. a similar remark in note 1374). The term rendered 'Outer Byzance' is a vague one referring generally to the farthest fringes of the non-Muslim, 'Western' world of mediaeval times. While the adjectives in the second hemistich refer to the man's mystical reputation, the story that Sa'di is here attacking his great contemporary Jalāl al-Dīn Rūmī is doubtless a mere late invention.
- 1419 By 'manly virtue' is meant primarily the quality of generosity. See line 1428.
- 1421 The italicized words refer to two ejaculatory prayers: the former denotes a phrase usually rendered as 'Glory be to God!', while the second is the first half of the Muslim's profession of faith, 'There is no god save God (: and Muḥammad is God's Apostle)' (cf. note 76).
- 1424 Puns can often be devised in Persian (and other languages written in the Arabic script) by a simple transposition (*tashif* = 'spelt somewhat differently')

of the dots distinguishing certain letters from others. Thus the gentle wag plays upon the words for 'kiss' and 'provisions, supplies' respectively. I have tried to convey something of the idea in English. For 'poor man' cf. notes 1398 and 1412-14.

- 1425 For 'beard' some versions have the same 'shoe' as in the second hemistich.
- 1426-7 The insomniac reciter of prayers, if he lacks charity, is no better spiritually than an alert Mongol sentry.
- 1429-30 For 'Idea,' see the opening of the present chapter and note 1149-50. For 'breath' and 'footsteps,' see line 551 and its note: in God's sight, you cannot rely on (hence 'resting-place') mere talking, but only on action and movement.
- 1431 Hātim: a pre-Islamic Arab of the South Arabian tribe of Ṭaiyī', renowned in literature as a paragon of generosity and other semi-pagan virtues.
- 1432 For 'Eastern zephyr' see note 1310. Cf. also line 1442.
- 1435 See note 1416.
- 1443 Zinda-Rūd: the 'living stream' of Isfahan.
- 1446 Cf. note 393 for a similar gesture.
- 1447-8 The term rendered 'high-priest' (*maubad*) really belongs to Zoroastrian practice. However, its use in this context could well be considered natural enough: a Byzantine envoy might easily have been a cleric; and a pre-Islamic Arab (to say nothing of a Muslim writing about him!) would not always have bothered to distinguish one foreign hierarchy from another. For 'Duldul,' see line 88 and note 86-90. The bitter incongruity of the word 'roast meat' is found in the original.
- 1457 See note 1094.
- 1460 A 'wind-weigher' is a man dealing in insubstantial pretensions.
- 1465 Banū Ṭaiyī': see note 1431.
- 1477 There is a delicate irony here, and, indeed, throughout all this tale. Presumably the outward sense of this line is: If we wait till it grows properly light, either you will get into trouble when seen cutting off my head, or you will by that time be in despair because you cannot bring yourself to do it; or, alternatively, you will by that time have gone elsewhere and realized, despairingly, that you cannot find your quarry.
- 1486 The word 'likely' renders a Persian original meaning both 'bright, clever' and 'ready to serve' (*shāfir*).
- 1491-2 While outwardly the king's remark simply means that liberality is Hātim's ultimate perfection, two things should be pointed out here: first, that the name itself and the Arabic word for 'seal' (not used here, but mentally

present in the background) are almost identical; and secondly, that the king also seems to be suggesting that this could well be a fitting conclusion to the whole Hātīm saga! The word 'reality' could also be rendered 'Idea' (cf. note 1429-30).

- 1494 Tidings-Bearer and Warner: the Prophet's dual role, the latter of the two justifying his extreme severity when occasion demanded; at the same time, under Divine inspiration, he was capable of relenting (cf. line 1498). The last line of this Tale, while outwardly emphasizing the Prophet's exercise of humanity (albeit on almost pagan grounds of blood and race [cf. note 1416]), seems in some ways like a slightly irreverent joke at the expense of his twice-compounded retreat from firmness and zeal – a joke of which Sa'dī would not have been incapable!
- 1501 For 'manly' here, contrast with line 1481. As, too, in line 1486, the term also carries overtones of 'generosity' (cf. note 1419).
- 1504 For the common meaning of *dirham*, see note 1207. It is here used, however, as we might use the cognate 'dram,' to designate a small measure. Hātīm is apparently pictured as managing a communal food supply – a not implausible situation, though the pagan Arabs also knew trade and private property.
- 1510 See note 128-9. From time to time, Sa'dī discreetly suggests that he writes in the hope of financial gain from his sovereign.
- 1512 Greece, Byzantium: cf. note 1416.
- 1514-15 He was a mere virtuous pagan, but you are a faithful Muslim.
- 1516 Since I am a *darvish*, I may be blunt and brief. (But cf. notes 751, 1398, 1412-14.)
- 1531 The words in quotation are in Arabic in the original; but the precept is not Koranic, nor can I find evidence of its being part of the Prophet's Tradition. Sa'dī (and he is not alone in this among Muslim writers) often utters sentiments of a generally Christian character.
- 1533 The liver was until recent times commonly regarded as the seat of the more passionate emotions, the heart being concerned rather with generous feelings and with insight. Cf. also line 244.
- 1539 For 'narciss-orb,' see note 534-41. The miracle is made to turn upon the beggar's tears of gratitude (see also note 1546-7 below).
- 1543 The phrase 'world-illuminating candle' would normally denote the sun, but here clearly means eyesight. In ancient and mediaeval medicine the eye was, so to speak, considered as illuminating the object of sight rather than being affected by external light-impulses.

- 1544 The owl is commonly regarded in Islamic literature as an unclean bird of ill-omen; the phoenix (so I render *humā*) is the exact opposite (see note 437-443).
- 1546-7 It is an Eastern belief of great antiquity, and a common theme in Persian poetry, that the dust associated with saintly persons (both in life and after death) has powerful healing properties. Sa'di gives the idea universal application. For 'manhood' see note 1501.
- 1551 (and *passim*) For 'people of heart' etc., see note 544 and elsewhere.
- 1568 The text is not entirely assured here, but the sense seems to be as follows: while the fading rose despairingly tears its petals like one in sterile mourning, the pomegranate bursts its skin with a joyous laugh as the blood-red juice chokes its heart to death at the moment of ripeness. The ill-treated mystic will behave like the latter.
- 1575 This line, and those immediately following (as well as several preceding), all use everyday contexts to point up the idea of the mendicant mystic's coming glory in Paradise, notwithstanding the contempt now often aroused by his poor estate while on earth.
- 1586 I have tried here to reproduce the gist of the original's ingenious puns, but this necessitated inserting the phrases in brackets.
- 1592-5 Such a man is like an amulet, hung for a while upon an orchard-wall to protect the fruit from predators; or, alternatively, he is like the talisman-guardians traditionally set in legend as custodians of treasure. (The most common example of the latter is the ugly toad, which may be smashed with a stone at an opportune moment.) For *dinārs* see note 1207.
- 1601 From the earliest centuries of Islam the Turks played an important part as military and security forces.
- 1610 The assumption of a good character is presumably an ironical reference to the assessment in line 1604.
- 1611 An earring in Islamic literature commonly suggests enslavement. The meaning of this address is accordingly: 'O you whom the world obeys without question!'
- 1618 'Ūj: a legendary giant of popular Islamic belief, said to have been killed (for all his fantastic strength and violence) by a tap on the Achilles tendon from the staff of Moses; commonly identified with Og, king of Bashan (see Joshua 12:14); the name is also spelt 'Auj.
- 1619 More than one aphorism traditionally ascribed to the Prophet (the originals being, of course, in Arabic) conveys this general sense.
- 1620 See note 128-9, and also 1510.

- 1623-4 The phrase in quotation-marks is doubtless a reference to the Prophet's role as characterized in the Koran 21:107. The Night of Power (to which is devoted the whole brief chapter of the Koran commonly numbered 97) is the mysterious night, known only to a very few, on which the sacred Book was 'sent down.' These two lines reach an extreme in adulation bordering on the idolatrous in the eyes of many orthodox Muslims. The words 'worth' and 'power' look (and often sound) identical in Arabo-Persian.
- 1627-8 The badge (literally 'ornament') of eternity is doubtless to be understood as the final, favourable accounting hung around the neck of the saved. In the second line the blissful man is addressed as a sort of 'life and soul of the party' (i.e. of any gathering, not just that of the Last Day), and asked who has interceded for him (there is an untranslatable pun on 'sitting' and 'standing') to gain him his unique felicity.
- 1654 The village-elder is probably Firdausī (cf. note 1374), who prided himself on being a representative of the old-fashioned Persian yeoman stock.
- 1657 I have tried to convey the popular-speech punning of the original.
- 1658 Joseph is a frequently recurring figure in Islamic poetry (cf. note 336); the reference here is, of course, to the latter part of Genesis 38.
- 1660 Bahrām the Nomad is the Sasanian Bahrām Gūr, or Bahrām V (A.D. 420-38), known to admirers of Edward Fitzgerald as 'Bahram the Great Hunter.' The title given him here alludes both to his early upbringing among Arabs and also to his fondness for hunting-excursions in the desert.
- 1667-9 I have tried to reproduce the original pun on the 'pen-wielder' (the literal rendering would be 'reed-wielder') and the *trimming of nibs*, here carried out by a 'sword-wielder' and extending to the hand that holds the pen! Similarly with 'executive' (literally 'manager') and 'deceptive' (literally 'counterfeiter, falsifier'), though there are here several more complications and possible alternative readings. Both officials would be high (but subordinate) officers of state.
- 1670 This harks back to the whole theme of chapter 1. It will be noticed how the last ten lines or so are more and more obviously addressed to rulers rather than to ordinary men.
- 1675 There is a play on the word rendered 'long-suffering,' which could also be read as 'bitter aloes.' For the general tone of these introductory passages of mystical verse, cf. note 1003.
- 1679 Islamic legend has the Water of Life (i.e. the Fountain of Youth), like all treasures of great price, concealed in obscurity and difficult of access. See also note 875-6.

- 1681 Cf. note 1379.
- 1683 For 'diabetic,' see note 381.
- 1687 For 'beauty's witness,' cf. line 430 and the note thereto.
- 1693 For 'Idea' as the ultimate reality, cf. lines 1149-50, 1429-30, and the notes thereto. The 'farers on the Way' are of course the true lovers, those whose object is not worldly but divine. See also note 1705.
- 1697 For the significance of this line, see note 61.
- 1698 The general paradoxes running throughout this section are enlivened here by a play on two of the ancient basic elements, earth and fire, and on the Persian words for 'foot' and 'breath' (cf. note 551). 'Wind' and 'water' occur within the next few lines.
- 1700 For inanimate nature silently praising God, see note 985.
- 1705 For 'men of heart,' see note 544 and frequently *passim*. With the 'outer-rind' and the 'inner-kernel' we return to the notions of Idea and Form (cf. note 1693 above); however, the original of 'inner-kernel' also means 'brains' in semi-popular speech, so that the 'foolish fellow' is seen to be utterly brainless in his choice.
- 1706 The true mystic is now revealed as the man who is indifferent, in his love of God, not only to worldly things but also to his own salvation.
- 1709 The first hemistich uses a simile drawn from polo, the second employs a related parallel from chess. Both areas are favourites in Persian poetry (cf. note 131, 772, etc.).
- 1722 Again, this common figure for self-immolation in the cause of love, particularly mystical love (cf. note 1379 and line 1681).
- 1727 For the peculiar relevance of Joseph here, see note 336.
- 1730 The remaining lines of this tale, as also the next episode, stress the central mystical doctrines that (a) no true lover (or mystic) exists save in, as well as for, the beloved (or God); and (b) true love spares nothing in its own realization. In line 1732, the head is raised from the collar in a gesture of temerity: cf. line (and note) 919 for the exact opposite. In general, see also note 1741.
- 1737 For *pari*, see note 349. The person concerned may well be male!
- 1741 Cf. note 1730. This line places mystical unity within an acceptable Islamic framework: 'polytheism' is no longer represented as mere idol-worship or trinitarianism, but as the commonest of all human failings – the allowing of self to blot out God. Cf. also line 1751.
- 1754 The word 'stomach' here renders a Persian word (*haṣṣala*) that itself has connotations both physical and psychological. All the paradoxes running

through this section contrast the true mystic (who knows what he is about even when he appears wrapt in abstraction) and the fraudulent one who only wears the trappings.

- 1755 The term 'girdle-wearers' refers to heretics and infidels, for long so identified in Islam: the false mystic is like a non-Muslim covering his badge of identification with the blue, patched garb of a dervish order.
- 1757 See previous note: the poet does not spare himself by comparison with the genuine mystic!
- 1758 For the bowed head, cf. note 1730. The ocean's violent and idle tossing up of foam suggests the loud words of hollow men; the word 'foam' could also be rendered 'palm of the hand,' and the gesture would again be excitable but without lasting meaning.
- 1759 For 'form' and 'Idea,' see note 1693.
- 1763 Cf. line 1697 and note.
- 1765 For 'witness-to-beauty,' see note 1687. There is, of course, a play on Samarqand and *qand*, and also (in the Persian) on Samarqand and 'discourse.' The second hemistich simply means that the beloved's mouth and speech were sweet.
- 1767 This line may have two purposes: to suggest, first, that beauty may licitly be enjoyed without infringing the divine and, secondly, that there are no divine implications in this story – though there certainly are!
- 1777 Reputation: literally 'water of the face,' i.e. I'll put up with the dust (or soil), laying it, if necessary, with the water of my own good-name (or tears, or sweat).
- 1780 In his fair scent: this could also be rendered 'in happy quest of him.'
- 1785 Dying is often pictured, in Islamic and pre-Islamic literature, as a yielding up of the soul (spirit, breath) through the mouth.
- 1790 Life on earth is represented as a party, where many are kept waiting for their refreshments: the all-important thing is to ensure, by sanctity, that one is served at the last round, i.e. at the Resurrection and the entry into Paradise. The preceding lines all make in different ways the same point: that the ultimate realization of Love demands risks, delays and disappointments, and possible suffering.
- 1791 Once again (cf. the whole introductory section of this chapter, note 1698, and tale 45), mystics and men of insight become a focal point of paradoxical allusion.
- 1796 The *mihṛāb* is the niche by which the worshippers orientate themselves; it is often the object of rich ornamentation. For 'liver,' see note 1533.

- 1803 The original of 'gurgling' is usually applied to wine leaving a bottle: here it doubtless applies to a death-rattle, joyous in its sense of release. The original ejaculation is in Arabic, though not Koranic. Its possible Christian overtones (cf. Matthew 7:7 and Luke 11:9) would not be out of place in Islamic mystical poetry, and particularly in Sa'di.
- 1805 How much money he spends on his unavailing experiments!
- 1808 For 'water,' see note 1777.
- 1818 A common gesture in earlier, equestrian societies to signify rejection of a supplicant (cf. lines 1729-30).
- 1823-6 Nishāpūr is an ancient city and district of northeastern Persia, some fifty miles west-southwest of Meshed: it was once much more important than now, especially as a centre of learning and culture. Its mention here seems to have no particular significance, and it is not even needed for rhyme! The 'bedtime-duty' is, of course, the last prayer of the day. For the point of even Solomon needing to exert himself, cf. note 800-1 (and also 211, 483-4, and 1243). These final four lines are omitted in some MSS, and it is certainly difficult not to see them as a trivial, anticlimactic appendix.
- 1827 Presumably the 'elder' is the girl's father (or possibly her grandfather or father-in-law); but he may be a sort of adviser to those with marital problems, whose sanctity and insight makes it proper for even a young bride to consult him (cf. line 1832).
- 1829 If 'elder' be understood as a relative, then 'dwelling' is doubtless a shared family-compound; but if as a mystical guide, 'dwelling' must, as often, refer to the world in general.
- 1839 Marv: another ancient city and locality (cf. Nishāpūr in note 1823-6), some eighty miles northeast of Meshed and now in the Soviet Republic of Turkmenistan. For *pari*, see notes 349 and 1737. The cypress is a common figure for a tall and slender form (cf. note 351).
- 1840 The ironic jest on his failure to diagnose the sickness he himself brought to hearts is fairly obvious; but the second hemistich refers, more obscurely, to his own 'sick eye' (i.e. one devastating in its amorous effect and baleful magic), of which he is also unaware.
- 1841 The term 'lightheaded' is intended to reproduce the ambiguity of the Persian *sar-khūsh*, i.e. it refers to a gaiety that could quickly turn to queasiness!
- 1851 Yet again, a polo figure (cf. note 1709): in the classical form of Persian polo, the stick was not a mallet but curved round the ball. The 'ball' in Persian poetry stands sometimes for 'head,' the 'polo-stick' quite often for the

- beloved's 'eyebrow.' Mystical love leaves no room for intellectual speculation.
- 1854 For *pari*, see notes 349 and 1737.
- 1856 The original pun is actually on the words 'tenderness' (*mīhr*) and 'dowry' (*mahr*). It is common Islamic practice for a bridegroom to pay half an agreed dowry on marriage and the other half if he should send the wife back to her family.
- 1863 Majnūn ('The Crazy One'), the classic figure of tragic love in Islamic literature. Unable to marry his tribal relative Lailā, he wanders the deserts as an eccentric hermit. Casual references to the tale are countless, and numerous full-scale romances, mystical and otherwise, are based upon it in all the main Islamic languages. The phrase 'of goodly footprint,' i.e. happy and auspicious, is probably ironical (cf. also line 1868).
- 1865 Hold ... skirt: Leave me in peace!
- 1870 Maḥmūd of Ghazna (d. A.D. 1030), the great Sunnī champion, of Turkic stock: famed for his Asian and Indian conquests, his religious bigotry, his 'collection' of famous scholars and poets, and his immoderate love for his slave Ayāz.
- 1875 Cf. note 326.
- 1886 Fāryāb is the name of several places in and around Persia, at least one of which (in present-day Afghanistan) was formerly very prosperous. Maghrib is the general name for the Western Islamic world, now connoting North-west Africa, but formerly both that area and Spain. This is one of Sa'di's doubtful autobiographical stories.
- 1887-8 For *dirham*, see note 1207. It is taken for granted that the oarsmen of the Maghrib would be Negro slaves. The pun on 'master' is much more ingenious in the original.
- 1894 For 'Idea,' see note 1693. The 'Elect' may mean simply the aristocracy of sainthood in a general way; but it can also refer to the somewhat confused mystical notion of a special company on whose behalf the very order of the universe is maintained (see *Encyclopaedia of Islam*, art. *abdāl*).
- 1897 For 'the Friend,' see note 23.
- 1899 How shall you perform miracles when your skirt (i.e. good-name) is still muddled by contact with worldly things? For 'real men' and similar terms, see note 761.
- 1900-1 The conclusions of the intelligence are equated with mere analogy, the fruits of mystical experience with the One Reality to which all else must be referred. In some Islamic mystics (such as the *Wujūdiyya* group) this could

lead to a sort of pantheism, but Sa'di doubtless only has in mind a just hierarchy of being.

1904 For *pari*, see notes 349 and 1737.

1907 See, again, note 1693, etc.

1909 Cf. note 919. When God shows His power, the world fades away.

1926 Graf, in his text (though not in his translation), has this tale follow no. 58. The ruler eulogised was the father of Sa'di's own patron: cf. note 128-9.

1938 I have assumed that the victim's words extend to this line, but some readers would limit them to line 1936 only, treating the subsequent lines as Sa'di's own moralizings. The names 'Amr and Zaid are used as a sort of Box and Cox, or John Doe and Richard Roe, in Islamic legal texts and grammatical manuals: here they correspond to something like 'any Tom, Dick, or Harry.'

1939 Doctor: the original (*hakim*) carries the same ambiguity as between medicine and more generalized learning. It is also, appropriately enough, a commonly used title for the Godhead, 'The Wise One.'

1947 Suffering at the very heart of your being makes you heedless of the frail vessel of your reputation.

1948-9 For *pari*, see notes 349 and 1737. The point of his predicament is that sexual emission had rendered him impure for the performance of the ritual prayer, but since no one knew of his secret visitation, he tried to purify himself unnoticed. However, with typical mischievous effect, Sa'di turns the situation to good account by having him plead the plausible madness of unrequited love!

1959 In some versions the second hemistich (about which there must in any case be some doubt) would read: 'Unless the dust first falls upon it.'

1961 Only one beside himself in mystical frenzy can apprehend wherein lies the true and unique selfhood of God.

1962-7 Sa'di here suggests the irrelevance of the concern shown by many mystical orders with music and whirling dances as instruments of ecstatic experience. The true mystic, while sensitive to all beauty (at least for most of the time), needs no better music for his true purpose than the irregular plodding of a beast of burden, the irritating buzzing of a fly, or the unmelodic notes of a cock or an unholed water-wheel. The 'wine' of line 1966 is usually taken to mean spiritual intoxication. In line 1967 the ecstatic dervishes not only whirl like the wheel, but sound and shed tears like it also.

1968 See note 919 and elsewhere.

1971 For 'Inner Meaning' (or *Idea*), see note 1693.

- 1973 True intoxication with Reality transcends sensual experience, even though possibly starting from it; but the man who dances to music for its own sake is by comparison a mere sleepwalker.
- 1976 Arab camel-drivers commonly urge their beasts on with a song and/or a drumbeat.
- 1983-4 They expose their heart, by such gestures, to divine inroads, while simultaneously casting off all else. The term 'allowed' (*ḥalāl*) has religio-legal connotations, doubtless a thrust at orthodox strictness. For 'sleeve' as a container for valuables, see note 919 and elsewhere.
- 1988 For the significance of the moth-and-candle figure, see note 1722.
- 1999 For 'the Friend' as used here, see note 23.
- 2000 The heart does not deliberately importune and implore the beloved: it is the very soul itself that is moved involuntarily by love.
- 2011 *Sindbād*: the hero of the *Arabian Nights* and of a whole cycle of Islamic literature of the popular kind. The reference here is probably to *Zahīrī's Sindbād-nāmā*, a Persian work composed in Samarkand in ca. A.D. 1160.
- 2018 I end the moth's own case for self-immolation in the cause of love at this point. Classical Persian lacks punctuation devices to indicate the author's intention, and (as so often in the work) the speech could plausibly be seen as terminating earlier or slightly later.
- 2022-5 For the candle as both weeping and a sacrificial victim of fire, see note 526 and cf. note 1379. The candle's former intimacy with honey derives of course from the fact that it is made of beeswax. In grief at the loss of *Shirīn* (cf. notes 239 and 274), *Farhād* climbs to a high place and leaps to his death; there is a pun here on *shirīn* as the name of the heroine of the old Persian romance and in its normal meaning of 'sweet.'
- 2027 The word 'half-baked' exactly reproduces the overtones of the original, but I have been unable, with the word 'utterly,' to convey the continuing figure of the original Persian, which would give something like 'properly done'!
- 2029 This line is missing in Graf's translation, while in his text it is replaced by two others (rather weak interpolations, I suspect). See following note.
- 2030 For *parī*, see notes 349 and 1737. Quite incidentally, but very effectively, the candle is envisaged as illuminating a mystical gathering: eventually, as all compose themselves to rest (or other activity), the disciple extinguishes the lights.
- 2031 For 'smoke,' cf. note 244.

- 2033 While I did not here feel entirely justified in capitalizing the word 'friend,' i.e. equating it with God as the beloved, it would be plausibly possible to do so. The second hemistich serves to strengthen this possibility.
- 2034-6 Love, particularly mystical love, is a dangerous business: if you embark upon it at all, let there be no half-measures!
- 2037-40 Such beliefs were shared by mediaeval Islam and the ancient world.
- 2044 For pearls from raindrops, cf. note 36-9.
- 2046 Note 1416 is relevant to both hemistichs. Several places in the Islamic world are known as Darband (i.e. 'pass, defile, narrows'), the most famous being on the Caspian, north of Baku. The maritime connection makes it likely that this is the one intended here, despite a lack of obvious and intimate association with Rūm, or Byzantium (but cf. once more note 1416). As in mediaeval Europe, the wanderer is lodged in a religious house (possibly, but not necessarily, Muslim – despite the reference to a 'mosque'), and expected to pay for his keep and demonstrate his fitness for such hospitality by helping with the chores.
- 2058 Bāyazīd: probably Abū Yazīd al-Bisṭāmī, a celebrated mystic, who died somewhere between A.D. 874 and 878. It has been noticed by some commentators that the humble note of this tale is somewhat out of keeping with most accounts of him as primarily a miracle-worker and controversialist.
- 2064 This line exactly reproduces line 1429. Cf. note 1693 for the fullest references to this notion.
- 2067 The second hemistich is close to that of line 2062. Obviously, the text hereabouts gives rise to a suspicion of confusion, if not of outright tampering and corruption.
- 2076-8 While one man is so often at Mecca as to be on a constant pilgrimage, another spends his time in dissipation in the run-down quarters of the city – and God alone knows which of the two He will accept unto Himself. The idea, literal or figurative, of wine-bibbing and other nefarious activities carried on in ruined slums is very common in Persian poetry, particularly mystical poetry of the type of Ḥāfīz' odes, where fun is made of orthodox morality and theological attitudes.
- 2079 This tale seems based largely on the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, but Lazarus and Dives may also have inspired the latter part. However, Muslim writers knew a great deal of apocryphal material relating to both Old and New Testaments.

- 2099 The words 'ill comrade' occur in Koran 43:37 in reference to Satan. The meaning here is doubtless that his sins will stand him in bad stead at the Resurrection.
- 2105 Soiled-skirted: literally, 'wet-skirted.' Such figures occur frequently in Islamic poetry (as well as in the Bible): they derive, physically, from the care taken by men of quality, in more primitive days, to keep their ample garments clear of contact with wayside pollution.
- 2109 Though Jesus is termed 'Messiah' in line 2105, he acts for Muslims only under divine inspiration, not as a Person of the Trinity.
- 2116-17 For 'liver,' see note 1533. The term rendered 'Affluent' (*ghaniy*), if it does indeed refer to God, is also sometimes translated as 'Independent, Self-sufficient.'
- 2121 See note 1851.
- 2122 For 'kernel,' see note 1412-14.
- 2125 The Chosen One: the Prophet Muḥammad. The general sense is that whatever piety you may add to charity (and it is legitimate so to add), you cannot do better than to take the Prophet as your incomparable guide along the just way.
- 2134 With Furūghī, I take this line to be sarcastic: others transpose the 'from' and 'to,' giving a mere flat statement of fact.
- 2136-7 The second hemistich of 2136 reads literally: 'That his fortune sat and rose in battle,' a very Persian expression, which I felt justified in rendering freely and even associating by pun with the preceding hemistich. For 'smoke,' cf. note 244.
- 2146 A polo figure once again: see note 1851.
- 2147 At honour's knee: near the judge himself. Sitting would, of course, have been either on the floor or on a low bench.
- 2149 In general, cf. note 2064 and its references. The figure in the first hemistich is that of someone venturing into a more highly esteemed quarter in a city; that of the second hemistich is taken from the notion of erasing a faultily written letter in a manuscript. In short, his matter and style were such as to make everything foregoing seem of no account.
- 2157-8 In general, in mediaeval Islam, the size of the turban (and the length of the beard: see line 2162) was in direct proportion to the rank. The second of the two titles is a somewhat free translation of the Persian *šadr-i kabīr*, 'Great Chief,' but it would perhaps serve the purpose adequately.
- 2160-2 See note 1412-14.

- 2165 If I understand this line aright, it means: The reed (cane) from which mats are made grows long; and its length is not unimpressive, but its main title to consideration is by virtue of its relationship to the other cane that bears a sweet juice within it.
- 2174-5 The judge's cry may well be an allusion to Koran 74:9, but the effect is simply to make him look absurd and inconsequential. The twin stars, taken as symbolic of intense staring, are known in Arabo-Persian as 'The Two Calves' (*al-farqadān* or *farqadain*).
- 2180 It seems as though Sa'di, at the last, makes game of his own implied claim to be the story's hero; but the strong feeling evinced earlier lends the tale a certain verisimilitude.
- 2181 A town that has known many vicissitudes and some changes of name (such as Elizavet'pol and Kirovabad), Ganja is now an important city in the Azerbaijan Soviet Socialist Republic.
- 2186 All Muslims, and particularly those in authority, are bound to exhort their fellows to do what is right and to desist from wrong; but it is obviously foolhardy, and possibly vain, for a mere nobody to admonish a ruler. For 'breath' and 'step,' see note 551.
- 2201 The same Arabo-Persian word (*mudām*) serves for both 'ever-circling' and 'that last forever,' a good example of the economy of pun and allusion that cannot be reproduced in English.
- 2206 Fatigue your feet: a not uncommon formula for 'deign to pay me a call.'
- 2208 The word 'ruined' (*kharāb*) also commonly suggests 'gone to the dogs morally.' In line 2211, I have rendered it by 'overthrown.' Cf. note 324.
- 2212 For 'narcissus,' see note 534-41.
- 2216-18 The word for 'gourd' (*kadū*) is also somewhat slangy for 'head' (cf. English 'pumpkin'). The reference to pigs is of course rather out of place in an Islamic context, but the pun nicely reproduces the original word-play on an Arabo-Persian word for 'duck' (*battī*). The gushing of the wine is compared to a birth induced by excitement; 'daughter' is the original term.
- 2222 Disordered: *kharāb*, once more (see note 2208).
- 2230 For the casting away of shields as a symbol of defeat, cf. note 53.
- 2231 The first hemistich in Graf's text (but not in his translation) reads: 'By mildness one may peel off an enemy's hide (!).' Either version would *prima facie* be possible.
- 2236 See note 2146.
- 2237 Characteristically, Sa'di ends with an ironic paradox.

- 2239 As with the sugar-cane, he gave forth sweetness readily and of his very nature.
- 2242 Upon his head: in the pre-mechanical age, wares of all kinds were (and in the East still often are) carried on trays balanced on the head.
- 2245 The point is not only that one in prison on a feast-day would feel particularly miserable, but that such a person would be one of the hard-cases for whom no amnesty could be considered.
- 2248 In the heat of summer, anyone who had the means would naturally prefer iced rose-water to the tepid water of the irrigation ditch – but not if the vendor's miserable face exacts too high a price.
- 2249 Prohibited: the word used is so strong as to carry a quasi-religious force.
- 2266 The word I have here rendered 'nature' (*akhlāq*) normally denotes the moral character, but with the common implication (despite some allowance for improvement) that this is largely determined at one's creation. It will be noticed that both physical and moral ugliness are involved here.
- 2275 O ... attributes: some versions have (more plausibly, but less subtly) 'From this slave of evil attributes ...'
- 2283 Ma'rūf of Karkh, a celebrated mystic, whose tomb in Baghdad is still venerated, d. 200/815. One literal meaning of his name (cf. also note 2297) is 'well-known, celebrated,' and this gives point to the punning paradox in the second hemistich. Some versions have two negative verbs, probably yielding the same ultimate sense.
- 2291 The words 'did what he said' reproduce the ambiguity of the original, i.e. either 'practised what he preached' or (more plausibly) 'did as he was ordered by the other man.'
- 2297 Another literal meaning of the name Ma'rūf (cf. note 2283) is 'lawful, proper; courtesy, kindness,' the word 'reprehensible' (*munkar*, literally 'unknown') providing a punning antithesis not easily reproduced. Cf. note 2186.
- 2307 Do not minister with cooling draughts to the man of base nature, tired or sick though he may be: if you do, you'll receive scant thanks.
- 2310 The original of 'unpleasantness' (*nā-khwaṣhī*) could also be rendered 'indisposition,' and the play is clearly intentional.
- 2313 For 'talisman,' see note 1592-5.
- 2315 For the pun involved, see note 2283.
- 2316 For 'fortunate majesty' (*daulat*), cf. note 437-43.
- 2318 For 'man of heart,' see note 544.

- 2321 Beware these vicious men, sitting in religious silence, for they are wild beasts dressed as sheep: the *Ṣūfīs* traditionally wore woollen habits, from which material (*ṣūf*) they are commonly said to have derived their name.
- 2322 The first hemistich describes their stance in contemplation, while at the same time suggesting a sinister watchfulness.
- 2324 Cf. note 761.
- 2326 For the first hemistich, cf. line 1273. In the second, 'soliciting by night' renders a term (*shabkūk*) allegedly designating a particular type of importunate beggary carried out in the stillness of the night, and involving loud public reference to prominent victims by name! Presumably, 'harvest-time' is a period when anyone can find work and none need beg.
- 2327-8 A sarcastic reference to the induction of mystical states, by some orders, through dancing and singing, as coupled with a contempt for formal prayer and its positions (obligatory on all but the incapacitated).
- 2329 The 'Interlocutor' is Moses (cf. notes 71 and 1618). The general reference here is to the story as told in the Koran (e.g. 7:101-23), but the crucial detail of the unchanged size of the rod-turned-serpent comes neither from the Koran nor the Bible, albeit well-known in some Jewish accounts (cf. *Midrash Rabbah*, trans. under editorship of H. Freedman and M. Simon [London, 1939]: 'Exodus,' 125). It will be noticed that in the Bible ('Exodus' 7:8-13) and the other Jewish accounts, the rod in this particular incident belongs to Aaron rather than Moses. Like most mediaeval Muslims, Sa'dī here draws on a mixed fund of narrative in these matters, partly Koranic, partly biblical, and partly legendary as retailed either verbally by Jews or Christians or in writing by the Islamic commentators and other writers.
- 2331 Bilāl: an Abyssinian convert of the Prophet, his chief 'muezzin' or summoner to prayer; he was celebrated for his simplicity and strength of character. Ethiopia was, of course, legendary for its wealth.
- 2332 Of all the many examples and precepts attributed to the Prophet, they select the two most convenient to themselves. The loaf at breakfast-time is a last quick snack before the daily Ramaḍān fast begins.
- 2334 Sa'dī is here ironical at his own expense as a pretended *Ṣūfī*.
- 2345 The phrase 'Knower of the Unseen' occurs several times as a divine epithet in the Koran, e.g. 6:73. The personalization in evidence here is typical of Sa'dī.
- 2347-8 For 'Congregation,' see note 650. The invitation to 'take a copy' from an original would, in the original manuscript context, have implied a favour

- and a mark of trust: 'If only an ill-wisher will undertake to record my faults, he is welcome to go to work at any time.'
- 2350 The phrase 'leave you stripped,' i.e. of all decent concealment of faults, also suggests in Persian 'to tear the hide from.'
- 2352 King Šālih, the Aiyūbid Najm al-Dīn, one of the last of Saladin's house, who died (647/1249) shortly before the present work was composed. For the latter half of his reign he did in fact occupy the throne of Syria as well as Egypt, but Sa'di's reference to this may be called forth largely by the exigencies of rhyme. His name means literally 'pious, beneficent,' and there is a pun on this in line 2354.
- 2356 Pliny (VIII: 51) merely describes the chameleon – the animal, not the plant – as holding its head permanently extended and erect, but the underlying notion is no doubt the same. My 'study on' renders the Arabo-Persian *ta'ammul*, which denotes both physical and mental contemplation.
- 2357 For 'Congregation Day,' see again note 650.
- 2359 The term 'brickwork' may be general, but is probably a reference to the covering of unburnt bricks often placed over the niche in which the body lies in Muslim burial.
- 2363 The word rendered 'advisable' (*maṣāliḥ*) is yet another pun on the name of the prince (cf. note 2352).
- 2364 The 'sun's spring': the comparison of the early-morning sun to spring-water, in its effect on the sleepy, needs no explanation. However, there is almost certainly an ingenious (if 'pointless') play here on the Arabic name for the Cairo suburb of Heliopolis, '*ain shams*' (Persian: *chashmeh-i āftāb*), lit. 'Eye (or Wellspring) of the Sun.'
- 2368 The first hemistich I take to mean: in their poverty-stricken nakedness they might have been assumed to be making ready for bed. Graf, following his commentator and adding a touch of his own, has: 'They who, stripped, had watched throughout the night in suffering.'
- 2369 The second hemistich exactly reproduces that of line 1611 (cf. the note thereto).
- 2375 For 'advance in fortune' (*muqbil*), cf. note 437–43, where another part (*iqbal*) of the same root is discussed in a similar context.
- 2376 *Ṭūbā*: a term occurring once in the Koran (13:28), of somewhat imprecise import such as 'good estate.' It is commonly taken to refer to a tree in Paradise bearing supremely delicious fruit, and some have identified it with Sidra (cf. note 78–83).
- 2377 A polo figure once more: see note 1851.

- 2378-9 The oil in lamps was apparently often floated on a quantity of water: cf. E. W. Lane, *Modern Egyptians* (London, 1890), p. 138. Quite apart from this, however, most lamps gave a poorer light than fine beeswax candles, which consumed their very selves to do so.
- 2381 Kūshyār: Kūshyār b. Labbān (or Labār), a Persian scientist-physician of the tenth century A.D., reputedly a teacher of the similar, but vastly more famous Avicenna.
- 2385 Ideas: see note 1693. Some mystical connotations may also attach to 'knowledge' (*ma'rifat*) in the next line.
- 2387 There is a certain ambiguity throughout this tale (which I have tried to reproduce) as to whose 'rage' is at issue: clearly, the ruler is at first angry and then changes his mind, but this may well follow on a similar reform in the slave. Equally, the last desperate prayer, while ultimately directed at the king, may plausibly be seen as addressed in the first instance to the headman.
- 2391 To 'realize friends' desires' here means to 'obtain what friends would wish for you.' For 'advancing fortune' (*iqbāl*), cf. note 2375.
- 2394 Rank in many Islamic societies (even where general political and social prestige was involved) was commonly indicated by such military references.
- 2398 Various types of 'padded' armour were popular not only in the Islamic world, but elsewhere, from early times until the nineteenth century.
- 2410 Capella: a star in the constellation Auriga, one of several taken in Islamic literature to connote loftiness. 'Lovingly' could also be rendered 'by the sun.'
- 2411 Hātim: not the generous paragon of tale 33 (cf. note 1431), but a teacher and lawyer who flourished in northeastern Persia and his native Balkh, d. 237/851. His nickname was 'The Deaf One' (*al-aṣamm*), but the present is not the only story suggesting that his deafness was assumed.
- 2413 Only the placing of a dot distinguishes 'candy' from 'fetters' in the original Arabo-Persian.
- 2427-8 Sa'dī, as a fervent South Persian, sees Tabriz somewhat as Dr Johnson affected to regard Scotland! The central figure of the story is of course awake and about at night for purposes of prayer and devotion. The traditional Eastern house would not offer a burglar much scope in the way of external windows, but if he could once get onto a flat roof, he would find several trapdoors and other means of ingress.
- 2450 Cf. note 2375.

- 2452 The 'enemy' might plausibly be either the beloved or any malicious person taking advantage of the lovesick man's bemused state. Once again, we have a figure from polo (cf. note 1851, etc.).
- 2457 For the wisdom of ecstatic folly, cf. notes 832 and 837; the love in the present tale may not be divine, but the same truth is held to apply in the lesser degree as well.
- 2459 Bahlūl (or Buhlūl): the classic figure of the wise fool in Islamic literature. An actual man of this name, one having such characteristics, is said to have lived an ascetic existence at about the time of Hārūn al-Rashīd, i.e. around A.D. 800.
- 2462 Luqmān; the Aesop of Islamic literature, about whom little or nothing positive is known. See Koran 31:11-19 and the commentaries. Most agree on his dark skin, whether as a South Arabian prince or an African slave!
- 2467 Cf. notes 986 and 1533.
- 2474 This rather weak and repetitive line is missing in Graf's text, while his translation places it before line 2473. For Bahrām, see note 1660: he was almost as famous for justice and liberality as for his prowess in the hunt.
- 2475 Junaid (of Baghdad): one of the very greatest mystics in Islam (d. ca. 297/909): see the recent work *Life, Personality and Writings of al-Junayd*, by A.H. Abdel-Kader (London, 1962; Gibb Memorial Series, New Series, xxii). For San'ā', a place often mentioned by Sa'dī as suggestive of remoteness, cf. note 268: it seems unlikely that Junaid, a notorious stay-at-home (cf. Abdel-Kader, pp. 33f.), was ever there in fact.
- 2482 For 'knowledge,' cf. note 2385.
- 2484 The 'men of the Way are the true mystics (cf. notes 1263, 1278, 1693 and their further references), but the warning in note 751 should always be borne in mind.
- 2485 The angels all prostrated themselves, save Iblīs, before Adam as the first man (Koran 2:32), but only the Perfect Man deserves such reverence through his humility.
- 2491 Vakhsh: the region lying along the Vakhshāb River, southeast of Samarqand, now mostly in the Soviet Tajik Republic.
- 2492 For 'Idea,' see note 1693 and its references.
- 2494 Took upon himself: The Arabic root in question (S'Y) also carries appropriate connotations of slander.
- 2495 For Solomon, as seen by both official and popular Islam, cf. notes 211, 483-4, 800-1, and 1243. The last is of particular reference here.
- 2502 For 'weigher of wind,' see note 1460.

- 2503-4 The play on 'fetid' and 'stink' attempts to reproduce the Persian original, where, however, the correspondence is closer. Likewise, with 'composed' and 'distractedly.'
- 2507 This line is missing in Furūghī.
- 2511 For the special interest attaching to the name of 'Alī, and to the way in which the poet speaks of him, see note 86-90. It may additionally be mentioned here that 'Alī is generally regarded as a paragon of manliness and virtue, and (significantly for the present story) of eloquence and learning. See also next note.
- 2513-14 See preceding note. The bystander addresses 'Alī by his familiar name (*kunya*): Father of Hasan. Another of the Caliph's honorific names or titles was Lion (of God: Ḥaidar Allāh).
- 2515 I take the second hemistich to mean something like 'Truth will out' or that only a really effective discourse could have overmatched the lucidity of 'Alī's own. However, Graf translates as though these few words were the sum total of the interrupter's remarks, which would seem inappropriate, not to say incomprehensible. For the rendering 'Sol,' see note 1212. For 'sun's spring,' cf. note 2364; but it would be difficult to conceive of a pun of even tenuous relevance here – unless (for me incredibly) the poet is deprecating the Aiyūbids', ultimately abortive, attempts to obliterate the impressions of two centuries of Shī'ite rule in Egypt.
- 2517 In the first hemistich Graf's text justifies his translating somewhat on the following lines: 'Better than I he's spoken, as One well knows (than Whose Knowledge none stands higher).'
- 2528 'Umar: the second of the Four Orthodox Caliphs, renowned alike for his expansionist policy and his hot temper kept in check only by great personal simplicity. See note 86-90.
- 2535 The upper hand in question is more likely that to be found in the natural hierarchy of human existence than a reference to divine retribution. Hence I have not capitalized the word. But see Koran 48:10.
- 2542 In the second hemistich I follow Graf, who from here to the end of this chapter is often at variance with Furūghī, mostly in small points. Furūghī's version here ('save Heaven's weeping') seems either meaningless or contradictory: in Persian usage it could normally only signify a downpour, and this was just what was needed!
- 2543 Dhū al-Nūn: a celebrated, if mysterious, Egyptian holy-man and scholar, one of the 'founding fathers' of Islamic mysticism (d. 245/860).

- 2545 Midian: an ancient site in Arabia, east of Sinai; several times mentioned in the Old Testament, and once in the Koran (7:83), as the object of divine devastation by storms or earthquakes. Graf renders (against his own text and all metrical possibilities) as Madā'in, i.e. Ctesiphon, the Sasanian capital near Baghdad. The 'twenty days' of line 2546 (not in Furūghī, who is clearly at fault here on other counts as well) makes Midian the more plausible, in any case: from Cairo to Baghdad by caravan-routes would have been 1000 miles or more, to Midian only half as much. While it is of course conceivable that the poet might imply such news would be carried express, it seems unlikely. The general idea is merely that Dhū al-Nūn should remove himself to a suitable distance from his residence near Cairo.
- 2555 The reference to the world as a 'dust bin' is a commonplace of Persian mystical poetry.
- 2558 Sa'di here refers to the dust of travel, which reputedly stained him for some thirty years on end.
- 2560-1 For 'Idea,' see note 1693 and its references. There is at least the possibility that the 'rose-garden' is an oblique reference to the poet's forthcoming *Gulistān* (cf. note 161); but the figure of the nightingale and the rose is, of course, as common, and has the same connotation, in Persian poetry as that of the moth and the candle (cf. note 1379). Probably all that the poet is saying here, however, is that he is very likely to be remembered after death on account of his skilful craftsmanship.
- 2565 'He writes well enough when dealing with asceticism, mystical ecstasy, and practical moral guidance.' The term 'wild words' renders *ṭām(m)āt*, a word of general application but also used, quasi-technically, to designate some of the mystics' more outrageous declarations. In the next line the poet is being compared unfavourably with, for example, Firdausī (see note 1374). Lines 2577 to 2589 (and later) provide evidence of his ability to write in the heroic style, albeit with a touch of parody.
- 2568 The second hemistich, which is not absolutely clear in the Persian, doubtless means: I am capable of cancelling out all human eloquence displayed by my rivals (though I cannot, of course, match myself against the incomparable style of God's own Book). Graf's text is different here, but equally obscure as regards real sense; his translation is closer to my own.
- 2569 This line too I find somewhat obscure in the original. The poet seems to suggest that contests of love are as far as he will go in fighting: a 'bālīsh-weight' is a sizable measure of gold, connoting something most precious or weighty. Typically enough, the phrase could also mean 'pillow block,'

- i.e. a firm support for the pillow on which one lays one's head. One might even render it: Making the stones a pillow for the foeman's head.
- 2571 For 'empire of good fortune,' see note 437-43. The advice is for any and all, but particularly aimed at rulers.
- 2576 Rustam (see note 1023), after a prodigiously long life of narrow escapes and heroic victories, was finally killed by his brother Shaghād (though the latter himself perished thereby).
- 2577 The word 'adventurer' renders an Arabo-Persian term '*aiyār*', with varying general connotations of rascality and heroism and even having, at times, a fairly precise technical significance in Islamic society. See the new *Encyclopaedia of Islam*, art. '*ayyār*'.
- 2578 The poet suggests that the enemy's heart and blood were meat and drink to this warrior. The roasting of hearts or livers is a commonplace in Persian for the infliction of suffering, and occurs several times in the poem; for the vinous significance of 'in constant flow,' see note 2201.
- 2585 For Faridūn, see note 146.
- 2591 The poet probably purports to refer to the effect on his life of Chingiz Khan's invasions in the 1220s of the Christian era: in fact, virtually no damage resulted to his own immediate part of the world at this time (cf. note 156-7), but there was doubtless a loss of confidence and security.
- 2592 Iraq is not here the modern state of that name, but 'Irāq-i 'Ajam, a designation popular in Sa'di's time for the old Persian province of Jibāl; Isfahan lay at its southeastern corner. Similarly, Syria here includes modern Lebanon, Jordan, and Palestine generally: hence the reference to its 'pure soil,' sacred to Islam as well as to Judaism and Christianity.
- 2597 Eating salt (or bread and salt) with someone is, of course, a generally acknowledged sign of hospitable familiarity.
- 2599 One could paraphrase the second hemistich: his straightness of figure had become bent, his florid complexion had grown pale.
- 2600 The second hemistich probably refers to his rheumy eyes.
- 2604 For the 'Tatar Wars,' see note 2591.
- 2606, 2620 For the general political significance here of 'empire's fortune,' cf. note 2571.
- 2626 For 'silk,' see note 2398.
- 2628 This seems a somewhat abrupt ending for the poet's *tour de force* description of the battle scene extending over some twenty-five lines (cf. note 2565). However, all versions have substantially the same text,

- Graf omitting the present line and shuffling one or two others to no good effect.
- 2629 Ardabil: a town in northwestern Persia, destroyed by the Mongols but restored to a measure of prosperity by the Safavids. Sa'di needs the name here, for once, for his rhyme ('spade' – *bil*, and there is a play between the latter and 'two-headed arrow' – *bilak*). Despite the clear reference to 'iron' in line 2637, one is tempted to wonder whether 'spade,' both here and in lines 2640–1, should not read 'elephant' (*pīl*, a mere matter of dots in Persian).
- 2630 For 'felt,' cf. note 2398.
- 2631 Bahrām: see note 1660. The Gūr appended to his name itself means 'wild-ass' (and also 'grave, tomb').
- 2634 Sām: grandfather of Rustam (see notes 1023 and 2576). Graf has Dastān here, another name for Rustam's father, Zāl.
- 2641 For 'advancement,' see note 437–43.
- 2647 I have tried to reproduce, in the doctor's speech, what undoubtedly seems to be an effect of vacuous pomposity in the original.
- 2651 The skulls of animals were commonly used as talismans or 'scare-crows' (cf. note 1592–5).
- 2654 For 'ears' (*gūsh*), some texts have the at least equally appropriate and similarly written word *kūn*, a rather crude designation of the hindquarters. A suitable rendering is only too obvious.
- 2655 This line would seem to belong more logically after line 2650. See note 2660.
- 2656 For *dinār*, see note 1207.
- 2659 Cf. lines 2570–2.
- 2660 This line is missing in Graf, both text and translation. However, his Persian commentary mentions a rather similar line as replacing, or following, line 2650 (cf. note 2655). For 'ball,' see note 1851.
- 2664 Bakhtiyār (the name is often pronounced with a furtive vowel as *bakhtiyār*) itself means 'aided by fortune'; hence there is a pun in line 2674, which I have had to paraphrase rather than translate.
- 2672 Both 'lucid-hearted' and 'clad in wool' suggest that the man was not simply poor, but probably a holy (even mystical) pauper. Cf. notes 517, 544, and 2321.
- 2675 Kīsh: the reference here is probably to the island in the Persian Gulf also known as Kais. There are pearl-fisheries, as on most of these islands.
- 2679 For *zaqqūm*, see note 742.

- 2681 Most mediaeval mirrors were made of metal: they were not usually very efficient and needed constant scouring. Such mirrors have provided many spiritual figures in Islamic literature. Cf. also 1 Corinthians 13:12.
- 2697 In traditional oriental weaving, whether of carpets or of precious cloths, the master-weaver designs the pattern and, seated on a dais, controls the operation of his assistants, partly by verbal instruction and partly by physical manipulation of the threads.
- 2699– Overmuch concern with the proximate cause of any event is a derogation of
 2700 God's unicity and omnipotence: when you see truly, you see Him as the ultimate author of all. For Zaid and 'Amr, see note 1938.
- 2702 The word *gushā'ish* in Persian means both 'release' and 'victory,' as do most words for 'opening' in the main Islamic languages.
- 2703 'Sleep': for *bi-khuft* as an imperative, cf. note 1260, the sense there being extended rather than literal.
- 2705 To rip the clothing is a sign of impotent despair.
- 2709 Much of the material from here to the end of the chapter seems rather irrelevant to the theme of Acceptance.
- 2716–17 I am apparently alone here in taking the ultimate reference to be to God and the Last Judgment.
- 2718 The 'old gaffer of the mountains' (*bābā-yi kūhi*) is not the *shaikh al-jabal* of the Crusaders, the head of the Assassins, but a shadowy, possibly even an archetypal, figure of mystical tradition.
- 2721 For *hūrī*, see note 349.
- 2723 In Islam, as in other religions, fasting is not demanded of children.
- 2729 The formal prayers of Islam are invalidated by failure to go through at least the motions of cleansing face, hands, and feet, whether water is available or not.
- 2733 This tale is missing in Graf's translation, which carries on at line 2737.
- 2735 The reference here is to stages in the Muslim Last Judgment which would normally precede any consignment to Hell. This man was so bad that such stages could be dispensed with!
- 2740 For Zaid and 'Amr, once more, see note 1938.
- 2741 For 'Friend,' see note 1003.
- 2743 Oxen and donkeys commonly work mills by walking round and round all day with their eyes bound to prevent giddiness.
- 2749 The phrase 'honour shown you' renders *āb-rūy*, which popular etymology analyses as 'water of the face.' Both of these alleged components are the subject of word-plays over the next few lines.

- 2751 The 'habit of patches' is the *darvish* robe, the cowl that here so obviously fails to 'make the monk.'
- 2757 My rendering of the second hemistich substantially agrees with Graf's translation, though neither accords exactly with his text. The latter has two slightly different readings from Furūghī and would seem to yield no satisfactory sense.
- 2758 For Bāyazīd, see note 2058. For the moral, cf. tale 78.
- 2760 For the quasi-technical sense of 'Idea,' see note 1693 and its references. The second hemistich is not really in contradiction with such sentiments as those of line 1333: you cannot pull yourself up with the aid of one who is down; whether you choose to aid *him* is another matter.
- 2762 For Gabriel's role in Islam as the crucial intermediary between God and mankind, see note 69a. Nevertheless, prayer must be made to God alone.
- 2773 For the possibly technical sense of 'knowledge,' see note 2385.
- 2775 For *ḥūrī*, see note 349.
- 2778 For Sidra, see notes 78-83 and 2376. The several figures used throughout this passage to describe the noble soul's relation to the lower-self are commonplaces of both Greek and Islamic ethical literature.
- 2789 A quotation from the Koran 50:29.
- 2790 Jesus, in Islamic lore, symbolizes asceticism, the healing breath, the divine spirit in man. The donkey is seen as Jesus' constant, but incomparably inferior companion: the accord here with St Francis of Assisi's characterization of the body is doubtless mere coincidence. It should, however, be mentioned that Sa'dī was in Egypt only a few years after St Francis' visit in A.D. 1223.
- 2793 The word for 'leopard' (*palang*) can also (but rarely) refer to the other notably spotted creature, the giraffe. This would give literal point to the phrase 'lifts its head.'
- 2795 Pilgrims to Mecca often returned with presents of a more or less exotic character brought along the trade-routes from the East or from Africa. The order of tales in this chapter varies considerably as between Furūghī and Graf's text (his translation accords more closely with the former): where appropriate, account is taken of this in the page-references. Odd lines are similarly transposed to more than the normal extent.
- 2801 The word 'target' renders *ṭabla*, more commonly understood as 'small tray, tambourine'; the present sense, though somewhat rare and technical, is well-attested and uniquely appropriate. The *qibla* is the direction, towards Mecca, faced in prayer.

- 2802 The Khwārizmshāh ruled over the territory immediately south of the Aral Sea, in the present-day Soviet Republics of Uzbekistan and Turkmenistan. The line was effectively brought to an end by Chingiz Khan some thirty years before the poem appeared.
- 2804 The son's mode of address in the original seems to me markedly incongruous and ironical.
- 2805-6 For Hijāz, see note 1280; for *qibla*, note 2801.
- 2807 Come off scot-free: at the Last Judgment.
- 2808 The man of modest needs can carry his head high; the seeker after material advantage must be perpetually subservient.
- 2809-10 For 'esteem' and the virtually untranslatable pun involved, see note 2749. For 'skirt,' cf. note 326.
- 2812 Full-length sleeves not only symbolize luxury in themselves, but also provide a place to store possessions. Cf. again note 326.
- 2813 This line can be read in various ways with differing degrees of plausibility. My interpretation would mean: the man who puts aside desire need never demean himself by writing begging-letters.
- 2815 For 'man of heart,' see note 544.
- 2819 The Soul Imperative is mentioned in the Koran (12:53), and Islamic thinkers often equate it with a category of lower soul as defined by the classical Greek philosophers.
- 2825 The best dates are commonly held to grow in the area of southern Iraq around Baṣra. The term 'sweet' in reference to a story means not so much sentimental as shrewdly apt.
- 2826 For 'patched cloaks of the just,' see note 2751.
- 2834 I take this line to mean: Go and prepare yourself to meet the spiritual ordeal of death and Judgment, for you must inevitably die and the only truly full belly you will know will be when you do. On both counts, then, look to death as your real concern.
- 2835 For Sūfi, cf. note 751; for *dinār*, note 1207. In Graf's text (though not his translation: cf. note 2795) this tale precedes tale 101, hence the anomalous 'G' pagination.
- 2841 The second hemistich has yet another polo figure (cf. note 1851).
- 2842-3 The amorous man places himself at the mercy of his paramours.
- 2845 For 'man of heart,' see note 544, again.
- 2846 The phrase I render as 'beautifully compounded' refers of course to the man's spiritual make-up.

- 2849 The term 'of mind enlightened' is mystical, not rational or social (cf. notes 517 and 544); equally, the 'patched cloak' of line 2851 confirms that the man's possible rudeness is merely the bluntness of the true *darvish* (cf. note 1516). Khotan (Ho-tien) is in the southwestern corner of present-day China, just north of eastern Kashmir.
- 2852 Carpets were (and still are) often given as presents by Persians.
- 2854 Islamic rulers had a traditional obligation (sometimes honoured in practice) to provide a public-table for the destitute. The fare was, of course, often scanty or grudgingly given, and many would be in competition for it.
- 2872 Cf. line 33. Graf's translation takes the final three lines of this tale as belonging to the mother's remarks rather than as a comment by the poet himself.
- 2875 For 'saints' (here *abdāl*), see note 1894.
- 2879 For *dirham*, see note 1207; for Farīdūn, note 146.
- 2884 The Kurds, long resident in northwestern Persia and in the neighbouring areas of modern Turkey and Iraq, represent for the settled Persian the very epitome of the tough nomad-brigand, free but with few comforts.
- 2887 For 'man of heart,' see note 544.
- 2891 For the possible overtones of 'knowledge,' see note 2385; the picturing of human life as a caravan-journey is a common figure in Persian poetry, one exploited in many ingenious ways in all its details.
- 2899- The term 'well-disposed' should doubtless be seen as carrying some
2900 mystical overtones (cf. particularly notes 2846 and 2849). Likewise, 'intentions' has the more or less technical significance of prayerful and spiritually pure purpose.
- 2902 For Korah (also occurring in line 2904), see note 57.
- 2913 The reference is to the metal-cutting shears used either by the mint-officials or goldsmiths, or by those practising illicit coin-clipping.
- 2914 Skill and industry can produce precious glass from gross and impenetrable stone; but, equally, sloth allows a highly polished mirror to lose its uncanny power (cf. note 2681).
- 2916-17 For 'sweetly spoken,' cf. note 2825. Sa'dī claims to have written, when nearly sixty years of age, in A.D. 1257 (cf. note 114-15); 'Amr b. Laith, one of the first independent political figures of Islamic Persia, was executed in 289/902. However aged the 'elders' or the old man of Shiraz with the devastatingly handsome son, it would accordingly have been virtually impossible for them to have been in actual contact, even granting that the poet might have been told the story in earliest youth.

- 2919 The so-called 'apple of the chin-pit' (i.e. a cleft or dimple) is one of the several stereotyped tokens of beauty in Persian poetry; tall and slender youths are likewise commonly referred to as 'cypresses' (cf. notes 351 and 354).
- 2921 For the miracle of Moses' whitened hand, see Exodus 4:6-7 and Koran 7:105. In Arabo-Persian, there is a pun on 'razor' and 'Moses,' both being read as *mūsā*. What the father probably did was not to shave his head entirely, but to rob him of his excessively long and provoking forelocks; the rest of the skull would be kept cropped and covered, anyway.
- 2922 For *pari*, see note 1737.
- 2927 For the significance of the moth-candle figure, see note 1722 and its references.
- 2928 For 'soiled-skirted,' cf. note 2105.
- 2933 For 'Sol,' see note 1212. After the early period of pristine simplicity, Islamic rulers commonly gave audience behind a veil or a screen to emphasize their inviolability and remoteness. This was undoubtedly a revival of older Near Eastern practices. Those envious of the great are pictured as seething with jealousy.
- 2935 The 'living water,' i.e. the Fountain of Life, traditionally lies at the end of a long journey through the Land of Darkness. Cf. note 875-6.
- 2936 The first hemistich would suggest that this line was written several years before the accepted date of 'publication' (see note 114-15), for by A.D. 1257 the threat of the second great wave of thirteenth-century Mongol invasions was clearly felt in southern Persia. Remarks such as that in the second hemistich have done much to foster the image of the poet as a man who settled only late in life after lengthy travels.
- 2938 For 'Edification' in the title, cf. note 112.
- 2940 For the names, see note 2634.
- 2943 The comparison of personal ethics to political good-order (and the reverse) is a commonplace of Islamic, and classical, thought.
- 2953 Keeping the feet well covered was a sign of good-breeding: here it seems to mean something more like 'keeping one's nose clean,' 'not sticking one's neck out.'
- 2958 The figure in the second hemistich seems to derive from tailoring.
- 2960 In Islamic thought the Arabo-Persian terms, and often the very concepts, of 'speech' and 'reason' cannot be distinguished. Cf. also note 3003.
- 2968 Takash: one of the last of the Khwārizmshāhs (see note 2802), who died at the zenith of the line's power in A.D. 1200. A *ghulām* at this period was a military slave, often forming part of a private bodyguard.

- 2979 Rakhsh was the wonder-horse caught and trained by Rustam (cf. notes 1023 and 2576).
- 2982 The seven somewhat weak and repetitious lines at the end of this tale are omitted in Graf's translation, albeit his text terminates at line 2984.
- 2989 The pun in the first hemistich reflects the original, not quite faithfully. Cf. also note 2751.
- 2997 I render the first hemistich in accordance with the obvious sense. It should, however, perhaps be pointed out that both the word for 'voice' (*āvāz*) and a variant form (*āvāza*), also possible here, carry a figurative meaning of 'reputation'; further, that the word rendered as 'keen' (*tīz*) can also be understood as 'breaking wind'!
- 3002 For the point of this figure, cf. note 411.
- 3003 For some of the point of the passage from here to the end, cf. note 2960. Graf omits, with plausible justice, the repetitious line 3006 from both text and translation.
- 3010 Coreless: the word *maghz* in Persian means both 'brain' and 'core, pith'; the idea is taken up again in line 3016. The word rendered 'mandoline' (*tanbūr*) is also occasionally used for 'drum,' which here seems at least as appropriate.
- 3017 'Adud: presumably 'Adud al-Daula, the great Būyid prince, patron, and public benefactor, d. 372/983 in Baghdad.
- 3028 The Turks, for a great part of Islam's history, were synonymous with the 'brutal and licentious soldiery' (see *ghulām*, in the next line, and cf. note 2968). (For this reason, and also because Turks in their general fairness were regarded as particularly handsome, heartless lovers were figuratively called 'Turks': the meaning here, however, is almost certainly literal.) The 'postulant' is an over-zealous mystical-ascetic disciple: his teacher is the 'elder' of line 3030.
- 3035 For the significance of 'heart,' cf. note 1533.
- 3037 It seems very probable that this story is to be regarded as quasi-autobiographical, and I have accordingly omitted general quotation-marks.
- 3040 Bilqīs: the Queen of Sheba in Islamic lore, she and her followers being usually regarded as dark-skinned. The 'afreet' (i.e. a sort of genie) in question is mentioned in the Koran 27:39.
- 3041 The phrase in quotation-marks is derived from the Koran (in an entirely different connection), 7:52, 13:3.
- 3042 Every Muslim (as well as designated officials) had the theoretical obligation to admonish others to good and to deter them from evil. The poet

immediately offsets his priggish correctness with a remark of wry self-disparagement.

3046 For *pari*, see note 1737.

3057 Graf regards the protest as ending at this line rather than at line 3059.

3061 Dā'ūd Ṭā'i: probably Dā'ūd b. 'Alī b. Khalaf al-Zāhiri, a legist and ascetic, largely renowned for his piety and humility. Died in Baghdad, 270/884. The tale-bearer takes his seat at one of the great man's teaching sessions.

3065 I use the word 'cloth' for the mystic's ragged habit: there is, of course, no organized Muslim clergy in the Christian sense.

3066 While the second hemistich clearly has a straightforward sense (that drunken men do not know where they are going), there is undoubtedly a suggestion, aimed at the extremer mystics, that drunkenness, whether literal or spiritual, is no help along the path of mystical experience.

3077 For 'honour,' cf. note 2749.

3091 Nizāmiya: the general name given to the academies founded by the Saljūq prime-minister, Nizām al-Mulk, assassinated by terrorists in Baghdad in 485/1092. The institution meant here is the principal one, located in Baghdad: the common assertion that Sa'dī taught there for a while rests largely on this tale.

3093 For possible connotations of 'inner meaning,' see note 1693 and its references.

3097 For Ḥajjāj, see note 744.

3107 For 'man of insight,' cf. note 517; but the general references of note 2484 should place the term in a balanced context. The man's innocent pleasure in the child (albeit he is 'sore distracted' by the latter's attractive manner) is commented upon by his colleagues as though it were shameful. The reproof in the final hemistich is administered within the general framework of Islamic judgments, favourable and unfavourable.

3110-16 Certain points in the instruction (e.g. the prescribed 'fixing' of the intention and the crucial reference to the toothpick [or toothbrush]) would suggest that we are dealing with the Shāfi'ite ritual of Islam. This is a point of some interest in regard to the poet's own leanings (cf. note 86-90); but the moral of the tale is that the 'letter' matters little if the 'spirit' is wrong.

3119 The second hemistich is a paraphrase from the Koran (49:12), where backbiting is likened to necrophagy.

3126 For 'the Way,' cf. note 2484.

3128 The term 'of addled dye' implies a congenitally disordered constitution of the most thoroughgoing kind.

- 3130 For 'candid breath,' cf. last part of note 534-41. Calumny against a co-religionist is here ranked with neglect of one of the Pillars of the Faith, the fight against the infidel.
- 3132 Marghaz is commonly taken as a variant of the name Marv. There were two cities of this name in the old province of Khurāsān, but the reference here is doubtless to Great Marv, lying some 250 miles north of Herat, in the present-day Turkmen Soviet Republic. The ancient city is now a ruin, but a modern one has arisen close-by. For the 'wise fool,' cf. note 832. The gesture of lip-biting can express admiration as well as regret.
- 3133 The point of this remark is that, in the spiritual order, the slanderer is said to lose his merits to his victim, while acquiring the latter's blemishes; if, accordingly, one may count on a mother's traditional piety, one can by slandering her do her a good turn and oneself no very bad one!
- 3146 Sīstān: a mediaeval Persian province, south of Khurāsān and east of Kirmān and the Central Desert; it covered territory lying partly outside present-day Iran, in Afghanistan and Pakistan. What is doubtless referred to here is the former capital Zaranj, often known as 'Sīstān' also (cf. G. Le Strange, *Lands of the Eastern Caliphate* [Cambridge, 1905 and repr.], pp. 335-8). The Sīstānīs (or Sagzīs) were the butt of many popular tales.
- 3152 For 'pipe down,' cf. notes 2703 and 1260.
- 3161 For Farīdūn, see note 146.
- 3170 The term 'refuge of the realm' (one of several similar epithets) is a common title indicative of a ruler's or a high functionary's duty to protect the subject.
- 3184 The term 'both worlds' usually denotes this life and the life to come. Clearly, it can here only mean life in general.
- 3188 Traditionally Muslim male visitors, when about to enter another's house, knock loudly on the door (or wait while the householder himself does so) to give the womenfolk time to conceal themselves from strangers' eyes. Here the happily married man is urged to knock extra loudly on his own door, partly as a further safeguard, partly out of sheer joy and exuberance.
- 3195 For *parī*, see note 1737. For the polo-figure, see note 1851.
- 3204 Traditionally, Muslim women (especially those of the better classes) were discouraged from personal shopping, not only because of possible extravagance and frivolity, but also because of the greater freedom of such occasions for coquetry with rascals of all kinds. Inevitably, only the bitterer side of the poet's remarks is alleged to spring from experience!

- 3205 The commonest collyrium was bluish-black in colour, a shade also apparently preferred for one of the most typically feminine articles of dress in mediaeval Islam, the baggy trousers which a man would scorn to wear.
- 3210 Traditionally, Muslim women do not participate with men in festivity of any kind: if one does, says the poet, her husband's honour can be held lightly. Furūghī's text, at this point, has *bar ū* for *burau*, possibly implying that the wife rather than others may slap her husband's face with impunity. Graf's text, but not his translation, reverses the order of this line and 3211 – with perhaps better continuity.
- 3218 The Persian solar calendar begins with the spring equinox.
- 3223 I take this line to be ironical.
- 3235 For Korah, see note 57.
- 3240–1 Presumably, Sa'di is not here denying his reputedly lengthy travels, but suggesting that he derived even more benefit from strict training in youth.
- 3248 The term 'lovers' here may have mystical or somewhat disreputable earthly connotations; but it may equally mean little more than something like *aficionados*, i.e. of the ecstasy-inducing music.
- 3249 For *pari*, see note 1737.
- 3250 For an overtone of the candle-image as used here, cf. tale 44, lines 1737–41.
- 3252 Custom required that mature men stroke their whiskers to enhance their dignity. There is, of course, a pun here on 'in (my) hand.'
- 3253 The phrase 'downy cheek' renders the Persian *khaff*, literally a line, i.e. a line of black hair (or black writing). In Graf's text and translation, the four lines beginning here follow line 3246.
- 3254 For 'honour,' cf. note 2749.
- 3255 Of all the mystical fraternities, the Qalandars of Persia (at least, at this period) are often considered to have been the most reckless of public opinion and conventional norms.
- 3257 The 'house-uprooting witness to beauty' is the lover who causes discord in the home. Cf. note 1765 and its further references.
- 3258 The rose (like the candle of the following line) traditionally represents the heartless, impassive beloved (whether human or divine); the nightingale (like the moth) stands for the frenzied, ill-treated lover. Cf. note 1379 and elsewhere; also note 3250.
- 3263 For *hūr*, see note 349. Ghouls were traditionally believed to assume attractive forms for the purpose of luring the unwary into their power.
- 3267 The phrase 'this city' undoubtedly refers to the poet's home-town of Shiraz.

- 3268 For 'apple' and its framework of reference, see note 2919.
- 3269 For *pari*, see note 1737.
- 3270 For the pun on 'line,' cf. note 3253. This line of youthful hair was considered a mark of special beauty, and was even simulated where it had not actually appeared in the course of nature.
- 3275 Kāzīrūn: a town in southern Persia to the west of Shiraz. Close by it are two difficult passes, variously called at different periods. One of them was known in Sa'dī's day as the Turks' Gorge (*tang-i turkān*); cf. the *Gulistān*, introductory panegyric on Abū Bakr b. Sa'd b. Zangī. Part of the point of the story is made by the fact that the Persian original might also suggest, as I have tried to do in line 3278, 'a bad time inflicted by the Turks' (this is how it has been generally understood by Western translators, probably wrongly, in the case of the *Gulistān* passage). For the particular relevance here of 'Turks,' cf. note 3028.
- 3281 Lip-biting here may denote either a violent expression of love inflicted on another (as in line 3039) or a gesture of admiration (cf. note 3132). In either case, the biter puts himself at a moral disadvantage when the other person needs to be disciplined.
- 3283 For 'men of insight,' cf. note 3107 and its references.
- 3300 Chigil: probably Jidghil is meant here, a district some 400 miles northeast of Samarqand, lying around the present-day Tashkent. In the mediaeval Islamic world Chinese and Turkistanis were considered particularly attractive.
- 3302 For 'Ideas,' see note 1693 and its references.
- 3305 'Persian fire,' apart from the obvious reference to the fire of his words (and vague atavistic overtones of 'the old religion'), is used here in its ordinary sense of a loathsome disease: erysipelas or even a venereal malady. Such insults (this one, of course, was most popular among non-Persians) are not uncommon in Sa'dī, whose urbanity sometimes yields to indignation. One might summarize, then, as: a) they are in a fever of jealousy over my poetry, and/or b) Pox on them (for a lot of Zoroastrians)!
- 3310 For 'soiled-skirted,' see note 2105; in the original, 'soiled' and 'deadening' are contrasted as 'wet' and 'dry' respectively. In the name of genuine mystical experience, such malicious people charge mere ascetics with lack of spiritual vitality or with naked concern for material things.
- 3313 So, at least, do I understand this line. Graf takes it otherwise, but clearly cannot account for all the elements involved. There is, as I see it, an untranslatable pun in the original on 'men' and 'character'; my capitalizing

- of 'Truth' in only one instance (or at all) is somewhat arbitrary, but the Persian provides no guide.
- 3317 Jamshid (see notes 483-4 and 832) was said to possess a goblet through which he saw the whole world revealed. Similar instruments of omniscience are credited in Islamic legend to Solomon and Alexander the Great (see note 2495).
- 3329 'Holding highmindedness' hands from work' suggests raising the hands to the higher purpose of prayer.
- 3342 For 'forward-going fortune,' cf. note 2375. There is, of course, a pun with the preceding line.
- 3345 For 'beauty's witness,' see note 3257 and its further references.
- 3351 The sense here is doubtless what is said expressly in Graf, that the generous man risks being reduced to extending the hand of beggary.
- 3355 Islam is deeply shocked by the Christian doctrine of a divine incarnation, especially through the agency of a woman, though all honour is shown to a human, saintly Jesus and his pious mother. In many writers, the detested triangular relationship is even equated with the notion of the Trinity.
- 3358 For 'man of heart,' see note 544. For the 'line on his cheek,' see note 3270.
- 3364 Day of Certainty: one of the many expressions for the Last Day.
- 3366 The quotation is in Arabic, and there is a play on 'purity, clarity, serenity' and the act of 'straining, sifting (the choicest part of something).'
- 3372 For 'not unsullied' (literally 'wet'), cf. note 3310. The word 'soiled' is literal on this occasion.
- 3379 I.e. you have the right to punish evil only if you are, like God, really able and willing to reward good.
- 3380 Cf. Koran 6:161.
- 3384 The figure of the 'laggard line' derives from camel-driving or marching.
- 3391 The originals of 'describe' and 'attribute' are identical in Arabo-Persian (*wasf*). The word I render by 'nature' here (*sha'n*) has a very broad and general significance.
- 3395 See note 2681.
- 3396 In the original the words for 'spermal' and 'egotism,' though of quite distinct origin, have an identical appearance.
- 3400 For the polo-figure, cf. note 1851.
- 3401 For the partial play on 'step' and 'breath,' cf. note 551. See also note 938.
- 3413 In the original the words I render as 'aloe' and 'bitter suffering' are identical (*sabr*).

- 3430 In the original there is a pun of 'vertebra' (*muhra*) and 'ball of clay' (*gil-muhra*) which I have not been able to reproduce.
- 3433 The letter *alif*, the first of the Arabo-Persian alphabet, is a straight, vertical stroke.
- 3446 This line, in Furūghī, follows immediately on 3444, a position that seems clearly unacceptable. Graf's text (in a footnote) mentions its possible inclusion where I have placed it, albeit he does not render it in his translation.
- 3451 This rather weak line occurs in Furūghī only.
- 3455 In Graf's translation, this section is placed after the next one. His text has it as here.
- 3466 The enormous heaps of date-stones accumulating in villages where dates are a staple-diet are put to a number of economic uses. For 'and ... heap,' Graf has 'and palm-trees from the date-stones,' which seems too obvious.
- 3467 'Palm-binders' are makers of artificial-flower arrangements and also tenders of palm-trees.
- 3470 The original, greatly daring in orthodox eyes, likens the Creator to a scrupulous husband, unwilling to let others touch his beloved.
- 3483 Zarūd: an uncertain location, allegedly on the Meccan pilgrim-route, but clearly a place proverbial for drought.
- 3487 In mediaeval Muslim cities, the passage of the night was marked by the watchman's drumbeats. This line, in the original, is identical with 610.
- 3488 Tughrul: the Turkish Saljūq, the first major figure of his house, who held effective power in the Caliphate from about 428/1037 to 455/1063. It will be noted that in line 3492 the poet confers on him the old Persian royal title of *shāhanshāh*.
- 3491 The flat roof of an Eastern palace would of course be a natural place to post guards (cf. note 2427-8). For the significance of *ghulām*, and its association with 'Turk' in line 3494, cf. notes 2968 and 3028.
- 3493 For *pari*, see note 1737.
- 3509 For 'pipe down!,' cf. note 2703. It should perhaps be stressed that the figurative meaning of 'tight-handed' in Persian is 'lacking in resources,' not necessarily 'tight-fisted.'
- 3512 For *dirham*, see note 1207.
- 3514 For 'pipe down!,' see again note 2703. I have more or less preserved all the plays on 'raw' and 'cooked' respectively.
- 3519 The clause in parentheses is both differently read in Graf and understood, in the textual annotation but not in the translation, as meaning something rather different: 'I insist upon it.' The following two lines are lacking in Graf

- and noted, in his translation, as out of place here. They are echoed, more or less closely, by other lines in the poem at various places.
- 3522 This story has several (insubstantial) discrepancies in Graf's text, and even more in his translation.
- 3529 In the first hemistich I try to render what is possibly the young man's mockery of legal jargon. At the same time, the word rendered 'supposition' (*taqdīr*) also means 'predestination, determined fate.'
- 3530 The word 'temple' is chosen for the vague Persian term sometimes used for non-Muslim houses of worship (*kunishī*).
- 3531 For 'girdle,' cf. note 1755. For the second-class, 'on sufferance' standing of Magians (i.e. Zoroastrians), cf. note 1196-7.
- 3534 Cf. Koran 16:70f.
- 3545 For 'men of recognition,' cf. note 2484.
- 3549 In the original, three terms are used for 'ritual prayers and attitudes': *tasbīḥ*, *dhikr*, and *ḥudūr*. Of these, the second and possibly the third may have mystical connotations.
- 3550 The poet here bases his figure on the Islamic military-fief system (*iqṭā'*).
- 3554 For 'knowledge,' cf. note 2385.
- 3564 In one sense at least, the 'gardener' (*būstān-bān*) is doubtless Sa'dī himself, acknowledging that he owes his *Būstān* (or perhaps his *Gulistān*: cf. 'first-fruit rose') to the gift of God alone.
- 3565 Somnath: site of a famous Hindu temple, in Gujarat (Kathiawar) in northwestern India. It was partially destroyed and plundered in 416/1026 by Maḥmūd of Ghazna (cf. note 1870), but later regained a measure of prosperity at various times. Manāt was a pre-Islamic Arabian deity.
- 3568 For Chigil, see note 3300. Sa'dī compares his unavailing search for a faithful beloved with that of the rulers of these regions for what they (mistakenly) regarded as better than the material idolatry of their local beauties. The term 'rajahs' betrays a common lack of concern with differences between lesser breeds outside the Islamic pale: cf. next note.
- 3571 To a Muslim, to whom both Zoroastrianism and Hinduism are evil superstitions, the confounding of Magian and Brahmin is unimportant. However, Gujarat was also in fact a Zoroastrian stronghold from the mid-second/eighth century onwards.
- 3578 For *gabr*, see note 1196-7 (cf. also notes 3565 and 3571). *Pāzand* is a term used loosely by the poet for Zoroastrian (and/or Hindu!) scriptures and commentaries.

- 3580 For 'possessed of heart,' cf. note 1705.
- 3583 For *Zand* and *Avesta*, cf. note 3578. By reading the line slightly differently, Graf eliminates *Avesta* and substitutes 'master.'
- 3585 Cf. note 1693 and its references.
- 3587 The first hemistich uses a figure from chess which is more appropriate in the original, since one could also read: '(being one learned in such documents ...).'
- 3595 Bizhan: a nephew of Rustam (see notes 1023 and 2576), imprisoned in a pit by the Turkic leader Afrāsiyāb for daring to aspire to the latter's daughter. His uncle rescued him in usual epic fashion.
- 3596 A good Muslim is affronted by those who pray without first performing ablutions. Once again, Sa'di uses a word for 'priest' (*kashish*) having ostensibly inappropriate (this time, Christian!) connotations (cf. notes 3568 and 3571).
- 3601 In some Islamic lands, the 'preacher' (*khaṭīb*) addresses the congregation robed in black and with a sword (of painted wood) in hand.
- 3603 The population of Zanzibar is of course predominantly black, while the Tatars (or 'Turks' generally: cf. note 3300) were considered in mediaeval Islam the acme of white-skinned beauty. See also note 3028.
- 3618 In the stations of the *Zand*: i.e. according to procedures laid down in Zoroastrian (and/or Hindu) manuals (cf. note 3578).
- 3622 Metropolitan: cf. note 3596. It is difficult to believe that loose usage of so specific a term can be other than intentional.
- 3623 David: regarded in Islamic legend as a mighty blacksmith, and generally credited with some foreshadowing of the powers manifested in his son, Solomon (cf. note 2495).
- 3638 Seizing the skirt with the teeth can suggest both regret and readiness for flight.
- 3640 'India' (*hind*) may denote the area around modern Karachi, but is often employed as a vague term for whatever part of the subcontinent is not more closely specified. The poet's alleged return route – across the Indian Ocean to South Arabia, and then on to Mecca and Medina – could be one of several plausible trade-and-pilgrimage itineraries. The term I have rendered 'general resurrection' (*rastākhiiz*) signifies both 'escape' and 'hubbub,' originally within the context of the Last Judgment.
- 3642 For Bū Bakr-i Sa'd, see note 128–9. For 'advancing fortune,' see note 437–43.

- 3649 Chinese puppet: cf. note 3568 (and several subsequently), drawing attention to the poet's almost deliberate indifference to niceties of distinction where foreign, un-Islamic matters are involved.
- 3651 For 'men of heart,' cf. note 2484.
- 3661 This line and those immediately following employ what could be taken as mystical terminology. Ultimately, however, the poet beseeches his patron (and/or the reader), if he should achieve salvation through these good counsels, to intercede on his behalf – just in case he may need it! The frankness of both advice and self-interest is typical of Sa'di's wry humour.
- 3665 Since 'seventy' is a convenient figure for old age in such self-examinations, it is unwise to calculate the poet's birthdate as 1257 A.D. (see note 114–15) less 70, i.e. 1187. The 'fifty' of line 3671 (giving 1207 A.D.) might be nearer the mark. Due allowance should also be made for the two-year or so discrepancy involved in the use of the Muslim lunar calendar over such a period.
- 3670 For the *dirham*, see note 1207.
- 3680 'Swaying' (*chamidan*) has, apart from the ordinary sense, a special connotation of voluptuous and arrogant movement, often in time to music.
- 3682 For 'eastern breeze,' see note 1310.
- 3686 The human soul, fettered within the body, is often pictured in Persian poetry as a falcon caught here below and striving to return to the Master Falconer.
- 3693 Graf's translation terminates the aged man's protests here and attributes the rest direct to the poet. I have preferred to break four lines later.
- 3696 Cf. note 3514.
- 3698 Luqmān: see note 2462.
- 3700 This line can be read (and taken) in several slightly different ways.
- 3712 Graf has another line between this one and the next: 'Alas that the season of youth has gone,/That life has gone in sport and play!'
- 3717 This line and the next are missing in Graf.
- 3721–2 Cf. note 1623–4.
- 3725 The second hemistich reads *bāz*, with Graf. If (by omitting a dot) one reads *bār*, with Furūghī, the sense would perhaps be less apt in the immediate context: 'There's no road but to pack your gear' (i.e. and depart).
- 3727 Islamic law allows 'dry ablutions' with sand or dust where water is unobtainable or not fit for use.
- 3730 Faïd: in Central Arabia, roughly halfway along the pilgrim-route from southern Iraq to Mecca and Medina.

- 3732 The 'bells' are camel-bells or the bell sometimes rung when the caravan is about to move off or to halt. Similarly with the cry 'We're away!' (*al-raḥīl*) of line 3734, and the 'drum' of line 3735.
- 3746 For 'tight-handed,' cf. note 3509.
- 3752 The Arabo-Persian term for the 'rational soul' is, most appropriately here, the 'speaking soul'; cf. note 2819.
- 3753 Nakir: one of the two angels traditionally charged with interrogation of the dead, the other being Munkar. (The names are not Koranic.)
- 3755 'Hurt and hocus-pocus' (i.e. injustice and shady practice) renders invertedly Furūghī's *afsūn u ḥaif*. Graf has *afsūs u ḥaif* (possibly, 'sighing and regret'), but both he and his Persian commentary take *ḥaif* in my sense, which makes *afsūs* anomalous.
- 3764 Cf. note 3686.
- 3767 There is a very common (but untranslatable) pun in this line and the next on the Persian word *gūr* (cf. note 1660), which means both 'wild ass, onager' and 'tomb'; cf. note 2631.
- 3769 The somewhat strange conceit of trying to lodge walnuts on the domes of mosques is proverbial in Persian for a time-wasting and fruitless enterprise. The figure is particularly appropriate here not only because of the similarity of a dome to the earthly sphere but also in virtue of the comparison often made between a walnut-kernel and the human brain.
- 3771 Jam: Jamshīd, for whom see note 483-4.
- 3776 Cf. note 336. 'Fish' is, of course, poetic licence here for 'worm.'
- 3777 For the figure of the burning liver, cf. notes 1533 and 2578.
- 3789 Cancer (or the Crab) is the zodiacal figure for the period following the summer solstice; the poet is, so to speak, saying that the poor man 'had a touch of the sun.'
- 3794 Graf terminates the soliloquy with this line, placing the rest of this section in the poet's own mouth.
- 3800 For 'leopard' (suggesting ferocity), one should perhaps understand 'giraffe' (as a symbol of haughty pride). Cf. note 2793.
- 3812 The 'full-moon' is, of course, the face in shining health.
- 3829 Graf places this line after line 3797, where it is obviously less appropriate.
- 3832 For this and the following line, cf. note 3686. In Arabo-Persian, a word of identical appearance, NFS, is pronounced *nafs* for 'soul' (sometimes 'lower-self') and *nafas* for 'breath.' This and other words for 'breath' are also used for 'moment.'
- 3854 Steadfast Seers: *ulū al-'azm* ('those possessed of resolution'), the true

prophets in the pre-Islamic tradition: Adam, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Job, Moses, David, and Jesus.

- 3856 The religious duties of women in Islam are less extensive and less clearly prescribed than those of men; in certain cases, e.g. in menstruation and parturition, they are absolved altogether.
- 3860 'Unşurî (died ca. 431/1039, perhaps some years later) was the leading panegyrist at the court of Mahmūd of Ghazna (cf. note 1870). I am unable to find line 3862 in the poet's *Divān*, and both its couplet-form and its content must cast some doubt on the ascription. Line 3861, which I have taken as a general repetition, is noted in Graf's commentary as an alternative to line 3860; this would remove the difficulty.
- 3867 Cf. Koran 7:15-16.
- 3869 Cf. Koran 7:10-14.
- 3875 The Koran (12:15), unlike Genesis (37:28), makes Joseph's brothers desert him in the well instead of selling him. However, all accounts agree on the paltriness (i.e. figurative worthlessness) of the sum for which this 'pearl of great price' was sold either on this occasion or later in Egypt.
- 3879 This line varies considerably in the different manuscripts, though the meaning remains substantially the same.
- 3880 In Graf's text this line follows 3875; in his translation it comes immediately after 3878. There is an admitted degree of arbitrariness in my capitalizing of 'Friend' hereabouts.
- 3896 Following this line, Furūghī has two lines identical with 2742-3.
- 3898 'Rot the hands (of Abū Lahab!)' is a curse with which opens Sūra 101 of the Koran. Abū Lahab was a hostile relative of the Prophet, who became a byword for active opposition to Islam.
- 3902 In many Persian cities, melted snow from the mountains is guided by a system of sluice-boards down certain streets at agreed times. Those who fail to use the water at such times risk going short at others.
- 3903 Cf. notes 437-43 and 3686.
- 3907 For the almost untranslatable pun on 'honour,' cf. notes 1777 and 2749. The moral necessity of weeping in penitence here and now is compared to a municipal by-law governing the watering of local streets. The primary intercessor in Islam is, of course, the Prophet himself.
- 3917 A common gesture of supplication was to seize the stirrup of a great man's mount.
- 3920 There is a pun on 'ring' as used in this line and the next: in the first case it refers to the mystic circle, in the second to a door-knocker pounded by one

seeking help. Kings are commonly said to have recourse to mystics for sound advice.

- 3922 For 'knowledge,' cf. note 2385. The following line certainly has mystical overtones.
- 3943 Zulaikhā: the name given in Islamic legend to Potiphar's wife, though she is not so called in the 12th Sūra, which is wholly devoted to the story of Joseph. In orthodox Islamic interpretation she represents the average sinful human being, unredeemed and at the mercy of passion, while Joseph himself is an example of how nearly all men would sin but for the grace of God. This is more or less the case here. However, in mystical poetry she paradoxically wins a measure of sympathy as exemplifying the distraught lover spurned by the provoking and heartless beloved. Cf. note 336.
- 3959 I.e. you cannot take such attitudes with God. There is an almost identical line in the Preamble to the poet's *Gulistān*.
- 3964 The term 'black multitudes' renders the ambiguous Arabo-Persian *savād*: 'blackness' and also 'dense urban settlement.'
- 3965 Gaol-house: *dakka* (or *dukka*), strictly a high platform on which may be placed for safe-keeping both persons and things. The prisoners in question are inveterate burglars.
- 3974 High office: *jān-dāri*. There is a pun here on the two senses respectively of 'having life' (i.e. continuing to live) and 'caring for life' (i.e. safeguarding the master's life as a personal bodyguard).
- 3976 Dāmghān: capital of the old province of Qūmis, in northeastern Persia, on the great road from Raiy to Nishāpūr.
- 3978 Presumably the 'provost' (*shaḥna*) is identical with the 'notable' of line 3976; this is the view of both Graf's text and translation, even though 'notable' is there replaced by 'emperor.' If this is so, the line might mean: 'Had you sought his forgiveness at night, he would not have had to lose his temper in the daytime over your wrongdoing,' but there are various other possibilities, e.g. 'your' for 'his' (honour). As usual, the much-repeated moral makes the general sense clear.
- 3985 Cf. note 3907.
- 3986 For the name, cf. note 2475. All versions follow this line by two lines identical with 3776 and 3775 respectively.
- 4002 A robe of honour often had a purse in the sleeve as a 'bonus' (cf. note 326). Graf's text reverses the order of this line and 4001 (which I have treated as parenthetic); his translation omits both this line and 4003.
- 4004 'Leaf' in Persian (*bag*) also means 'provisions.'

- 4017 Sanctuary: The Sacred Territory of Islam generally, specifically Mecca and the Ka'ba. Cf. also line 4026.
- 4021 Soul Imperative: the lower-self as it figures in the Koran 12:53. See notes 2819 and 3752.
- 4024 The first of several oaths is sworn in the name of the true mystics (cf. note 2484).
- 4026 The cry *labbaika* ('Here we are, ready and waiting') is part of the Pilgrimage rite. The Prophet is buried in Yathrib (the old name of Medina).
- 4029 The poet prays he will always remain a believer in the *One* God. The words in parentheses have been added by me for clarity.
- 4036 The words 'hold still' I take as an admonition to himself: if he passes out of the divine beam into darkness, nothing further matters. However, for *b-ist* here, Furūghī (with a change of one dot) has *nist* ('is not, nothingness'), which would seem to make little sense. There are also other, minor discrepancies in the line. Graf, possibly sensing a certain uneasiness in his commentator hereabouts, avoids the issue altogether in his translation.
- 4042 For 'soiled-skirtedness,' cf. note 2105. The Arabo-Persian word *ghaniy* means both 'rich' and 'independent' (in which sense it is often applied to God, the Self-Sufficient). I have tried to convey the ambiguity.
- 4048 I.e. I am as You have made me: the old problem of how Man, the creature, can be held responsible for his predetermined actions.
- 4056 Short-handed: lacking in both material goods and spiritual perfection.
- 4063 Cf. note 3571 and elsewhere.
- 4073 In the first hemistich I follow Graf: for 'despicable ... vanity,' Furūghī's text would read 'inferior to the worshipper of God.' In the second hemistich, Graf substitutes 'wine-shop' for 'temple' (an easy conversion in the script); in fact, either is appropriate, since addiction to wine often strikes Muslims as characteristic of non-Islamic religions as a whole.
- 4100 Congregation Time: the Resurrection. In the next line there is a pun on 'right' and 'straight,' and also on 'right (hand)' and 'hand.'
- 4105 For the contrast between 'outward form' and 'essential idea,' as a stock theme of mystical literature, cf. note 1693 and its references. Here the notion is that of a harmony between the two at the highest level, as exemplified in Joseph's beauty (cf. note 336 and elsewhere) and noble character. This idea is supported by Islamic Traditions.
- 4106 Paltry merchandise: see Koran 12:88.
- 4107 'Mighty' (*'aziz*) could also be rendered 'precious,' appropriately enough in this context.

Bibliographical Note

The essential part of the enormous bibliography relating directly to Sa'di (and the *Būstān*) has been indicated in the Introduction, footnotes 2, 5, 6, 9, 16, and 17. The following general or secondary works are useful to the specialist and the non-specialist reader alike:

A.J. Arberry, *Classical Persian Literature*
(ch. viii entire), Allen and Unwin, London, 1958.

E.G. Browne, *Literary History of Persia*
(vol. II, pp. 525-39), T. Fisher Unwin, London, 1906, and subsequently at the Cambridge University Press.

J. Rypka, *History of Iranian Literature*
(pp. 250-3, 802), Dordrecht (Holland), 1968.

R. Levy, *Persian Literature*
(pp. 60-3), Oxford, 1923, and later.

A.J. Arberry, *Kings and Beggars*, Luzac, London, 1945.
(Unfortunately, this excellent little work is currently out of print. It purports to be merely a translation of the first two chapters of the *Gulistān*, but is really a first-rate Sa'di study.)

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new (second) edition wherever possible: at the time of writing, the latter is still some considerable way short of 'S.'

Concordance

*Concordance of this version with Furūghī's Persian edition (F)
and Graf's edition (G) and German translation (Gt/Gt n)*

| Line | F | G | Gt | Line | F | G | Gt |
|------|-----|-----|-----|------|-----|----|----|
| 10 | 216 | 3 | 2 | 380 | 233 | 50 | 33 |
| 20 | 216 | 4 | 2 | 390 | 233 | 50 | 33 |
| 30 | 217 | 6 | 3 | 400 | 234 | 51 | 34 |
| 40 | 217 | 7 | 4 | 410 | 234 | 52 | 35 |
| 50 | 218 | 8 | 5 | 420 | 234 | 54 | 36 |
| 60 | 218 | 10 | 6 | 430 | 235 | 55 | 36 |
| 70 | 219 | 11 | 7 | 440 | 235 | 56 | 37 |
| 80 | 219 | 13 | 8 | 450 | 236 | 57 | 38 |
| 90 | 219 | 14 | 8 | 460 | 236 | 58 | 39 |
| 100 | 220 | 15 | 9 | 470 | 237 | 59 | 40 |
| 110 | 220 | 17 | 10 | 480 | 237 | 60 | 41 |
| 120 | 221 | 18 | 11 | 490 | 238 | 62 | 42 |
| 130 | 221 | 19 | 12 | 500 | 238 | 63 | 42 |
| 140 | 222 | 21 | 12 | 510 | 238 | 64 | 43 |
| 150 | 222 | 22 | 13 | 520 | 239 | 65 | 44 |
| 160 | 222 | 23 | 14 | 530 | 239 | 66 | 45 |
| 170 | 223 | 24 | 15 | 540 | 240 | 68 | 46 |
| 180 | 223 | 25 | 16 | 550 | 240 | 69 | 47 |
| 190 | 224 | 27 | 17 | 560 | 241 | 70 | 48 |
| 200 | 224 | 28 | 18 | 570 | 241 | 71 | 49 |
| 210 | 225 | 29 | 19 | 580 | 242 | 72 | 50 |
| 220 | 226 | 31 | 20 | 590 | 242 | 73 | 50 |
| 230 | 226 | 32 | 20 | 600 | 243 | 74 | 51 |
| 240 | 227 | 33 | 21 | 610 | 243 | 76 | 52 |
| 250 | 227 | 35 | 22 | 620 | 244 | 77 | 53 |
| 260 | 227 | 36 | 23 | 630 | 244 | 78 | 54 |
| 270 | 228 | 38* | 24* | 640 | 244 | 79 | 54 |
| 280 | 228 | 39 | 24 | 650 | 245 | 80 | 55 |
| 290 | 229 | 40 | 25 | 660 | 245 | 81 | 56 |
| 300 | 229 | 41 | 26 | 670 | 246 | 82 | 57 |
| 310 | 230 | 42 | 27 | 680 | 246 | 83 | 58 |
| 320 | 230 | 43 | 28* | 690 | 247 | 84 | 59 |
| 330 | 231 | 44 | 28 | 700 | 247 | 85 | 60 |
| 340 | 231 | 45 | 29 | 710 | 247 | 86 | 61 |
| 350 | 231 | 46 | 30 | 720 | 248 | 87 | 62 |
| 360 | 232 | 48 | 31 | 730 | 248 | 88 | 62 |
| 370 | 232 | 49 | 32 | 740 | 249 | 89 | 63 |

| Line | F | G | Gt | Line | F | G | Gt |
|------|-----|-------|-------|------|-----|-----|-----|
| 750 | 249 | 91 | 64 | 1200 | 270 | 143 | 100 |
| 760 | 250 | 92 | 65 | 1210 | 271 | 144 | 101 |
| 770 | 250 | 93 | 66 | 1220 | 271 | 145 | 102 |
| 780 | 251 | 94 | 66 | 1230 | 271 | 146 | 103 |
| 790 | 251 | 95 | 67 | 1240 | 272 | 147 | - |
| 800 | 252 | 96 | 68 | 1250 | 272 | 148 | 104 |
| 810 | 252 | 97 | 69 | 1260 | 273 | - | - |
| 820 | 252 | 98 | 70 | 1270 | 273 | 150 | - |
| 830 | 253 | 99 | 71 | 1280 | 274 | 151 | 105 |
| 840 | 253 | 100 | 71 | 1290 | 274 | 152 | 106 |
| 850 | 254 | 101 | - | 1300 | 275 | 153 | 107 |
| 860 | 254 | 102 | 72 | 1310 | 275 | 155 | 108 |
| 870 | 255 | 103 | - | 1320 | 275 | 155 | 109 |
| 880 | 255 | 104 | - | 1330 | 276 | 156 | 110 |
| 890 | 256 | 108 | 75 | 1340 | 276 | 157 | 110 |
| 900 | 256 | 108/9 | 75 | 1350 | 277 | 158 | 111 |
| 910 | 256 | 110 | - | 1360 | 277 | 159 | 112 |
| 920 | 257 | 111 | - | 1370 | 278 | 161 | 113 |
| 930 | 257 | 112 | 77 | 1380 | 278 | 161 | 114 |
| 940 | 258 | 114 | 78 | 1390 | 279 | 162 | 115 |
| 950 | 258 | 115 | 79 | 1400 | 279 | 163 | 116 |
| 960 | 259 | 116 | 80 | 1410 | 279 | 164 | 116 |
| 970 | 259 | 117 | 81 | 1420 | 280 | 165 | 117 |
| 980 | 259 | 118 | 82 | 1430 | 280 | 166 | 118 |
| 990 | 260 | 119 | 82 | 1440 | 281 | 168 | 119 |
| 1000 | 260 | 120 | 83 | 1450 | 281 | 169 | 120 |
| 1010 | 261 | 121 | 84 | 1460 | 282 | 170 | 121 |
| 1020 | 261 | 122 | 85 | 1470 | 282 | 170 | 122 |
| 1030 | 262 | 124 | 86 | 1480 | 283 | 171 | 122 |
| 1040 | 262 | 125 | 86 | 1490 | 283 | 172 | 123 |
| 1050 | 262 | 126 | 87(?) | 1500 | 284 | 173 | 124 |
| 1060 | 263 | 127 | 88 | 1510 | 284 | 174 | 125 |
| 1070 | 263 | 128 | 89 | 1520 | 285 | 175 | 126 |
| 1080 | 264 | 129 | 89 | 1530 | 285 | 176 | 127 |
| 1090 | 264 | 130 | 90 | 1540 | 285 | 178 | 128 |
| 1100 | 265 | 132 | 91 | 1550 | 286 | 179 | 129 |
| 1110 | 265 | 133 | 92 | 1560 | 286 | 180 | 129 |
| 1120 | 266 | 134 | 93 | 1570 | 287 | 181 | 130 |
| 1130 | 266 | 135 | 94 | 1580 | 287 | 182 | 131 |
| 1140 | 267 | 136 | 94 | 1590 | 288 | 182 | 132 |
| 1150 | 268 | 138 | 95 | 1600 | 288 | 183 | 133 |
| 1160 | 268 | 139 | 96 | 1610 | 289 | 184 | 134 |
| 1170 | 269 | 140 | 97 | 1620 | 289 | 185 | 134 |
| 1180 | 269 | 141 | 98 | 1630 | 290 | 187 | 135 |
| 1190 | 270 | 142 | 99 | 1640 | 290 | 188 | 136 |

| Line | F | G | Gt | Line | F | G | Gt |
|------|-----|-----|-----|------|-----|-----|-----|
| 1650 | 291 | 188 | 137 | 2100 | 312 | 236 | 177 |
| 1660 | 291 | 189 | 138 | 2110 | 312 | 237 | 177 |
| 1670 | 291 | 190 | 139 | 2120 | 312 | 238 | 178 |
| 1680 | 292 | 192 | 140 | 2130 | 313 | 239 | 179 |
| 1690 | 293 | 193 | 141 | 2140 | 313 | 240 | 180 |
| 1700 | 293 | 194 | 142 | 2150 | 314 | 241 | 180 |
| 1710 | 293 | 195 | 143 | 2160 | 314 | 242 | 181 |
| 1720 | 294 | 196 | 143 | 2170 | 315 | 243 | 182 |
| 1730 | 294 | 197 | 144 | 2180 | 315 | 244 | 183 |
| 1740 | 295 | 199 | 145 | 2190 | 316 | 245 | 184 |
| 1750 | 295 | 200 | 146 | 2200 | 316 | 246 | 185 |
| 1760 | 296 | 201 | 147 | 2210 | 316 | 247 | 185 |
| 1770 | 296 | 202 | 148 | 2220 | 317 | 248 | 186 |
| 1780 | 297 | 203 | 149 | 2230 | 317 | 249 | 187 |
| 1790 | 297 | 204 | 149 | 2240 | 318 | 250 | 188 |
| 1800 | 298 | 205 | 150 | 2250 | 318 | 252 | 189 |
| 1810 | 298 | 206 | 151 | 2260 | 319 | 253 | 190 |
| 1820 | 298 | 207 | 152 | 2270 | 319 | 254 | 190 |
| 1830 | 299 | 208 | 152 | 2280 | 320 | 255 | 191 |
| 1840 | 299 | 209 | 153 | 2290 | 320 | 256 | 193 |
| 1850 | 300 | 210 | 154 | 2300 | 321 | 257 | 193 |
| 1860 | 300 | 211 | 155 | 2310 | 321 | 258 | 194 |
| 1870 | 301 | 212 | 156 | 2320 | 321 | 259 | 195 |
| 1880 | 301 | 212 | 157 | 2330 | 322 | 260 | 196 |
| 1890 | 302 | 213 | 158 | 2340 | 322 | 261 | 197 |
| 1900 | 302 | 214 | 159 | 2350 | 323 | 262 | 198 |
| 1910 | 303 | 216 | 160 | 2360 | 323 | 264 | 198 |
| 1920 | 303 | 217 | 160 | 2370 | 324 | 265 | 199 |
| 1930 | 304 | 218 | 161 | 2380 | 324 | 266 | 200 |
| 1940 | 304 | 218 | 162 | 2390 | 325 | 267 | 201 |
| 1950 | 304 | 220 | 163 | 2400 | 325 | 268 | 202 |
| 1960 | 305 | 221 | 164 | 2410 | 326 | 269 | 203 |
| 1970 | 305 | 222 | 165 | 2420 | 326 | 270 | 204 |
| 1980 | 306 | 223 | 166 | 2430 | 327 | 271 | 205 |
| 1990 | 306 | 224 | 167 | 2440 | 327 | 272 | 206 |
| 2000 | 307 | 225 | 167 | 2450 | 327 | 273 | 206 |
| 2010 | 307 | 226 | 168 | 2460 | 328 | 274 | 207 |
| 2020 | 307 | 227 | 169 | 2470 | 328 | 275 | 208 |
| 2030 | 308 | 228 | 170 | 2480 | 329 | 276 | 209 |
| 2040 | 309 | 230 | 171 | 2490 | 329 | 277 | 210 |
| 2050 | 309 | 231 | 172 | 2500 | 330 | 278 | 211 |
| 2060 | 310 | 233 | 173 | 2510 | 330 | 280 | 212 |
| 2070 | 310 | 233 | 174 | 2520 | 331 | 281 | 213 |
| 2080 | 311 | 234 | 175 | 2530 | 331 | 282 | 214 |
| 2090 | 311 | 235 | 176 | 2540 | 332 | 283 | 215 |

| Line | F | G | Gt | Line | F | G | Gt |
|------|-----|-----|------|------|-----|-----|------|
| 2550 | 332 | 284 | 215 | 3000 | 356 | 332 | 1139 |
| 2560 | 333 | 285 | 216 | 3010 | 356 | 333 | 1140 |
| 2570 | 334 | 287 | 112 | 3020 | 357 | 334 | 1140 |
| 2580 | 335 | 288 | 113 | 3030 | 357 | 335 | 1141 |
| 2590 | 335 | 289 | 113 | 3040 | 358 | - | - |
| 2600 | 335 | 290 | 114 | 3050 | 358 | 337 | 1143 |
| 2610 | 336 | 291 | 115 | 3060 | 358 | 338 | 1144 |
| 2620 | 336 | 292 | 116 | 3070 | 359 | 339 | 1145 |
| 2630 | 337 | 293 | 116 | 3080 | 359 | 340 | 1146 |
| 2640 | 337 | 294 | 117 | 3090 | 360 | 341 | 1147 |
| 2650 | 338 | 295 | 118 | 3100 | 360 | 342 | 1148 |
| 2660 | 338 | - | - | 3110 | 361 | 343 | 1149 |
| 2670 | 339 | 297 | 119 | 3120 | 361 | 344 | 1149 |
| 2680 | 339 | 298 | 1110 | 3130 | 362 | 345 | 1150 |
| 2690 | 340 | 299 | 1111 | 3140 | 362 | 346 | 1151 |
| 2700 | 340 | 300 | 1112 | 3150 | 363 | 347 | 1152 |
| 2710 | 341 | 301 | 1113 | 3160 | 363 | 348 | 1153 |
| 2720 | 341 | 303 | 1114 | 3170 | 364 | 349 | 1154 |
| 2730 | 342 | 304 | 1115 | 3180 | 364 | 349 | 1155 |
| 2740 | 342 | 305 | 1115 | 3190 | 365 | 350 | 1156 |
| 2750 | 343 | 306 | 1116 | 3200 | 365 | 351 | - |
| 2760 | 343 | 307 | 1117 | 3210 | 366 | 352 | 1157 |
| 2770 | 344 | 308 | 1118 | 3220 | 366 | 353 | 1158 |
| 2780 | 344 | 309 | 1119 | 3230 | 366 | 354 | 1159 |
| 2790 | 345 | 310 | 1120 | 3240 | 367 | 355 | 1160 |
| 2800 | 345 | 312 | 1121 | 3250 | 367 | 357 | 1161 |
| 2810 | 346 | 313 | 1122 | 3260 | 368 | 357 | 1162 |
| 2820 | 346 | 314 | 1123 | 3270 | 368 | 358 | - |
| 2830 | 347 | 316 | 1123 | 3280 | 369 | 360 | 1163 |
| 2840 | 347 | 311 | 1124 | 3290 | 369 | 361 | 1164 |
| 2850 | 348 | 317 | 1125 | 3300 | 370 | 362 | 1165 |
| 2860 | 348 | 318 | 1126 | 3310 | 370 | 363 | 1166 |
| 2870 | 349 | 319 | 1127 | 3320 | 371 | 364 | 1167 |
| 2880 | 349 | 320 | 1128 | 3330 | 371 | 365 | 1168 |
| 2890 | 350 | 321 | 1129 | 3340 | 371 | 366 | 1168 |
| 2900 | 350 | 322 | 1130 | 3350 | 372 | 367 | 1169 |
| 2910 | 351 | 323 | 1131 | 3360 | 372 | 367 | 1170 |
| 2920 | 351 | 324 | 1132 | 3370 | 373 | 368 | 1171 |
| 2930 | 352 | 325 | 1133 | 3380 | 373 | 370 | 1171 |
| 2940 | 353 | 326 | 1134 | 3390 | 374 | 371 | 1173 |
| 2950 | 353 | - | 1135 | 3400 | 374 | 372 | 1174 |
| 2960 | 354 | 328 | 1136 | 3410 | 375 | 373 | 1175 |
| 2970 | 354 | 330 | 1137 | 3420 | 375 | 374 | 1176 |
| 2980 | 355 | 331 | 1138 | 3430 | 376 | 375 | 1177 |
| 2990 | 355 | 331 | 1138 | 3440 | 376 | 376 | 1177 |

| Line | F | G | Gt | Line | F | G | Gt |
|------|-----|-----|------|------|-----|-----|------|
| 3450 | 376 | 377 | π78 | 3790 | 393 | 410 | π107 |
| 3460 | 377 | 378 | π79 | 3800 | 393 | 411 | π108 |
| 3470 | 377 | 379 | π79 | 3810 | 393 | 412 | π109 |
| 3480 | 378 | 380 | π81 | 3820 | 394 | 413 | π110 |
| 3490 | 378 | 381 | π82 | 3830 | 394 | 414 | π110 |
| 3500 | 379 | 382 | π82 | 3840 | 395 | 415 | π111 |
| 3510 | 379 | 383 | π83 | 3850 | 395 | 416 | π112 |
| 3520 | 380 | - | - | 3860 | 396 | 417 | π113 |
| 3530 | 380 | 384 | π85 | 3870 | 396 | 418 | π114 |
| 3540 | 381 | 386 | π86 | 3880 | 396 | 419 | π115 |
| 3550 | 381 | 386 | π87 | 3890 | 397 | 420 | π116 |
| 3560 | 382 | 387 | π87 | 3900 | 397 | 422 | π117 |
| 3570 | 382 | 389 | π89 | 3910 | 398 | 423 | π118 |
| 3580 | 383 | 389 | π89 | 3920 | 398 | 424 | π118 |
| 3590 | 383 | 390 | π90 | 3930 | 399 | 425 | π119 |
| 3600 | 383 | 391 | π91 | 3940 | 399 | 426 | π120 |
| 3610 | 384 | 392 | π92 | 3950 | 400 | 427 | π121 |
| 3620 | 384 | 393 | π93 | 3960 | 400 | 428 | π122 |
| 3630 | 385 | 394 | π94 | 3970 | 401 | 429 | π123 |
| 3640 | 385 | 395 | π94 | 3980 | 401 | 430 | π124 |
| 3650 | 386 | 396 | π95 | 3990 | 402 | 431 | π125 |
| 3660 | 386 | 397 | π96 | 4000 | 403 | 433 | π126 |
| 3670 | 387 | 398 | π97 | 4010 | 403 | 434 | π127 |
| 3680 | 387 | 399 | π98 | 4020 | 404 | 435 | π128 |
| 3690 | 388 | 400 | π99 | 4030 | 404 | 436 | π128 |
| 3700 | 388 | 401 | π100 | 4040 | 404 | 437 | π129 |
| 3710 | 389 | 402 | π101 | 4050 | 405 | 438 | π130 |
| 3720 | 389 | 403 | π102 | 4060 | 406 | 439 | π131 |
| 3730 | 390 | 404 | π103 | 4070 | 406 | 440 | π132 |
| 3740 | 390 | 405 | - | 4080 | 406 | 441 | π133 |
| 3750 | 391 | 406 | π104 | 4090 | 407 | 442 | π133 |
| 3760 | 391 | 407 | π105 | 4100 | 407 | 443 | π134 |
| 3770 | 392 | 408 | π106 | 4110 | 408 | 444 | π135 |
| 3780 | 392 | 409 | π107 | | | | |

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